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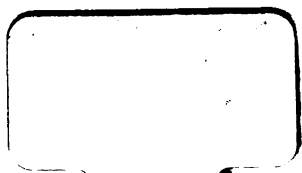
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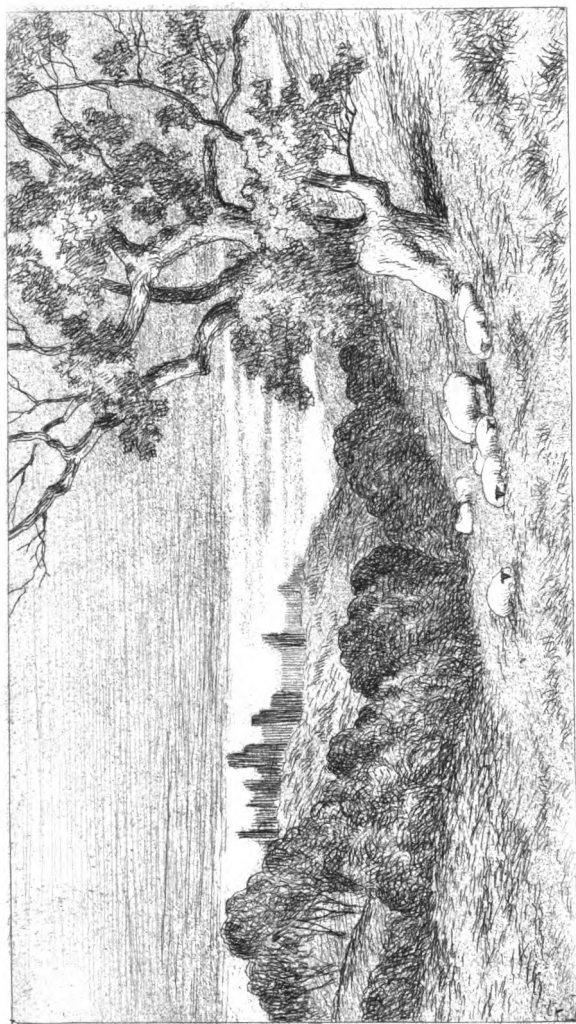












HALTON CASTLE FROM NORTON WOODS.

Etched by Christopher Blacklock.

PAPERS  
OF THE  
Manchester Literary Club.

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VOLUME V.

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WITH THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE  
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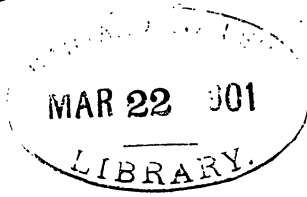
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The ILLUSTRATIONS are, for the most part, fac-simile reproductions by the typographic process of drawings by members of the Club. For the etching of Halton Castle, which forms the frontispiece, we are indebted to Mr. Christopher Blacklock ; for the wood engraving of De Quincey's grave, to Messrs. Abel Heywood and Sons, our publishers ; and for the woodcut of the first Manchester locomotive, to Mr. W. H. Bailey, the author of the paper which it illustrates. All the other illustrations have been executed at the cost of the Club, from drawings kindly contributed by the members. The oil painting by Carse, of Greenhay, the early Manchester residence of Thomas de Quincey, was lent to the President for the purpose of the engraving by the owner of the picture, Mr. Thomas Lythgoe, of Heaton Moor.

For the elaborate INDEX we are once more indebted to the kindness of Mr. W. E. A. Axon.



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PAPERS  
OF THE  
MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB.





## Papers.

### DE QUINCEY AND MANCHESTER.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

[Read November 11, 1878.]

EDINBURGH, one of the fairest of the cities of men, sitting throned upon the hills, with her temples and palaces, her terraces and gardens, seems to the dweller in this dingy cottonopolis as lovely as

The Lady of the Mere,  
Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.

She is rich in historical recollections and literary associations, and rich, too, in the dust of those who have made her literature and history. Nevertheless, to two travellers who visited her in the autumn of the present year, there was but one grave among those of her illustrious dead which had interest enough to induce a special pilgrimage. At the southern end of Prince's Gardens, under the lofty, precipitous rock upon which the grand old castle stands grim and grey, in a green nook of the churchyard of St. Cuthbert, lies a Manchester man, the most distinguished of Lancashire authors. A little mound of grass-grown turf, a plain headstone, and a simple inscription suffice to show where rest the remains of Thomas De Quincey and Margaret his wife. The words "Born at Greenhay" reminded the present writer of the locality from which he had started upon this journey, and suggested scenes and associations made classic by the perusal in years long gone of *The English Opium Eater* and the *Autobiographic Sketches*.

B



"Born at Greenhay, August 15th, 1785." Greenhay in those days meant a pleasant house standing among green meadows, safely removed from the noise and discomfort of a thriving manufacturing town; but the unread and uninformed traveller who should find himself in the modern suburb of Greenheys, traversing a network of streets filled with mean, monotonous, and dingy cottages lying between Pigott Street and Embden Street, bounded on one side by Greenheys Lane, would scarcely suspect that he was treading upon classic ground—the site of the mansion of Greenhay. Greenheys Lane in part is leafy yet, and some of the old mansions coeval with Greenhay still remain islanded upon oases of gardens and green slopes of smooth turf; but they are all doomed. The irresistible wave of population is advancing upon them; the jerry builder will come, and the places that once knew them will know them no more. Wordsworth says:—

Nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower.

For the present writer the glory and the freshness of the dream of such an hour is associated with a vision of grass and flowers and of a lush meadow bordering upon Greenhay, seen with a child's eye in the soft glow of the evening of a sunny day in early summer. But that meadow has long since been covered with bricks and mortar, thereby confirming the truth of Ruskin's remark that "you never knew a piece of land which could be used for building purposes being spared because it was a flowery piece."

We remember the mansion of Greenhay as a solid red brick house standing among lawns and shrubberies. A stream ran through the grounds upon which De Quincey's brother was wont to sail mimic fleets of rafts, but after becoming so foul and inky as to earn for itself the name of the Black Brook, it is now well hid away from the eyes and the noses of men. De Quincey has immortalized the house of his birth by associating it with some of the noblest examples of impassioned prose in the language. He never liked Manchester, but he seems to dwell with fondness upon the home of his childhood. All through his long life he has "dream echoes" of incidents that occurred here,





memorably that one of the death of his sister, and the trance which came over him as he stood in the room where she was lying dead. Nothing can exceed the pathos and beauty of the language in which he describes his feelings on the occasion, and no suggestion of opium influences can destroy one's belief in their complete sincerity. He says: "From the gorgeous sunlight I turned to look at the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure; there the angel face; and as people usually fancy it was said in the house that no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed—the serene and noble forehead—that might have been the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish—could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips, with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not*. I stood and looked for a moment: awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries. Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn Memnonian, but saintly swell: it is in this world the one great audible symbol of eternity, and three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances—namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day." Again he says: "Love which is altogether holy, like that between two children, is privileged to revisit by glimpses the silence and the darkness of declining years; and possibly this final experience in my sister's bedroom, or some other in which her innocence was concerned, may rise for me to illuminate the clouds of death." This passage was prophetic, the words finding their echo in the last syllables he uttered. Describing her father's death, Miss De Quincey says: "Twice only was his heavy breathing interrupted by words. He had for hours ceased to recognize any of us, but we heard him murmur, though quite distinctly. 'My dear, dear mother, then I was greatly mistaken.' Then as the waves of death rolled faster and faster over him, suddenly out of the

abyss we saw him throw up his arms, which to the last retained their strength, and say distinctly, as if in great surprise, 'Sister! sister! sister!' The loud breathing became slower, and as the world 'of Edinburgh awoke to busy work and life all that was mortal of my father fell asleep for ever."

Among the descriptions, always singularly minute and detailed, of the incidents of his childhood at Greenhay, there is one of his first journey from home, at the age of seven, which gives us a picture of a domestic interior and of the serious preparations for post-chaise travelling in those days, which is of special interest. It is a wild December morning, with rain beating upon the windows and wind raving about the house. As early as six o'clock a bright fire is burning in the breakfast-room, the candles are lighted and the breakfast equipage spread for the youthful traveller. An aged servant does the honours of the table, and gently presses the lad to eat; but his appetite is dulled by the excitement incident to the coming journey, for after the night sets in again he is to travel through Sherwood Forest (the forest of Robin Hood) with a young companion hitherto unseen, who had advertized for a person to share the expense of a post-chaise to Lincolnshire. Very vividly do you realize the lad's mental condition: the anxious expectation and careful listening for sounds of wheels which at times are heard in the pauses of the storm, and the moment of excitement when the chaise dashes through the open gates. Then "there is the loud trampling of horses' feet as they whirl up the sweep below the windows, followed by a peal long and loud upon the bell, announcing beyond question the summons for departure." The shy, timid, and sensitive lad is introduced to his travelling companion, and stands in awe of an arrogant young blood, booted and equipped, with riding whip in hand, whom he describes as a youthful Mephistopheles, who carried a case of pistols. Before he departs he must take leave of his mother in her bedroom, and that matron of Roman firmness sheds more of milk of roses than tears upon his cheeks. But the servants, old and young, from nursery and kitchen, who have gathered to say good-bye, kiss him more fervently, for De Quincey through his life was a favourite with women, to whom, without regard to station, he was always as uniformly courteous as the most chivalrous knight. Amid a chorus of "God bless

hims" he is lifted into the chaise, and the journey is begun. We know of no more graphic description of the incidents of road travelling at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century than is to be found in the record of this Lincolnshire journey.

From this house too of Greenhay, which is now only a name, what links of connection there are, far reaching and of deepest literary interest. In the foreground are the school-boy travels, along Oxford Street to Princess Street, and the daily encounters (into which he was forced by his dreadful brother) with the workers at a cotton mill, the site of which we have not been able to determine. It is described as along the line of Oxford Street, and on the Greenheys side of the Medlock (which, by the way, accurate though De Quincey usually is, he calls the Irwell), but an examination of a map, dated 1800, has not helped us to determine the locality. The "Bridge of Sighs" is now a prosaic iron structure over a foul uninteresting stream.

We never enter the church of St. Peter, where he was wont to sit, without recalling the description of the influence upon him of the glorious service of the Church of England, and of the divine music associated with it, "as oftentimes, in anthems, the mighty instrument threw its vast columns of sound, fierce yet melodious, over the voices of the choir." As we sat there the other Sunday and heard one of the sweetest of voices singing the anthem, "Angels ever bright and fair," we thought of his vision in church of dying children, passing through suffering and the clouds of earth to the celestial brightness and the open arms of God. There is a little incident recorded by De Quincey in connection with the consecration of this church of St. Peter, which shows how far, since those days, we have travelled in ecclesiastical architecture and ritual. At that time there existed, in its full force, the feeling "inherited by the Church of England from the Puritans of the seventeenth century." He says: "The architecture of the church was Grecian; and certainly the enrichments, inside or outside, were few enough, neither florid nor obtrusive. But in the centre of the ceiling, for the sake of breaking the monotony of so large a blank white surface, there was moulded, in plaster-of-Paris, a large tablet or shield, charged with a cornucopia of fruits and flowers. And yet, when we were all

assembled in the vestry waiting—rector, churchwardens, architect, and trains of dependants—there arose a deep buzz of anxiety, which soon ripened into an articulate expression of fear, that the bishop would think himself bound, like the horrid eikonoclasts of 1645, to issue his decree of utter *averruncation* to the simple decoration overhead. Fearfully did we all tread the little aisles in the procession of the prelate. Earnestly my lord looked upwards, but finally—were it courtesy, or doubtfulness as to his ground, or approbation—he passed on.”

Incidentally among places associated with De Quincey's later life may be named the Bridgewater Hotel in Bridgewater Place, now transformed into a warehouse, where on one occasion he waited for the night mail travelling northwards, on which journey occurred the incident that gave rise to *The Vision of Sudden Death*. On a pane of glass in the window of this warehouse may yet be seen an inscription, bearing the date 1797, which De Quincey himself may have read. It runs thus:—

Adieu ye streams that smoothly flow,  
Ye vernal airs that gently blow,  
Ye fields by blooming spring arraid,  
Ye birds that warble in the shade !  
Unhurt from you my soul could fly,  
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh ;  
But, forced from C——'s charms to part,  
All joy forsakes my drooping heart.

The old Grammar School building of unhappy memory to De Quincey, described in his day by a local topographer as “a plain handsome structure, bearing the figure of an owl on its front,” is lately demolished, and a more pretentious building is being erected on its site. When the school-boy life was ended by the flight from this same Grammar School, what chapters of strange eventful history are unfolded ! The nomadic wanderings in Wales ; the exchange of Oxford Street, Manchester, for the stony-hearted Oxford Street of London and the companionship of Ann ; the dreary half-famished outcast life there, the emancipation, and the passage through Oxford to literary society ; the association with Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Wordsworth ; the opium eating and the residence in the Lake Country ; the removal to Edinburgh and the association there with Christopher

North and the circle of the Noctes Ambrosianæ, all these things are well known to the reader of the *Autobiographic Sketches* and from other sources. Mr. Page in his recent *Life of De Quincey* has given us some additional facts of his later life in Edinburgh, extending over nearly thirty years, which are very interesting, inasmuch as they help us to understand his character by the aid of side lights. The result to an unprejudiced mind is to largely increase its sympathy with the noble, quaint, and erratic Bohemian.

But that this prophet also was not without honour save in his own country he will find who turns from Mr. Page's book to the opinion of De Quincey recorded in the Register of the Manchester Grammar School, compiled by the Chetham Society. There he will read that "Thomas De Quincey was a man of remarkable natural gifts. He had a fine imagination and a prompt and subtle intellect, which, with proper training, would have made him a truly great man. Opium, taken as with Coleridge in the first instance to allay pain, became the means of voluptuous excitement. Like Coleridge, too, De Quincey excused his vice by flagrant untruths, and extolled his favourite drug as a harmless and serviceable auxiliary to his intellectual efforts. There are few of his works that do not appear to be more or less deformed by the effects of this vicious excess. Opium enabled him to be brilliant and subtle without accuracy, depth, or continuous effort. What he wrote may be read as it was written, without much mental exertion; and if the reader is wearied, it is often by the personal maundering and idle gossip in which he delighted to expatiate. He belonged to that class of men whose sublime endowments were in a great measure frittered away into useless exertion for want of sound moral discipline and vigorous concentration of study. Has he left one complete or truly edifying work?" That is the best which can be said by the chronicler in connection with the most remarkable name in the register of the school. It amounts pretty much to this: that though De Quincey possessed genius he wasted it, and that he was a vicious man and a liar. We wonder what our chronicler would have said if Charles Lamb had happened to be a scholar in that school. It would be interesting also to know what is his conception of a "complete or truly edifying work." Probably a



book of the nature of those which the gentle Elia humorously describes as no books, but which no gentleman's library should be without. In another part of the Register, in connection with Mr. Lawson's name, it is said that De Quincey's lack of appreciation for his teacher arose from "the conceited opinion which he had formed of his own abilities and attainments, as already knowing at least as much as his master." Though he is accused of doing so, it has never struck us that De Quincey wrote disparagingly of Mr. Lawson. He had previously been to the Bath Grammar School, and had made such progress in Greek that one of the masters, drawing the attention of a stranger to him, said: "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." De Quincey says, "he who honoured me with this eulogy was a scholar, and a ripe and good one, and of all my tutors was the only one whom I loved and revered." It must have been a change from this to be addressed as "Psha! blockhead," which was Mr. Lawson's usual mode of addressing his pupils.

De Quincey is also twitted with having changed his name, with no better reason for doing so than the gratification of his own vanity. An advertisement is quoted from *Harrop's Mercury*, wherein his father's name appears as Quincey, and also the statement of Dr. Maginn that "his father was an honest shopkeeper, who lived and died Quincey, and that his son might just as well designate himself Mr. Quin Daisy as Mr. De Quincey." Whatever may be the value of the reasons which De Quincey has given for adopting the name by which he chose to be known, it would appear that at one time his mother also used it.

There is one other matter in connection with the remarks in the School Register which requires explanation. De Quincey alludes to his father as an anonymous author, and makes reference to an account of a tour which he had printed. A writer in the Register expresses doubt about the possibility of such a book having been written, based in some measure on the examination of a codicil of the elder De Quincey's will, which, he says, indicates the reverse of literary ability. In an extract from *Notes and Queries*, furnished to Mr. Page by Mr. Alexander Ireland, and signed "James Crossley," dealing with the probability of De Quincey's father having written a "Tour in the

Midland Counties in 1772," signed T. Q., and which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1774, we read that "the codicil to his will, giving directions as to the carrying on and disposal of his business, are sufficient to show that he was by no means an ordinary person."

We are unwilling to believe, but at the same time disposed to suspect, that De Quincey's flight from the Grammar School has influenced the memorial of him attached to his name. It is not to our purpose to defend or extenuate his flight, but that for good or bad reasons he was miserable there cannot be doubted. In a letter quoted in Mr. Page's book, addressed to his mother, he requests permission to leave the school on the ground of five deficiencies from which he suffers, namely, health, society, amusement, liberty, and congeniality of pursuit. Under the latter head and in illustration of his opinion of the town of his birth, we read: "The fifth cause of my misery contains in itself a world of argument. To give you some idea of my meaning, I must beg you to consider that I am living in a town where the sole universal object of pursuit is precisely that which I hold most in abhorrence. In this place trade is the elysium and money is the god. Every object I see reminds me of those occupations which run counter to the bent of my nature, every sentiment I hear sounds in discord to my own. I cannot stir out of doors but I am nosed by a factory, a cotton bag, a cotton dealer, or something else allied to that most detestable commerce. Such an object dissipates the whole train of romantic visions I had conjured up, and frequently gives the colouring to all my associations and ideas during the remainder of the day." His tribute to the scholars of the Grammar School in his time is more generous than that accorded to him by its chronicler. He says: "I learned to feel a deep respect for my new schoolfellows; deep it was then, and a larger experience has made it deeper. I have since known literary men; men whose profession was literature; who were understood to have dedicated themselves to literature; and who sometimes had with some special section or work of literature an acquaintance critically minute. But amongst such men I have found but three or four who had a knowledge which came as near to what I should consider a comprehensive knowledge, as really existed amongst these boys collectively."

In contrast to his early prejudices against manufactures and manufacturers, it is only fair to quote his more mature experience of Manchester society. In his sketch of Samuel Taylor Coleridge he says: "I can add my attestation to that of Mr. Coleridge himself, when describing an evening spent amongst the enlightened tradesmen of Birmingham, that nowhere is more unaffected good sense exhibited, and particularly nowhere more elasticity and freshness of mind, than in the conversation of the reading men in manufacturing towns. In Kendal, especially, in Bridgewater, and in Manchester, I have witnessed more interesting conversation, as much information, and more eloquence in conveying it, than usually in literary cities, or in places professedly learned. The reason for this is, that in trading towns the time is more happily distributed; the day given to business and active duties, the evening to relaxation, on which account books, conversation, and literary leisure are more cordially enjoyed; the same salvation never can take place, which too frequently deadens the genial enjoyment of those who have a surfeit of books and a monotony of leisure. Another reason is, that more simplicity of manner may be expected, and more natural picturesqueness of conversation, more open expression of character, in places where people have no previous name to support. Men in trading towns are not afraid to open their lips for fear they should disappoint your expectations; nor do they strain for showy sentiments that they may meet them."

What, under other conditions, De Quincey might have accomplished it is idle to speculate. We take it that the books which "might have been" written would outnumber those which are. It is a pernicious form of criticism which insists upon the fulfilment of its own standard of completeness and its own conditions for results; which refuses to acknowledge the relative principle in art, and indulges in unworthy and useless comparisons. The flowers of literature, like the flowers of the field, are various; your rose must be a rose, and it is needless to complain that it has not come up a lily. De Quincey has left to us the net result of his life according to the conditions under which, by necessity or choice, it was lived; and our business is to accept that and make the most of the phenomena. Despite his discursiveness and other blemishes which cannot be denied, we believe he will stand alone

as the writer of the most poetical and impassioned prose in the language ; that he will take a first place among English essayists, and no mean one among humourists. For command of language, for splendour of diction and music of expression, he stands unrivalled. It is Mr. Masson who says that there is an impression "now entertained on all hands, that among the most remarkable names in the history of literature for many a day must be ranked that of Thomas De Quincey." In that portrait gallery of favourite authors which has its appropriate place among the hidden chambers of the mind, we must confess that in ours the face of Thomas De Quincey occupies a prominent and favoured place. It is not always easy to give reasons for the choice of those upon whom we bestow our literary affections. They are not generally the most perfect of their kind, or of those who have worn "the white flower of a blameless life." Often, indeed, they are of those whose very weaknesses and shortcomings become links of sympathy. We could therefore have wished that against his name in the School Register there might have been recorded a more just and genial estimate of the mild-eyed Hedonist, who in his life exemplified more than most men how true it is that—

We are such stuff as dreams are made of.





## BOLTON AND ITS FREE LIBRARY.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, M.R.S.L.

[Read at Bolton, October 9, 1878.]\*

I RECOLLECT a very eloquent preacher of the Church of England saying not long ago that the only difficulty there was about a sermon was to find a text. Now, the difficulty tonight is precisely the reverse of this. The Bolton Public Library contains some forty-two thousand volumes, and as my lecture, or rather talk, is on the contents of that institution, I have forty-two thousand texts ready found for me upon which to base my sermon.

Learning, like charity, should begin at home. The Bolton man should know something of the history of the place in which he dwells, should be acquainted with the slow march of those forces which can be traced for eighteen centuries shaping the destinies of the town. The ancient roads show the mark of the mighty Roman, whose conquest of this island was the means of bringing our barbarian ancestors into the light of the civilization of the ancient world. Then we have this locality connected by tradition, at least with the memory of the "blameless king" Arthur, three of whose twelve battles against the Saxons are said to have been fought on the River Douglas. There was the feudal hunting ground of Horwich, with its wild bulls and wild boars, its

\* This lecture was delivered under the auspices of the Club in the Albert Hall of Bolton, at the request and under the presidency of the then Mayor of the borough, James Greenhalgh, Esq., who is one of the oldest members of the Literary Club.

falcons, eagles, and hawks. Bolton of old time was a seat of the woollen trade, which received an impetus from the Flemings, early in the fourteenth century, some of whom are supposed to have settled in Lancashire. The fighting qualities of the Bolton lads were shown at the battle of Flodden Field. Bolton played an important part in the civil war between the King and the Parliament. It witnessed an unsuccessful attack by the Royalist forces. Later came the successful attack and massacre of the Roundheads, by Prince Rupert, and still later the execution of the seventh Earl of Derby, sometimes styled the Martyr-Earl. The next century saw the great increase of the cotton manufacture, and the consequent rise of the factory system. It was in the parish church of Bolton that Richard Arkwright took to wife Patience Holt. Another important scene in the history of industrial progress was the invention of the spinning mule by Samuel Crompton, of Hall-i'-th'-Wood. Then machine-breaking riots and the factory fire at Westhoughton, with its tragical ending, show how intimately this place is connected with the general history of the country. It is no part of my task to tell you in even the faintest outline the history of Bolton, and these incidents are only named to show that no place lives for itself, but if it has an active local life, if it has any vitality at all, it must contribute to the broader life of the nation and of the world. The history of the town is closely connected with the annals of the textile manufactures. The widely-varying forms of that industry are a perpetual source of interest and wonder. The Hindoo, who in the open air, with the rudest possible loom made of the handiest material, fabricates those delicate cloths which seem to emulate the gossamer fibres of the spider's web, may be compared with the English weaver, who, amid the whirr and racket of complicated machinery, makes the costumes that adorn the tawny belles of Africa. Why is Bolton famous for its cottons? How is it that Lancashire for so many years has been able to buy raw cotton from America and to send it back again in the shape of calico? This opens up the entire range of questions connected with the economy of trade and manufacture. All knowledge is connected. We may for our own convenience divide and separate its different fields, but beneath our artificial distinctions there exists a real unity. A Bolton cotton mill is a concrete fact, which cannot be rightly and

fully understood without the aid of all the sciences. We must first see the history of textile fabrics, we must then note its introduction into these northern parts; we may mark the gradual progress of scientific invention lessening cost and increasing production; further, we may inquire into the mechanical arrangements by which this is accomplished and the mathematical principles underlying them. The economy of machinery and of manufactures generally must be considered. Then we have to face all the problems of the factory system and its effect on the health, the morals, and the home life of the people. The regulation of the hours of labour by act of Parliament again involves the grave questions of the limits in which the State has the right to interfere with the freedom of individual action. The employment of women and children opens out wide fields for thought and reflection in social economy. Further, there are the relations of capital and labour to be considered. Then we have the respective action of the producers, the middlemen, and the consumers. Here again a wide field of political economy opens to our view. Questions of exchange, of tariffs, of the rise and fall of the money market, have now to be thought about as well as broader considerations relating to free trade, commercial treaties, and production. Many things have been omitted in this rough enumeration. It would be absurd to say that a man cannot be a good cotton operative, or cotton master, without all this knowledge, but it is equally absurd to think that he would not be better operative and better master if he did possess it. A man is a better workman if he understands the reasons of his actions than if he works by rule of thumb. A man is a better manufacturer or merchant if he is familiar with the laws of political economy.

It is gratifying to find that the library contains about two hundred volumes having a special local interest. *The history of Bolton* has yet to be written, but there are many things here that will help the future chronicler. The first history of Bolton is that by Brown, but it was never completed, and does not contain much original matter. There is a smaller *Handbook* by J. D. Briscoe, and a *Chronological Record* by James Clegg, who is also the author of what a local humourist has called the history of the enlightenment of the town—that is, of the Gas Company

from 1818 to 1872. In the "Proceedings of the Town Council" from 1860 downward the future historian would find much valuable material. There is a volume describing the opening of the Bolton Town Hall, a building which commands unbounded admiration. There is another containing all the documents relating to that Bolton Free Library of which we are now talking. From the oldest Directory in the library, it appeared that so late as 1818 Bolton went into a sort of partnership with Rochdale, Burnley, Oldham, and Bacup, in order to have a directory! Two large volumes of manuscript contain all the proceedings in Parliament relative to the Bolton Improvement Act of 1854. Historians have to seek some of their most valuable material in the bypaths of literature. The report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the condition of the handloom weavers in 1834-5 contains a great deal of information as to the social condition of Lancashire. A Bolton manufacturer, in giving evidence, said that he believed the wages of the Bolton weavers of that day did not average more than six shillings per week. In this, as in other matters, a good deal of progress has been made. There is a volume of lithographs from sketches by a local artist, Selim Rothwell, who in 1824 made drawings of places in the neighbourhood of Bolton and of Winwick. Some of these places have sadly altered in the half century that has gone by.

Bolton manufactures not only cotton but men. A public library should be a local Temple of Fame. If a Bolton man has written a book it ought to be in the public library. Each local author should make a present of his work, and he may then be sure that in one place at least it will be carefully preserved and remain for ages for the benefit of admiring posterity. If anyone has written the life of a man born in Bolton, that also should have a place on the shelves of their public library. The list of Bolton worthies is not a small one, but they are not yet all fully represented in the Bolton library. You will find there the story of the saintly life and heroic death of George Marsh, who died for his steadfast adherence to the reformed religion in the troubled reign of Queen Mary. Nine years after the martyrdom of Marsh died the Rev. Richard Rothwell, whose piety was of that character that demons were supposed to flee before him. The memory of this famous exorciser of demons was long cherished by his descen-



dants, one of whom is reported to have proudly exclaimed: "I'm a real Rothwell, none of your Le'er-edge Rothwells, but a descendant of him that beat the devil!" Another worthy was Bishop Pilkington, the founder of the Rivington Grammar School. The dust may gather over the fading leaves of his *Exposition of Haggai*, but the exposition of his charity and wish to do good in the foundation of that school entitle him to our respect and gratitude.

The Great Stanley was intimately connected with Bolton in some of the stirring scenes of his life, and in the heroic fashion of his death. There is this value about the history of the past, that it may teach us to moderate the factions and partizanship of the present. We may glory in the memory of Cromwell and of Milton without denying the virtue of Falkland dying on the battle-field, or of Derby perishing on the traitor's scaffold in the Puritan town of Bolton. The life of the Martyr-Earl has been told by Cumming and by Canon Raines in the Stanley Papers published by the Chetham Society, which has also issued many other works throwing light upon the state of Lancashire during the civil war.

Humphrey Chetham, of Turton, is a Bolton worthy. His life has been narrated in connection with his foundation of the Blue Coat School at Manchester. The Chetham Library is probably the first free library in Europe. For more than two centuries its doors have been open to all who cared to avail themselves without fee and without reward. Chetham founded several small church libraries, and one of these still remains at Turton.

An interesting list has been made of Bolton authors, many of whom must now be passed in silence. If only for the sake of auld lang syne, Sir John Bowring, who represented Bolton for several years, must be named. There is a good portrait of him in Saunders' Political Reformers. Amongst the local relics in the Bolton Public Library was a Bible once used in Walmsley Chapel. The Bible was printed at Antwerp, and dated 1534. On the title page are a number of curious pictures, and perhaps the most curious of all is one at the bottom, in which the artist has apparently intended to represent God the Father, and has represented him in the costume of a turbaned Turk. There are some MSS. of the Rev. William Probert, chiefly relating to Hebrew language and literature. They are remarkable for the minute-

ness and beauty of his handwriting. Another relic of a Bolton worthy is a large Bible, dated 1717, formerly the property of the Rev. Thomas Bancroft, of Bolton, who had with great pains and trouble supplied defective parts in *fac simile*. The Greenhalgh family—so worthily represented by the Mayor—have made several contributions to the local literature. There is the *Vicissitudes of Commerce* and the *Kennee Voo*, by Thomas Greenhalgh; there is the *Memoranda on the Genealogy of the Family*, by J. D. Greenhalgh, whose *Local Antiquarian Notes* contain legends of Turton, and of the headsman of the Martyr-Earl. Amongst the volumes dealing with the district there is Barton's *Historical Notes of Farnworth and Kersley*. Farnworth is sometimes said to be the birthplace of Archbishop Bancroft, but this is an error for Farnworth near Warrington. It would be wrong not to mention the many works of Mr. Gilbert J. French, who must be regarded as one of the founders of the Bolton Free Library. He was equally at home in discussing the Bayeux tapestry, and in devising banners for Sunday schools.

One of the duties of a town library is to preserve everything that has come from the presses of local printers. This duty has been at least partially recognized at Bolton. The earliest book of this kind in the library was printed by Drake, at Bolton, in 1785. It contains a "Description of Memorable Sieges and Battles in the North of England," including of course the troubles of Bolton in the civil war. In the following year there was a printer named Jackson, who reprinted one of those odd miscellanies compiled by Crouch, the bookseller, under the pseudonym of R. Burton. Burton's books are always amusing. These "Memorable Remarks upon the Ancient and Modern State of Jerusalem" include an account of the Counterfeit Messiah—the Jew, Sabatai Sevi, who claimed to be the long-looked-for Saviour of the chosen people. The early Bolton printers were somewhat miscellaneous in their ideas. In 1787 one of these published a volume containing a Life of John Bradford, a Life of the Rev. Richard Rothwell and a Particular Account of his Contest with the Devil, the Life of George Marshe, and the Apocryphal Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs! In 1793 appeared the *History of the Waldenses*, by the Rev. Thomas Taylor, whose other publications ought to be in the library but are not.

After the establishment of a local press, the foundation of a local periodical is usually the most important incident in the literary history of a town. The *Bolton Reflector* appeared in 1823; the *Bolton Literary Journal* in 1830-31; and the *Bolton Bee* in 1851. These literary miscellanies were, however, all eclipsed in popularity by the well-known *Bowtun Luminary*, which came out as an election squib in 1852, and was continued for nine years. Bolton might claim the very curious phenomenon of a periodical extending to thirteen volumes, written entirely in what may fairly be called the Lancashire language. Our southern friends are often puzzled for the interpretation thereof. The *Bolton Chronicle*, established in 1824, still flourishes.

It is wisdom for a library to collect not only books and pamphlets, but even matters of slighter form and apparently smaller value. The librarian has with great care compiled a volume of scraps, containing all manner of straws, showing which way the wind has blown in Bolton at various times. There are in it election squibs, play bills, race cards, lamentable ballads, and odds and ends of every description. These things should all be preserved. They show the historian how the people really lived, what they liked and what they disliked. Another large scrapbook contains the treasurer's accounts of the trustees of Great Bolton, from 1792 to 1844. Still another is full of autographs, some of local and others of more general interest. It contains a lengthy letter of the great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, the signatures of Napoleon the Great, and of Talleyrand, and many other of the great by whom that mighty conqueror was surrounded. A casual survey gives one the impression that it includes the autograph of every Bolton notability for the last century. No wonder that the book is so large! There is one subtle delight in examining autographs. Most people write badly, and it is very consoling to find that a great many people of distinguished ability have also been distinguished by the illegibility of their handwriting.

So much for Bolton books. The works on general topography are about two thousand in number. On the history of Lancashire there are works by Gregson, Aikin, Baines, Whitaker, and others. The Chetham Society holds an honourable place. The valuable *Loidis and Elmete* by Thoresby, and *Richmondshire* by Whitaker, and the even more important *History of Cheshire* by Ormerod,

are conspicuous ornaments of this department. Ormerod's book cannot be bought for much less than £50, and it is one of the good offices of public libraries to place such books at the command of students who are not always millionaires. The original edition of Jackson's *Views of Manchester*, as it was fifty years ago, presents a marvellous contrast to the present aspect of that busy town. The rare volume of *Parentalia*, printed but not published by the Cheshire antiquary, Ormerod, is another valuable work.

There are about one thousand seven hundred volumes relating to history, and one thousand two hundred to biography. These comprise most of the standard authorities on the long results of time. It is pleasant to find amongst them the chronicles of Sir Richard Baker, for whose ponderous tome we must all keep a warm corner in our hearts, for he was the favourite author of Sir Roger de Coverley. The dignity of history is a phrase that is fortunately falling out of favour. He who shows us the actual life of the people of any age, their pleasures and pains, their trials and temptations, is at least as profitably employed as if he were chronicling the tedious disputes of statesmen engaged in proving with how little wisdom the world is governed. We may learn more from Gilray's caricatures of the manners, the political feelings of the state of parties at the close of the last century, than we can from more formal historians. The *History of the Westminster Election of 1774*, the famous one in which Charles James Fox was concerned, is another document of the same period. Carlyle has shown the philosophical importance of clothes so effectually as to justify a reference to Meyrick's gorgeous work on the cumbrous armour in which our ancestors went forth to slay and to be slain. The oldest book in the library is an edition of *Ælius Spartianus*, printed at Venice in 1490. It is suggestive of many thoughts to hold in one's hand this volume and to remember the mighty changes that have come over the world since that day four hundred years ago when it came from the press.

Books of travel have not lost their interest, although in these days of personally-conducted tours there are fewer home-keeping youths than formerly. The library possesses one thousand four hundred volumes relating to other lands. We may visit Africa

with Livingstone, or Egypt with Belzoni. We may look with Catlin at the North American Indians, or with Layard at the unearthed wonders of Nineveh. Every one is talking about Afghanistan just now. How much better they would talk if they would first read the eleven volumes on that interesting country to be found in the Bolton Public Library.

There are one thousand five hundred volumes of poetry. Two works only will be named. One is the splendid folio edition of Shakspeare issued by Mr. Halliwell-Philipps. It stands in the museum and has above it a bust of the great dramatist in defiance of the old proverb, that good wine needs no bush. The other is a small volume, entitled *The Tribute*, edited in 1837 by Lord Northampton, for the benefit of the family of the then recently deceased Edward Smedley. It contains some "Stanzas" by Alfred Tennyson, commencing,

Oh ! that 'twere possible,  
After long grief and pain,  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again !

These stanzas are not improbably the nucleus of *Maud*, in which they were reprinted in a greatly altered form. There is no edition of Tannahill in the library. This is strange, for he was at one time a weaver in Bolton, and

Fairer seems the ancient city and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.

From Poetry let us turn to the domain of Science and Art, which numbers three thousand volumes. The library has a fair collection of medical books, amongst which, for the sake of its quaint woodcuts, the English translation of Parey, printed in 1678, may be mentioned. We dwellers in great towns, whose fathers changed smiling fields and woodlands into howling wildernesses of brick and mortar, where no wild bird will sing, and where no wild flower will bloom, need to keep in our memory the green loveliness of nature. These finely-illustrated works on botany will give us a glimpse into our lost Eden. A man has come a journey of fifty miles to see Lindley's magnificent folio of nature-printed engravings from ferns. That man might safely write "value received" against the cost and trouble of his visit in looking at

the portraits of these children of Flora, whose very simplicity gives them an additional charm. Another fine work is the *Plantæ Equinoctiales* of Humboldt and Bonpland. On the border line of natural history and art we may place the 1826 edition of Bewick's charming pictures of our British Birds. A few only of the art books can be named. There is in the *Art Journal* a reflex of the good and bad points in modern painting. There is a fine volume of Hogarth, who was filled with the spirit of the English nation, and dealt with the daily life of the people, and did not fail as a moralist to show us as we are in our worst moments. The hardy realism of Hogarth may be contrasted with the idealism of Canova. Ruskin has said some hard things of Lancashire, yet we all thankfully rejoice at his insight into the beautiful in nature and art. Our lives will be brighter and better for the teachings he has drawn from the Stones of Venice. Art has a moral, an æsthetic, and a practical side. In the last named we may instance Wyatt's *Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century*, Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament*, Wyatt's *Ornamental Metal Work*, and Gruner's works on *Ornamental Art*. If, in looking at the reproduction of the *Biblia Pauperum* in 1877, we feel proud of the advance made upon the rude woodcuts of our forefathers, the feelings of self-complacency will disappear if we turn to the marvels of monastic skill imitated in Noel Humphreys' *Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages*. This feeling could certainly not disappear if we contrasted the imitative efforts of the builders of to-day with the wondrous remains of mediæval genius enshrined in Britton's *Architectural Antiquities* and similar works.

We now come to a part of the library that is filled with thoughts that stir the minds of men. Two thousand volumes are devoted to theology and philosophy. Amongst these are a long series of the *Bampton Lectures*, and the *History of Tithes* of the famous Selden, printed in 1618. It is needless to detail a list of standard divines. Amongst the works on foreign religions there is that on *Tree and Serpent Worship*, by Fergusson. It is full of information as to the habits and beliefs of India, under the dominion of Buddhist ideas. Buddhism was driven out of its birthplace by Brahmanism, and one aspect of that form of belief is shown in the *Sundhya* of Mrs. Belnos, who has shown us the varying postures of the priestly caste when performing their

orisons. It would scarcely be considered decorous in the Bolton Town Hall for either layman or minister to put his extended finger to the end of his nose, as some of these devotees are represented to be doing. There are five thousand volumes devoted to law, to political economy, to statistics, and to those kindred sciences which deal with men aggregated together in communities. There are three thousand volumes of specifications of patents. These exhibit no small portion of the progress of that industrial science which has done so much for England.

The books in miscellaneous literature are about six thousand in number. Amongst these are the *Harleian Miscellany*, the *Pamphleteer*, the Percy Society, and some similar collections. There is an extraordinary volume of periodicals published about the period of the Reform Bill agitation, including the "Devil in London," the "Whig Dresser," and others of a like kind.

We have to-night been avoiding the highways of literature and of learning. It may safely be assumed that a library of this size will contain the great lights of our own and of classical literature. We all know that we shall find there Homer, and Shakspeare, Macaulay, and Gibbon. This wandering in the byeways of the library may serve to show us that it contains, broadly speaking, something about everything. If you want information, bother your excellent librarian to find you something on the subject. It is a curious fact in natural history that librarians enjoy being teased in this manner. Probably few of us have any clear idea as to what were the armorial bearings of our great grandfather Adam. If you will refer to the twenty-seventh page of the third volume of the English translation of Bayle's Dictionary, printed at London in 1736, you will find that this momentous topic has engaged the attention of the learned, and you will see the conclusions at which some of them have arrived. If the Bolton Free Library can tell this it can surely tell something of everything.

Some of the matters I have brought forward are mere curiosities, and have no relation to the actual business of life. There is, however, in the "friendship of books" a real and an abiding usefulness. He who goes into a large library has the opportunity of communing with the greatest minds that have existed. If he imbibes some of their spirit, he must inevitably be a better man and a better citizen. Literature will liberalize his mind, give him

broader views of life, a wider charity, a greater earnestness, and a deeper faith. This has been very pithily put into two lines by Shakspeare, who justifies the existence of public libraries open without fee or reward, when he tells us

Ignorance is the curse of God ;  
Knowledge the wing whereby we fly to heaven.

## LIST OF BOLTON AUTHORS AND THEIR PRINCIPAL WORKS.

BY JAMES K. WAITE.

The following list is principally taken from the *List of Lancashire Authors*, edited for the Manchester Literary Club by C. W. Sutton ; but as the book does not contain all our local literati, I have ventured to supplement the same with the names of other writers of this district. Many of these books are in the Bolton Public Library.

- AINSWORTH, ROBERT, b. 1660, educated at and afterwards master of Bolton Grammar School, "The Latin Dictionary," 1736.
- ANDERTON, JAS. (or Jno. Brekeley), Lostock, "Protestant's Apologie for the Roman Catholic Church," 1604 ; "Liturgy of the Mass," 1620 ; "St. Austin's Religion," 1620.
- ANDREWS, Rev. ROBT., Bolton, d. 1766, "Eidyllia," a poem.
- ARROWSMITH, PETER ROTHWELL, "Juvenile Mendicity in Bolton," 1850.
- ASHWORTH, HENRY, Turton, "Tour in the United States in 1861 ;" "The Preston Strike," 1854 ; "Richard Cobden and the League," 1877.
- BAKER, Rev. FRANKLIN, M.A., Bolton, "Rise and Progress of Nonconformity in Bolton," 1854.
- BANCROFT, Rev. THOMAS, Vicar of Bolton, 1756-1811, "Prolusiones Poeticæ," 1788 ; "Ars Rhetorica," Sermons.
- BARLOW, Dr. JOHN, Bolton, Medical Works.
- BARTON, BENJ. THOS., "Historical Notes of Farnworth and Kersley," 1875 ; "History of Bury," 1874.
- BAZLEY, Sir THOMAS, Gilnow, Pamphlets ; also contributions to "Encyclopædia Britannica," 8th ed. ; "The Barton Aqueduct," 1859.
- BEALEY, Rev. JOSEPH, Cockey Moor, 1756-1813, "Funeral Discourse on Dr. Barnes," 1810 ; and Sermons.
- BECKETT, RICHARD, Bolton, "A Tradesman's Visit to Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine ;" "Ten Thousand Miles in Fifty Days."
- BEST, Rev. ROBERT, "Over the Alps to Rome," 1868.
- BLACK, Dr. JAMES, Bolton, Archæological Papers ; also pamphlets on Sanitary questions ; "A Few Words in Aid of Literature and Science : on the occasion of the opening of the Public Library, Bolton," 1853.



- BOURN, Rev. SAMUEL, d. 1719, Sermons, edited by his Son, 1722.
- BRADBURY, HENRY, Bolton Almanac, 1843-67.
- BRADSHAW, E. F., Bolton, "Sandycourt," a Tale (privately printed).
- BRADSHAW, ELLIS, Bolton, "Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea," 1649; Tracts against the Quakers, 1650-56.
- BRADSHAW, Rev. JAMES, d. 1702, Volume of Sermons.
- BRANDWOOD, JAMES, Edgworth, 1739-1826, Letters, &c., 1828, edited by J. Bradshaw.
- BRISCOE, JOHN DALY, Bolton, "Handbook of Bolton," 1861.
- BRISCOE, JOHN POTTER, Bolton, "Literature of Tim Bobbin," 1872; "Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions," and other writings.
- BROMILOW, A. H., Bolton, "Betwixt Studies"—a Series of Poems; "The Troubadour."
- BROWN, JOHN, "History of Great and Little Bolton," 1824; "Basis of Samuel Crompton's Claims," 1826; "Memoir of Robert Blincoe," 1832.
- CANNON, JAMES D., "Jewish Drama," a Poem.
- CHAMBERLAIN, Rev. WALTER, M.A., Bolton, "Restoration and Conversion of Israel," 1854; "Isaiah's Call to England;" &c.
- CLEGG, JAMES, Bolton, "Chronological History of Bolton;" "Reminiscences of the Bolton Gas Company."
- CROMPTON, THOMAS B., "Excise on Paper, as affecting the Employment of the Poor," 1851.
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## THE BOOK OF JOB.

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THE Book of Job in its original form most probably ended with the present chapter xxxi. There is also great reason to conclude that the passage commencing with the thirteenth verse of chapter xxvii. and ending with chapter xxviii. was spoken by Zophar in the original poem. It is not my purpose to lay any stress on these or other alterations, or to enquire by whom they were made, or whether their object was to conceal or to disguise the author's primary lesson. I consider the book rather as a national composition than as the production of an individual.

The prose introduction to the poem gives an instance of the practical government of the world, and furnishes an explanation of the confusions that arise from the clashing of its physical and moral elements. Job is a virtuous and a prosperous man. God points him out to Satan, who presents himself along with the angels at the court of heaven, as an example of perfect uprightness. Satan replies that his integrity is not virtue but self interest, and that it would cease if his good fortune ceased. God permits Satan to put this accusation to the test; and Satan, by the agency of irruptions of plundering bands of enemies, the Sabeans and Chaldeans, of lightning, and of tempestuous winds, destroys the family and the property of Job. The ruined man stands the ordeal, and admits God's right to take as well as to give. When Satan next appears amongst the angels, God again brings Job under his notice as one who was not only upright, but who had maintained his uprightness when "destroyed without cause." Satan alters his point of attack, and says that bare life furnishes

a sufficient bribe to render the existence of virtue doubtful. Job's resignation was assumed only to save his life. If his life were threatened he would forsake righteousness. God gives Satan all power over him short of death, and Satan afflicts him with loathsome sores from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. His wife taunts him with the worthlessness of his integrity, and bids him renounce it and die. Job remains firm. He acknowledges the sovereignty of God and virtue. He had received good from God's hand and was ready also to receive evil. Thus Job establishes the existence and the power of perfect, disinterested virtue.

There are several axioms involved in the narrative which it is necessary to glance at. God and virtue are one. God is the impersonation of perfect virtue, and perfect virtue is the character of God. Happiness is the natural accompaniment and expectation of virtue. If happiness invariably followed virtue it would be an obstacle to its growth and to its recognition. The end of creation is the development of perfect virtue. God's supreme power divides itself into two kinds—moral and physical. The government of the world as a whole is ascribed to God. The physical government of the world is occasionally, or constantly with limitations, remitted to Satan. The moral government of the world is shared with men. God's ultimate sovereignty is not absolute power, but perfect wisdom, to which power is secondary and subservient. Satan arises in the evolution of virtue, and is made part of God's wisdom. That virtue may be perfect, man's will must be free. God's power is secondary to his wisdom, because the end sought is attainable by wisdom and not by power.

The mingled and mysterious world in which we live is the fruit of these principles. We may say generally that the world is of God; but when we speak of particular events we should attribute them to their particular and subordinate causes. The poetic portion of the Book of Job is a controversy on those topics. Truth is so distasteful to hear and so dangerous to speak that the poet puts a virtuous man to the rack in order that the boldness of his utterances may be ascribed to the extremity of his tortures.

The dwelling place of God claims a moment's notice. It is well that men should have a correct idea of heaven before they

accept or reject it. Heaven is commonly described as a region where spiritual Sybarites repose on uncrumpled doctrines, and rise to an eternal ascription of servile praises to the Almighty. The glimpse that we get in the opening chapter of Job reveals a different scene. We see no throned monarch lapped in ecstasy amid prostrate worshippers, but a busy Ruler filled with cares for his endangered kingdom. No strains of celestial melody float through lofty palace domes, but groans and cries and protests from earth reverberate through the antechamber of the King. When the material chaos settled into order the spiritual chaos began, and still continues. God is making heaven, and his call to us on earth is a call for help.

It is still more important to bear in our memories that it is not the quantity of Job's virtue that is under debate, but the quality of it. Satan never denied that the man who serves God for earthly reward and material happiness can give him a whole life's devotion. Nor are we to suppose that when God referred to Job's perfect uprightness He meant that he had never in any degree or at any time overstepped the limits of right. What God asserted and what Satan gainsayed was that "Job served God for nought." The question is not concerning the completeness of obedience, but concerning the genuineness of virtue. If goodness were not practised for its own sake, but for its attendant blessings, it would be prudence, policy, selfishness. Virtue calculating results would be undecided vice. It is the disinterestedness of virtue, therefore, the final purpose of creation, the triumph of God's wisdom, that is affirmed by God and contradicted by Satan. It is important, I say, to note this, because the two questions become confounded in the course of the argument.

When Job's three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, heard of his calamities they came to mourn with him. During seven days they sat in silent sorrow, and then Job spoke. Like a wounded creature spending its rage on the weapon that pierces it he curses the poisoned arrow, life, that quivers in his soul. With the measured cadence of despair he multiplies imprecations, and varies them with every throb of his anguish. His words are the mental echo to the actions of one who wrings his hands, and smites them together, and clasps them in each other, as the

spasms of endurance, impatience, and adjuration run their bitter round. Why was he ever born? Why did he not die in the hour of his birth? Why should life be forced on those who long for death? Words like these are only articulated groans. The friends of Job treat them as instances of rebellion and proofs of previous guilt. Eliphaz, strangely anticipating a taunt of later date, argues the insincerity of his righteousness from the fact that the topics through which he had formerly administered comfort to others were now found unavailing in his own case. Job's sorrows, it is inferred, must have sprung from his sin.

Remember, I pray, who ever perished, being innocent?  
Or where were the righteous cut off?—(iv. 7.)

He then, in a passage whose poetical beauty has always been mistaken for healthy religious feeling, gives the experience of a disturbed and clouded conscience:—

Unto me a thing came secretly,  
And mine ear received a whisper thereof.  
In thoughts from visions of the night,  
When deep sleep falleth on men,  
Fear came upon me, and trembling,  
Which caused all my bones to shake.  
Then a spirit glided before my face,  
The hair of my flesh stood on end;  
It stood—but its form I could not discern;  
A figure was before mine eyes;  
There was a hush, and I heard a voice,—  
“ Shall mortal man be more just than God?  
Shall man be more pure than his Maker?  
Lo! in His servants He putteth no trust,  
And His angels He chargeth with frailty;  
How much more those who dwell in houses of clay,  
Whose foundation is the dust;  
Who are crushed before the moth-worm!  
From morning to evening they are destroyed:  
They perish for ever unregarded.  
Doth not their very excellency pass away?  
They die, even without wisdom.”—(iv. 12–21.)

It must not be lost sight of that the speaker is the antagonist of virtue and the advocate of a condemned cause. In the struggle between his earthly and his heavenly affections he has filled his soul with a mist of darkness and conjured up a shadow of terror

that stands to him for a Person. Religion was meant to give us clear views of right, and not gloomy and indistinct visions of God. "Shall mortal man be more just than God." Than what God? God has revealed himself to man in sunlight as Justice. So far as man's soul is built on this model, he is more just than the indiscernible shape that appals and disorders the imagination of the superstitious dreamer. We must not be imposed on by the craft that strives to strike us dumb with the nomenclature of heaven, nor by the fanaticism which brandishes the name of God as fools toss firebrands. The allegiance we owe on high is due, not to the sound of a name, but to the sanctity of a character.

The theory of man's utter baseness is subservient to the doctrine that happiness is the object of life and the constant attendant on virtue, or what the men who hold this doctrine regard as more than the equivalent of virtue, the confession of our depravity. "Confess yourself a sinner," Eliphaz says, "and God will restore all that you have lost."

Job had not hitherto served God for reward, and he will not now depart from the principle of his life. To do so would be to forsake God for Satan, for the contest concerning him was whether he was righteous for righteousness' sake, or for the increase of his substance. He again asks for death:—

O that I might have my request,  
And that God would grant my desire ;  
That God would resolve to crush me—  
Would stretch out his hand and cut me off !  
Then would I yet have the consolation,  
And could exult over this unsparing anguish,  
That I have not violated the Commandments of the Holy One.  
(vi. 8-10.)

Then Bildad takes up the argument, and insists on the antecedent principle that God is just, and that, therefore, whatever He does must be admitted as just. Since He slew Job's children they must have sinned, because He destroys none but sinners; and since Job was afflicted, he cannot be innocent, because the innocent are never afflicted.—(viii.)

To this Job answers that he knows that God is just, but that the manifestation and sphere of His justice are unknown. The current idea of divine justice was taken not from the moral instinct, nor from a true induction, nor from revelation, but from



the foregone conclusion that prosperity is the mark of virtue, and adversity of vice, which was the very point at issue. This notion left the action of justice or the nature of virtue in uncertainty; for if it can be shown that a guilty man ever prospers, then guilt is indistinguishable from innocence, or else justice must be administered on some unknown principle. Job's argument enforces the latter alternative—

This one thing I affirm,  
That the upright and wicked he alike destroyeth;  
When the scourge slays suddenly,  
He laughs at the trials of the innocent.—(ix. 22.)

Is power justice? Then this puts an end to all discussion and reasoning, which are pre-supposed and allowed by our primary conception of justice. The universe is alive with God's power; but He passes me by, and I see Him not. He will not deign to reason with me. He overwhelms me with the tempest of His fury. We listen for His voice and we are stunned with the thunder. We look for light and we are dazzled by the flash. With yearning, anxious souls we ask a question about virtue and suffering, and we are told that God made the heavens. What has this to do with our question? The power to make a thousand heavens could not give the right to lay one sorrow on an innocent spirit. If the power that created the stars can heal the mourner's grief, why is it all lavished on inanimate matter? And if it cannot, what is it to me that through immeasurable space suns stand self-balanced and planets revolve? It were better to consign the mechanism of creation to independent law, and bring back God among men, than to describe Him as guiding planets, and give this as a reason why we are to groan unpitied. If injustice reigns on earth, how can the surging doubt of the soul be quelled by being informed that God made the Pleiades and the Chambers of the South? Will it ease my pang to learn that the hand that inflicts it made Arcturus and Orion? Power, so far as I have seen it, is associated with wrong. Show me God trusting in right and suffering from might, as I do, and He will reason with me. Such is Job's cry.

Men say it is well with the righteous and ill with the wicked. But this is an innate conviction, not an inference from observation. We are persuaded of it, and cling to it in darkness,

despair, and death ; but it lacks confirmation from visible experience. When we come to facts, how are we to discern the righteous man ? Are we to argue back from appearances ? This would be proving that the prosperous man is righteous, not that the righteous is prosperous. To make the proposition logically sound we should have the good man first indicated, and then behold prosperity following his path. God does not do this. We cry to Him in our agony, and ask what sin has brought our sorrow, and He heeds us not. There is no use, therefore, in appealing to foundations that are hid in the abysses. It is better to shelter our moral instinct from the world, to let it live in the one region where it can live, and there await a time of expansion, than to expose it prematurely to the chill of casuistry and the irony of facts.

The award of power cannot be a solution of moral anomalies. The thunder and the earthquake cannot drown the still small voice. If the good man suffers and complains, he is pronounced a sinner for complaining. But if he was good and suffered undeservedly, he was justified in complaining. The question is, was he good ? Power cannot answer, has no right to answer.

This reference of moral difficulties to divine power is echoed back to earth in ceaseless reverberations. After having said that God laughs at the temptations of the innocent, Job proceeds :—

The earth is given unto the hand of the wicked :  
He coveréth the faces of its judges ;  
If it be not He, who, then, is it ?—(ix. 24.)

All the tyrannies of earth are shadows of the asserted tyranny of heaven. Henceforth we cannot be shocked at any seeming profanity in the language of the poem, because we see that it is levelled against human injustice—against the godless vicegerent of God, whose bribed priests celebrated a despot god that human despotism might seem a godlike institution. If God's power be justice, if whatever God does is just because He is able to do it, and if human government be an ordinance of God, then human government is founded on might, and man's duty is to suffer wrong without complaint or inquiry. The theory of God's character affects not merely our religion, it affects every earthly institution. The problem of disinterested virtue is not a speculation of idle

philosophy: it enters into all the relations of life, and is decided in every adjudication of human authority. If might be right, and the ruler's unjust decision must not be questioned, then all obedience for conscience' sake is abolished, and self-interest becomes the only motive that remains to regulate human conduct. We cannot wonder that men who had God set before them as the pattern of brutal kings and lawless conquerors should have endeavoured to blot Him from heaven.

Zophar appeals to God's secret knowledge as furnishing a reason for Job's afflictions. He concludes from the *unknown* that he is guilty. Let him repent and all will go well with him. This means, let him not serve God for nought, let him cease his vain obedience to a righteous god who cannot save him, and transfer his allegiance to a god of power and rewards.—(xi.)

In his reply Job lays bare the root of the false argument of his friends. He had already pleaded as an argument against the pretensions of power, that a god of mere power could make him appear guilty whether he were so or not by overwhelming him with the disasters that common opinion identified with guilt.

I know that thou wilt not acquit me.  
I must be accounted wicked :  
Why, then, should I labour in vain ?  
Should I wash myself in snow water,  
And cleanse my hands with rock,—  
Yet wouldst thou plunge me in the ditch,  
And mine own clothes would abhor me.—(ix. 28-31.)

If men would persist in making calamity the token of sin, and appealing to a god of power to justify their judgment, such a god could always confute the arguments of righteousness by arraying it in loss and misery. Righteousness in itself and for itself is an independent and incomparable good. This is God's original position illustrated by Job's life and now maintained by his arguments. Satan and Job's friends strive to represent the love of righteousness as the love of prosperity, and thereby seek to destroy the essence of right, making it consist only in its visible accident. But we may easily see how unjust this judgment by appearance is.

Peaceful are the tents of robbers,  
And they that provoke God are secure ;  
Into whose hands God bringeth abundance.—(xii. 6.)

The beasts of the field prey on each other, the fierce and cruel on the weak and harmless, and God suffers it. There may be, no doubt there is, a secret wisdom in this ; but on the strength of the unknown explanation we must not infer that robbers are more righteous or more favoured by God than their victims, or that lambs are guiltier than tigers. It may yet be revealed to us why cruelty triumphed and innocence was overthrown ; but this possibility is not to prevent us from pronouncing innocence to be innocence and justice to be justice. We know as an abstract principle that God is just, and we know with equal certainty that just men suffer : are we to wait for the unfolding of the mystery, or cut the knot now by confounding justice with injustice ? There is a true sense in which all things and events are attributable to God—a sense consistent with the absolute wisdom of His character. But there is also a false ascription of authority by which men adulate the omnipotence of heaven. We are all familiar with the pious platitudes, the supine commonplaces, of popular religion. He breaketh down, and none can rebuild. He misleadeth counsellors and maketh judges fools. He increaseth nations and destroyeth them. He blinds rulers and maketh them reel like drunkards.—(xii. 13.) The commercial shock that vibrates through the civilized world has a magnitude commensurate with God's majesty. But take it in detail: go into a single desolated home, look into one despairing heart, contemplate one ruined life, and will you say that is God's deed ? The victory that decides an empire's destiny is ordained of heaven : but take one murdered victim of ambition, and will you dare to say that God was the murderer ? The conquest was made in the might and the wisdom of the Lord : but behold a solitary, demoralized, unhumanized, imbruted slave, and say is that God's handiwork ? The earthquake, the famine, the storm, the sack of the city, the wreck of the ship are from God : but the ruined home, the profaned altar, the shrieking maiden ? The wars of tribes and nations, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness rise to proportions worthy of Deity : but behold Job sitting in ashes childless and anguish-riven !

Do we not see that our ascriptions of honour to God are the echoes of our lies to our fellow-men ? We flatter God as man is flattered. We call the wholesale murderer a hero, and we treat

God so. We call the spoiler of a continent a statesman, and we treat God so. We rank Jehovah, the omnipotent, with Alaric the destroyer and Alexander the Great.

Will ye speak wickedly on behalf of God,  
And argue deceitfully on his behalf?  
Will it be good when He searcheth you out,  
If ye flatter Him as man is flattered?  
Surely He will reprove you,  
If ye secretly be partial.  
Should not his majesty fill you with reverence,  
And his dread fall upon you?  
Your memorable sayings are dust;  
Your strongholds strongholds of clay.—(xiii. 7-12.)

This slavish indiscriminating homage proves how unworthy is our conception of Him to whom we offer it. There is an Order within this chaos, a Providence within this confusion, a God of living justice within this blind unsympathising fate; to Him Job addresses himself:—

So he may slay me, I may cease to hope,  
Yet to his face will I defend my ways;  
He, too, shall be my deliverance,  
For the hypocrite cannot come into his presence.—(xiii. 15-16.)

He feels with an invincible conviction that there is a clue to this maze, though he cannot lay his hand upon it. He knows with the certitude of consciousness that there is a light in which all could be made clear. He is as sure as he exists that if he and his accusers stood now before God, he must be acquitted, and they condemned. The elucidation of the mystery is in the nature of things. It may yet burst forth into daylight, but he shall not be there to see it. He would be satisfied if in the future for a single instant he could be summoned from the blank of non-existence, to witness the vindication and the triumph of right.

There is hope of a tree,  
If it be cut down, that it will sprout again,  
And its tender branch not fail:  
Though its root in the earth wax old,  
And its stock in the soil die,  
Yet will it bud at the odour of water,  
And shoot forth boughs as when planted:  
But man dies and wastes away;

Man breathes his last, and where is he ?  
Waters pass away from a lake,  
And a stream is parched up and dries ;  
So man lies down and rises not  
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,  
Nor be roused from their sleep.  
Oh that thou wouldst hide me in sheol,  
Wouldst conceal me till thine anger turn,  
Wouldst appoint a time and remember me,  
All the time of my warfare would I wait  
Till my time to be felieved cometh,  
Then thou wouldst call and I would answer Thee.—(xiv. 7-15.)

The contemplation of a total end of existence had a different effect on Job's mind from that which it has on ours. He had never been accustomed to indulge in any other view. He had never relaxed his mental vision with the prospect of an eternal redress. So the end of life was not a ground of sadness or disappointment, but a stimulus to redoubled remonstrance. When his earthly hope perishes, he cannot sit in contentment awaiting the resurrection. It is not the restoration of his personal happiness he thirsts for, but the justification of his trust in a righteous God. So he must forthwith lift his voice against wrong. We who have been familiarized with the hope of immortality, have blinded our moral vision by constantly gazing upon it. All wrong and outrage is beheld with indifference, because there is an endless futurity of reparations. We have lost the distinctness and right value of present things by gazing into an incomprehensible distance. We have melted the pearl justice in the goblet of eternity. We have evaporated the rounded dewdrop of our morning conscience into the impalpable azure. We have wasted the beam of the candle of the Lord within us, that was given to guide our steps, by striving to mingle it with the radiancy of invisible suns. We suffer, and see our brother suffer, injustice, and are content, because it will be set right hereafter. But if we lose our sense of justice, nothing can ever be set right for us. And we have almost lost our sense of justice and our impatience with injustice ; and in consequence, when modern science turns our dawn into darkness and destroys our hope of another life, we have no faith or hope left for earth or heaven. Our argosy has sailed on the vast ocean, and it is lost. It comes to us no more. We staked the

justification of God on the reality of a future judgment, and in His anger He suffers it to vanish from our eyes. We despair of earth and heaven. The only God that remains for us is the God of injustice ; the only principle that remains is the principle of selfishness. Our sympathies are with Satan and his three supporters, who scorn and calumniate the man who serves God for nought. Job's theology was a healthier one than ours. It would be better for us to lose our belief in immortality and retain our integrity and a grand implicit faith than to retain belief and lose our moral sense, for the moral sense *is* immortality. It is better to be immortal than to say "I believe in the resurrection of the dead."

In their next series of addresses Job's friends accuse him of irreverence, repeat that the heavens are not pure in God's sight much less corrupt and abominable man (xv.), and dilate on the irreversible downfall of the wicked (xviii.—xx.) The question under debate is whether man is a slavish, degraded being, who can do no better thing than confess his abject worthlessness and accept the earthly happiness of which alone he is capable, or whether he is righteous and unrewarded. Confess your vileness, be happy, and so still the heart's longings, and solve the problem of life, said the orthodox party in Job's time. Job, on the contrary, asserted his righteousness, that is, the disinterestedness of his virtue, when he was shorn of every earthly joy, and so made existence appear an unfinished history, an uncompleted syllogism. When the doctrine of immortality was made known, the believer in temporal prosperity as the reward of religion could imagine no other world than a continuation of this, while the asserter of righteousness beheld the fulfilment of his vague desire and the solution of his difficulty. The mass of religious men in all ages, believing that the acknowledgment of man's entire corruption wins earthly favour from God, conceive, in consequence, a heaven from which every spiritual nature revolts. Orthodoxy has been made to consist altogether in belief apart from the quality of the things believed in, until disbelief in those things has become a negative proof of aspiration more satisfactory to the hopes of the human soul than the consent of all the churches. The counsels of heaven are forced into accommodation with earth such as Satan, by the aid of the Chaldeans, the

Sabeans, and the brute forces of nature, has made it; and heavenly mansions are furnished for those who never entertained an unearthly or an unselfish thought. The picture drawn by the friends of Job is no dream. There is, beyond doubt, a safe prosperity and a substantial happiness on earth. It is for him who restrains the extravagance of his vices and his virtues, the former just below, the latter just above, the level of prudent management and public observation. This man has the world at his feet. He provokes no lightning, and the Sabeans know him as their brother. He confesses that he is a sinner, and Satan puts him to no trial. We need not suppose that the comforters of Job were exactly of this type, but unquestionably their arguments rested on such men, and tend to multiply them. And the affliction which they associated with what they called wickedness was, and ever will be, realized in men of Job's character. They do not seek rewards, and it is Satan's special office to take care that they do not get them, for, if they did, their example and their influence would weaken too much the discipline of life. Meanwhile the sight of their wrongs rouses and stimulates every generous spirit:—

Mine eye is dim through vexation,  
And all my limbs are as a shadow.  
At this the upright are astonished,  
And the innocent rouses himself against the impious.  
But the righteous shall hold fast his way,  
And the pure of hands increase strength.—(xvii. 7-9.)

Eliphaz, in his third and last address (xxii.), nakedly avows the selfish doctrine of morals, which follows logically from the one-sided contemplation of God's omnipotence. The writer manifestly aims at exposing to detestation the fashionable religion of his day by confessing, in the words of one of its advocates, the mean profanity of its principles:—

Can a man be profitable to God,  
As a wise man is profitable to himself?  
Is it a pleasure to the Almighty that thou art just?  
Or gain to Him that thou makest thy ways perfect?  
Through fear of thee will He plead with thee?—(xxii. 2-4.)

If we regard God's righteousness, we can be a profit and a pleasure to Him. For what is history but a continual cry for help



from defeated virtue? But if we exclusively regard God's power, we cannot be profitable to Him. In the first case, we do what we can for God; in the second, we get what we can from Him. Here we have distinctly and briefly the two systems of morals, God's and Satan's. Eliphaz and his followers, looking only at God's power, say, naturally enough, what profit can your goodness be to God? They regard goodness not as a contribution to some wise universal end, but simply in relation to the happiness of the individual. And as earthly happiness does not need goodness as an ingredient they disavow it, confess themselves sinners, and trust in God's power. Having justified their prosperity by this process of reasoning, they argue backwards from the adversity of the truly just man in a totally different direction :—

Is not thy wickedness great?  
 Are not thine iniquities innumerable?  
 For of thy brother thou has taken a pledge for nought,  
 And stripped off the clothing of the destitute;  
 To the weary thou hast given no water to drink;  
 And hast withholden bread from the hungry,  
 As if the land belonged to the man of power alone,  
 As if only the man of rank may dwell therein.—(xxii. 5-8.)

If you confessed yourself to be a sinner, the argument runs—God would cause you to prosper; but you do not prosper, therefore you *are* a sinner, abusing that very power which you disclaim and opposing the poor whose friend you profess to be. Such was the orthodox mode of reasoning in Job's time. Disinterested virtue is a delusion. It will expose you not only to misfortune, but to the charge of the wrong and high-handedness which you scorn and hate. There is no virtue or goodness but that which stipulates with the power of God for the wages of prosperity :—

If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up.  
 Thou shalt put away iniquity from thy tabernacle;  
 Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust,  
 And the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks;  
 And the Almighty shall be thy defence,  
 And thou shalt have plenty of silver.—(xxii. 23-25.)

You charge my doctrine, Job answers, with tyranny and oppression of the weak. Your doctrine of selfishness is the triumphant one: behold its fruits in the desolation and wretchedness that fill the land :—

The wicked remove landmarks ;  
 They drive off flocks and feed thereon.  
 The ass of the fatherless they drive away ;  
 They take the widow's ox for a pledge ;  
 They turn the needy from the way,  
 The poor of the land must hide themselves together.  
 So they go forth, like wild asses in the desert to their work,  
 Seeking diligently for food ;  
 The desert their children's bread !  
 In the field they reap his corn,  
 And crop the oppressor's vineyard ;  
 Naked they pass the night unclad,  
 And without a covering in the cold ;  
 They are wet with mountain showers,  
 And for lack of shelter embrace the rock ;  
 The wicked snatch the fatherless from the breast,  
 And take in pledge what is on the poor ;  
 They cause the naked to go without clothing,  
 And hungry are they who bear the sheaves ;  
 Within dark walls they cause them to press oil ;  
 They tread winepresses, yet suffer thirst.  
 Here from the city men are groaning,  
 There the soul of the wounded crieth out ;  
 Yet no judge regardeth the supplication.—(xxiv. 2-12.)

And what is the possession for which this price is paid ? Who and what are the few for whose exaltation the many are sacrificed ? Does the God of power, whom alone they recognise, impart to them of His own attributes ? Does He make them immortal ?

They are exalted for awhile—and are not.  
 They are cut off like topmost ears of corn ;  
 They die like all beside.—(xxiv. 24.)

Bildad, who closes the controversy on his side, can only restate his exhausted argument in exaggerated terms that expose its disjointedness and inconsequence :—

Dominion and terror are with him ;  
 He worketh absolutely in His high places.  
 How, then, can man be just before God ?  
 The moon and stars are not pure in His sight :  
 How much less frail man, a worm,  
 And the son of man, a reptile.—(xxv. 2, 5, 6.)

So religious men reasoned then, and so they reason now. Let us attend to Job's answer.

You say God is mighty, and you ask me how can man be just before Him? Man can be just before the God of might, because the power of justice, which you ignore, is mightier, holier, than the power of might. When you speak of God's power you do not comprehend the meaning of your words. You confine your view to what is without you, and you lose sight of God's grandest work. "He worketh absolutely in His high places!" Yes, He stretches the north over empty space, He hangs the earth upon nothing, He binds the waters in His clouds, He hushes the sea, He garnishes the heavens—But what are these things? They are but the outskirts of His ways, the whisper of His voice. The thunder of His power, which you cannot understand, is the eternal law of justice echoed in the heart of man. One moral impulse is greater than the movements of all the sidereal heavens:—

Look then abroad through nature to the range  
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;  
And speak, oh man! does this capacious scene,  
With half that kindling majesty dilate  
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose  
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,  
Amid the crowd of patriots; and, his arm  
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove  
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud  
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,  
And bade the father of his country, hail!  
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,  
And Rome again is free!

Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*, Book I., 487.

Having distinguished the moral from the material majesty of God, Job once more asserts the rectitude of his principles, and his determined maintenance of them. It will be recollected that what he calls his righteousness is not perfect goodness, but goodness, so far as he had it, of an unselfish kind. So far as he served God he served Him without covenanting for reward. He proves this by holding his position unchanged even in the presence of God, who had neglected him and treated him unjustly. To abandon it would be to fall away from righteousness:—

As God liveth, who hath neglected my cause,  
Till I expire I will not relinquish my integrity;  
My righteousness I hold fast and will not let it go.—(xxvii. 2, 5, 6.)

The acknowledgment of sin which Satan and his friends wished to wring from Job was the confession that his virtue was hypocrisy. This he will never admit. His virtue was pure love of right and God. In the strength of that love, amid the wreck and ruin of his fortunes and the tortures of disease, he can stand in the presence of his maker unabashed. This is the real power of God. Can the impious man, or he who serves for reward, do this? Can he stand before the Power in which he trusted? Did he delight himself in the Almighty? Was he not merely an expectant upon power? That power will not save him from death, nor his posterity from poverty and destruction. So little does omnipotence, apart from justice, effect for its votaries.

And why, Job continues, do you attempt to cow and crush men's hearts by introducing the works of creation into the argument? There is no analogy between the moon and stars and man's soul that you should compare them or argue from one to the other. Man digs in mines, but cannot find wisdom there. He cannot find it in earth or sea. Why cannot he find it? Because the wisdom by which God rules the inanimate world is a different wisdom from that by which He rules the rational soul of man. God portions out to His different creations their different wisdoms. He gave weight to the winds, and measured out the waters; made a course for the rain, and a path for the thunder-flash. And to man He said: "Lo! the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom."

Having thus refuted his adversaries, Job, in a lengthened discourse, repels their insinuations by showing how he had faithfully discharged all the duties that purity and charity demand from man. Thus the opponents of righteousness are conclusively overthrown.

But the victory has been too overwhelming, the strain has been too great, the flight of virtue has been at too lofty a height and too far away from the legitimate attractions of earth. As Job's friends erred in singling out God's power for the sole object of consideration, so Job was necessarily compelled in his answer to dwell too exclusively on His justice. In his scorn at their sordid trust, Job seemed to lose sight of the fact that a divine attribute was under discussion. Though God's justice is greater than His power, His power also must be vindicated. Virtue must not be

left denuded of happiness. Vice cannot be left in possession even of earth. Men must not be tempted to mistake adversity for virtue by their constant companionship. The weak must not be discouraged; the strong and the hypocrite must not be emboldened.

In the subsequent part of the poem a new speaker appears, who censures Job's friends for not refuting him, but adds nothing to their arguments. Then God speaks, and Job humbles himself before Him, and has all that he lost restored twofold. This teaches us that however we may renounce the slavish doctrines of men we must reverence God in our hearts, and that an unspeakable blessing remains for those who love the right for its own sake. Still we must in no degree lose sight of the design of the poem, which is to establish the rights of man here and his hopes hereafter on the immovable foundation of the reality of virtue and a true conception of the divine character.





## WORKING FOLK AND THE FUTURE OF ART.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of *The Earthly Paradise*.

[Read February 10, 1879.]\*

AT the risk of seeming a mar-plot, I feel myself bound to lay before you my views about the difficulties of your [Art Museum] scheme.

In the first place, I must say that I believe cheap art to be an impossibility. All art must cost time, labour, thought, anxiety; in short, wear and tear of body and soul. It will cost this when the world in general is in full consent as to the necessity of its existence. At the present time the world is not so consenting. Thoughtful men are divided on the subject; some look upon art as a disease, or a folly of childhood; others, while admitting its present decrepitude, cannot see what is to supply the place of it in men's minds when the last of it is gone. Meanwhile, the great mass of civilized men will neither make up their minds to have it or leave it; the old ideas yet cling to them, and though they must needs be influenced by things that are coming, they cannot foresee them or prepare for them. About one thing, however, they have made up their minds, and that is that art, though it may still be allowed to live if it can, must at all times and in all places yield to every other consideration. Now, if the practice

\* A letter addressed to Mr. T. C. Horsfall, a member of the Club, and the originator of the Art Museum Scheme for Manchester, and read for him in his unavoidable absence. The President, in introducing the reader of the letter, said Mr. Morris was not only the author of *The Earthly Paradise* and other poems, but he was the practical head of a famous firm of decorative art manufacturers in London, and therefore wrote upon the subject of art from actual and intimate knowledge.

of art at all times must be laborious and exhausting, how much more must it be so when it is carried on in the teeth of the general mind of men ?

On the other hand, the demand which is made for cheap art by those who wish to keep up the old traditions is met by the supply of sham art, manufactured by people who do not care about it, but who turn it out on business principles, as they would guns, or poison, or other curses of mankind if they were asked for them. This, of course, can be had at any price that people will give for it ; but to my mind, and I have no doubt to yours, the blankness of a prison or a workhouse would be preferable to the "decoration" thus supplied, which does not give the maker pleasure to make nor the user pleasure in using. If it were not for the slavery of habit we should speedily be quit of this ; and one day, doubtless, we shall be quit of it, with other hurtful rubbish. Meantime, I repeat that all who care for art must make sacrifices for it much greater, in these days of transition, than they would have to if art were an admitted necessity, and it were cherished by all men.

Are working men in a position to make those sacrifices ? Surely we must say that, as individuals, they are not. Nor have they any thought of it ; the sea is salt wherever you draw up the bucket, and ten average working men are just like ten average manufacturers, barristers, parsons, or whatnot. Whenever they do begin to think of it we shall all have news of the same from the trades unions ; the hearts of the handicraftsmen (in combination) are set upon lifting up their class as a body. It is both natural and necessary that they should have begun that endeavour by the struggle about wages, but I think they have already begun to see other necessities ; and if art is ever to be anything else than a grievous battle for a few discontented artists, and a languid amusement for a few dilettanti fine gentlemen, they will one day see the necessity of art. I do not hope to see that day, but, if I should, how fully shall I be rewarded for any pains I have taken ; for then, indeed, the battle of art will be fought and won ; because these are the people who make all objects of architectural art, and their bestirring themselves in the matter will mean that the civilized world in general is also stirring, and has begun once more to crave for the decencies of life.

Meantime I must needs say that art knows no distinction of classes ; what is good for the palace is good for the cottage, and vice versa. In architectural matters the vices of the rich are pretty much the vices of the poor. Yet if anything I could say could be of any use to a man here and there who may have any longing for art, I should be sorry to leave it unsaid. So at the risk of wearying you with truisms I will write down a few things that have occurred to me, as they probably have to everybody else that has thought of decorating a man's dwelling.

First, as the text to preach from : Do not have anything in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful. If this rule were to be carried out, we should get rid of most upholstery.

Second : Never have anything which is not good and sound in workmanship ; of such sham articles, the dealing in which forms such a large part of modern commerce, one must say that the handicraftsman, the salesman, and the public strive mutually to cheat each other, and succeed.

Third : A thing (house, piece of furniture, or the like) if it is essentially ugly is made uglier by any attempt to decorate it with surface ornament—*e.g.*, it is impossible to ornament a modern piano or a chimney-pot hat.

Things that have been said over and over again, I know, but almost never acted upon in our day ; and I do not think that there can be any other general principles than these.

As to matters of more detail, the first thing to be considered for London and the big manufacturing towns is, what is to be done to beat the smoke and dirt ? I am afraid that is a very difficult question. We can hardly help using some paper-hangings nowadays ; but the very cheap ones are, besides being generally ugly, almost impossible to clean. A patterned wall that will wash without being ruinously expensive is very much wanted for smoky towns. Rich men and public buildings might use marble and tiles and mosaic, of course, but some kind of cement wall, like the Arab work, would be the general thing. All curtains, of course, ought to wash ; and the public in general ought at once to strike against the manufacturers printing other than fast colours on their chintzes. In places where people come and go with muddy shoes, no one ought to have carpets laid down.



As for poor houses nothing makes a place look more disastrously uncomfortable than a mangy strip or two of carpet about ; and in rich houses it goes against the grain with me to see London mud stamped into beautiful and laborious pieces of eastern work ; in the East of course people always take off their shoes before they tread on the carpeted part of a room. No room anywhere should be covered all over with carpet ; it is a stuffy custom, and I am glad to say people are largely giving it up. My own feeling would be for bricks or tiles, or some kind of cheap mosaic, like, say, that plum-pudding looking stuff they use in Italy for all floors ; but you know these things would be costly unless they were almost universal, and workmen were well used to laying them. Still the ordinary deal floor of an English house is most discouraging, unless it is kept as clean as the deck of a smart yacht ; an impossibility in London or Manchester.

If it were not for the degradation of the arts of architecture and building, the well-to-do handicraftsman would have a very great advantage over the middle-class people just above him in one respect, and even now he has some advantage. I mean that his household treasures are like to be all in one room, and will help to decorate it. Ridiculous as the custom is that has lately grown up of covering a drawing-room wall with all kinds of plates, a real kitchen dresser can hardly fail to look well if it is trim and clean ; nor is there any decoration, short of pictures, better than books that look as if they were used and beloved. I dare say you know what middle-class houses are apt to be in this respect—pretty much a desert.

Now, what is a poor man to do about furniture, chairs, tables, and the like ? A board on trestles is always and everywhere the best table ; but chairs ? the ordinary ones are so cheap, and—so very nasty. I am afraid you will laugh at me if I recommend the old-fashioned window chair, but I don't know what else to do, though even they are made much worse than they used to be. For cupboards and that sort of thing a man who is not rich must either have them very rough, or be cumbered with the unsound work and hideous sham art of the cheap furniture shops. And after all, I cannot choose, but turn back to our first principles, and say that the best remedy against sham art is to do with as little of things as one can, and get those few that one has good,

sound in workmanship, and interesting to look at. In saying all this, I am really putting myself in the place of a handicraftsman, and thinking how I should like to deal with my lodging; and I believe that, setting aside the dismalness of smoky surroundings, I could make it look pleasant and comfortable without getting myself into debt; but I should have to forego many things which my fellow-workmen would consider, if not necessary comforts, at any rate necessary pieces of respectability. But I should do the same if I were a man of narrow means in the class just above the workman's. I would forego the dismal drawing-room and Debrett's *Peerage*, and should expect my fellow-clerks to think my house looked bare, and lacking in respectability in consequence. Nor any the less, if I were a rich man or a lord, should I fail to get into trouble for foregoing a good many of the things "due to my station." In short, I must say that it seems to me obvious to a rational man that the way to live comfortably is to have as few things as possible about one; and that same is, I am sure, the counsel of Art, who has always found luxury her worst, because her most insidious, foe.

Finally, from all I have said, I suppose you will gather that I do not see my way to any direct means of getting the working men, such as they are to-day—such as civilization has made them—to take interest in the arts and decencies of life. I myself hope, as many people fear, that their relative positions will change to their advantage; and I think that change will be to our advantage also. What the result of such a change will be on art I cannot tell; yet I believe it must be for its good if more light and less strife befalls the world. Meantime all education must surely help us, and the education you in Manchester have taken in hand of late by means of a museum is unquestionably both good and important, and I heartily congratulate you on the fact.





## A LANCASHIRE COUNTRY PARSON OF LAST CENTURY.

BY EDWARD KIRK.

[Read December 16, 1878.]

THE Diary of the Rev. Peter Walkden being specially designed as a guide and monitor to its author's life, and being in all probability intended for no eyes other than those of the writer himself, we may the more implicitly rely upon what is there recorded. The proemial entry contains the following notable passage :—

A Diary for the former part of the year 1725, wherein is contained a summary of my daily transactions, or a true account where, in what, and how I spent my time daily, together with what's said or done remarkable each day, either by myself or others with whom I converse. Done to be a mirror to view my life and actions in, that I may know how I walk and how to humble my soul before God, and when to rejoice in the goodness of my God.

The Rev. Peter Walkden, it seems, died 5th November, 1769, at the ripe old age of eighty-five. Little or nothing seems to be known of his birthplace, but I am of opinion, judging from his expressions, that he was a native of Lancashire. His Diary was written in the years 1725-1729 and 1730, and it was found nearly a century after its writer's decease in a heap of rubbish in a cottage at Slaidburn, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where it narrowly escaped the flames, a fate which befel some of Walkden's MSS. It happily fell into the hands of Mr. William Dobson, of Preston, by whose patient skill it was deciphered. The Diary had suffered so much by violence and decay that only three hundred and thirty-eight entries remain. Mr. Dobson modernized

the spelling, which, for newspaper purposes merely—the Diary was first published in the *Preston Chronicle*—was well enough, but I feel bound to express my regret that the orthography was interfered with in the more permanent form of publication. From a conversation which I had with Mr. Dobson last year I understood that the MS. is now lost sight of.

Peter Walkden was a Nonconformist minister. The sphere of his labours lay partly about Chipping, in North Lancashire, where he dwelt, where his Diary was written, and where one of his chapels still stands in Hesketh Lane; and partly within the neighbouring borders of the twin-sister county of the Roses, his other chapel being at Newton-in-Bowland. It must be understood that Walkden ministered to the two congregations on alternate Sundays. Last summer I attended service at the old chapel in Hesketh Lane, which has nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary stone whitewashed cottages of the neighbourhood save a three-light window at the eastern end of the plain, rude room. The present minister of the chapel divides his labours, like Walkden, between two flocks, but he is near enough to reach both on the same day. The building now serves the treble office of day school, Sunday school, and preaching-room. The spot inside the chapel was pointed out where the remains of the Diarist lie smouldering in silent dust. The slab, which bears an inscription, was rendered invisible by the boarding of the floor. It is worthy of mention that within about a quarter of a mile from Hesketh Lane Chapel there is a curious house called Hesketh End, the original proportions of which are not easily traceable. Outside, on the walls, are long inscriptions in bold relief but not very legible from repeated coatings of limewash. Some of these are in English, and many in Latin. Scattered about the walls in the farm buildings are stones with letters and figures upon them. Over the principal entrance to the house is the following: "Respite finem et nunquam peccabis. Proximum ama." In one of the bedrooms is the following: "Deum time, regem honor, proximum ama. Hoc fac et vive in eternum." There are several others, besides figure work, inside. These are unquestionably the work of some Puritan owner. The characters are not all Roman, and some of the letters are not accurately cut, the *n*, for instance, has often the middle line placed obverse way *N*.

Built in one of the outbuildings is a stone E 1588 R. Query, is this Elizabeth Regina? I copied these on the spot last summer.

It is more especially to the Lancashire portion of Walkden's field of labour that the Diary refers. This is a narrow valley of considerable beauty, serenity, and sweetness, drained by a rivulet alive with trout, which receives a hundred living rills that gush from the bountiful breasts of the two walls of hills, many hundred feet high, which bind it north and south. The soil is productive; meadow and pasture, which largely prevail, are mapped out by hawthorn fences, with here a patch of peat moss, there a small sheet of water, anon a dense little plantation and lumps of limestone jutting through the greensward, varying the geographical features; while dotted about in no regular order are the houses of the people, with their walls of spotless white, giving quite a charm to the prospect. At the north-easterly end of the valley brow mounts on brow, and fell on fell, ascending in irregular gradations to a considerable height. Westerly, the land slopes quite gently up, and the prospect is more limited. On the north side of the valley rises a line of bold, bluff, loaf-like hills, foremost of which is old Father Parlick, his face furrowed and wrinkled—the work of ages of elemental strife—bearing unflinchingly the seasons' vicissitudes; the fitful shadows of April clouds, the sweltering suns of July, the flowery pride of August, the dark palls of November, or the spotless coverlets of January, all alike to him agents of the same good Providence:—

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God.

On the southern side lies Longridge Fell, a sort of advance guard to the great Apennine force. Its northern side, which borders the valley, bears evidence of the sturdy resistance it has offered to those hungry floods whose history is written in the rocks and the varying landscape. It is also distinctly scarred by the road-making armies of the Cæsars. The Chipping Valley is a little world of its own, and it is only when the native mounts one of its mountainous walls that he can realize anything of the great beyond.

This hasty geographical sketch depicts in some sort the life and character of the man. Peter Walkden was as poor as the

bleak hills, and he had to scratch as indefatigably for subsistence as the sheep which walk them. He bore the crosses and cares of life as calmly and patiently as the stubborn fells bore the seasons' mutations; and he learnt to become at times almost as keen but not so ruthless as their biting blasts. His heart was as warm as the rich and shining valley, full of goodness and full of smiles, not unmixed with tears.

Since the Diary was written roads have been constructed and improved, mosses enclosed and bogs drained; the axe, the spade, and the mattock have enabled the ploughboy to whistle over many a fresh acre as he has driven his team a-field. Habitations have shared in the advance; nor is there less progress visible in the social, intellectual, and home conditions of the inhabitants. The poorest peasant can have his newspaper, which is in itself an improvement on the sheet which was a luxury to educated men like our parson; and his children have an education placed within easy reach, which, at the Diarist's days, in that place, would have been deemed more than elementary, without conscience or anything else driving them a dozen miles over a rough fell country, and paying per week a fee equal to a labourer's day wage, as one of the Diarist's sons did.

In the Diarist's days, as he shows, potatoes were selling at from 1s. 8d. to 3s. 6d. per load; butter, at  $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 4d. per lb.; beef, from  $1\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 2d. per lb.; mutton, 1s. 11d. per quarter of a carcase; a yule loaf—he does not give the weight—at 3d.; cheese,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.; herrings, eleven for 2d.; apples, 2s. per bushel; candles, 6d. per lb.; cows, which are the best standard guide of prices, from £5 to £6 each; barley, 3s. 8d. per peck; straw, 3d. per thrave of twenty-four sheaves; wool, 3d. to 4d. per lb.; eggs, four for a penny. Cannel coal was sold very differently from what it now is. He writes: "So I went into the market and found a cart with cannel in, about the quantity I would buy. So I asked him the measure he had in his cart. He said 8 baskets or 8 hundredweight. I asked his price; he said 5s. 4d. I bid him 5s. He consented that I should have it." There would probably be six scores to the hundredweight. Wages were low. A thatcher was a skilled workman. Walkden writes: "I was beside the thackers all the day, and they set a churn on the house for a chimney, and thackt all the straw, and I paid

Thomas Smith 10d. for his day's work because he found his own victuals." He mentions paying another man 9d. per day for "thacking," and the server he paid 1½d. a day. It is a proverbial fact that the server of a thatcher is the meanest office in life. A thresher he paid 4d. per day. The value of woman's work, I can do no better than quote the Diarist's own words:—

Went with my love to Richard Salisbury's, and accounted with 'em about what they had of us, and that they owed us for 18 pounds of butter, 3½d. per pound, 5s. 3d.; for 5 double loads [two horses] of turf, leading, 1s. 8d.; for 14 aukendales of potatoes, at 3½d. per aukendale, 4s. 1d.; then they paid us in silver 6s.; in shearing 2s. 0½d.; and when my wife lay in of Katherine the wife and Isabel helped us to milk, wash, and the rest, for which they asked 12d. per week, but we agreed at 9d. per week, 2s. 3d.

Horse labour was put down at 6d. per day.

It may be as well to observe here on the word Awkendale that a footnote gives it as the name of a weight equalling 7lbs. In the examination of Alizon Device for witchcraft, before Roger Nowell, occurs this passage:—

And this Examine further saith That her father called Iohn Device being afraid that the said Anne Chattox should doe him or his goods any hurt by Witchcraft did couenant with the said Anne that if she would hurt neither of them she should yearly have one Agh-en-dole of meale which meale was yearly paid vntill the year which her father died in which was about eleven yeares since: Her father vpon his then-death-bed taking it that the said Anne Whittle alias Chattox did bewitch him to death because the said meale was not paid the last yeare.

Mr. Crossley says he believes the word is still in use for a particular measure of any article. He adds: "My friend the Rev. Canon Parkinson informs me that Aghen-dole, sometimes pronounced Acken-dole, signifies a half measure of anything from half-and-dole."

We find the faithful parson, well mounted on his trusty nag, starting on the Lord's Day as early as seven o'clock, in order to minister to his little flock in Bowland. Those who know the neighbourhood of Whitewell as it is at the present, know what a delightful ride it must have been in fine weather; for, charming as the country still is, it would be much more so in those days when the Knotts were more thickly clothed with hazel and hawthorn, and the deer ran free at their own wild will. Describing it in "The Hunter's Song," the late Canon Parkinson wrote:—

He turn'd him east—the Ribble there  
In waves of silver roll'd ;  
While every cloud that sail'd in air  
Just wore a tinge of gold.  
There Waddow's meads, so bright and green,  
Had caught the early ray ;  
And there, through shadow dimly seen,  
Rose Clid'row's Castle gray.

He turn'd him west, and hill o'er hill  
Fair Bowland Knotts were seen  
Emerging from the mists that fill  
The winding vales between.  
The thorns that crown'd each verdant crest  
Looked greener to the eye,  
While vistas opening to the west  
Displayed a crimson sky.

On one occasion we find the parson carrying a child behind him on the saddle ; on another he encounters so severe a storm that he takes refuge at a house, and was detained so long that he could not reach his destination for service. Sometimes we find him calling on the way at Wilson's and refreshing himself with a penny pot of ale. At another time he records calling on his way home at a house to light his pipe and staying for a gossip with the people. In his attentions on the sick we find him most assiduous, "praying with them and for them," as he expresses it. His care did not end with death. He preached funeral sermons, for which he expected to be paid. Sometimes he acts the blessed part of peacemaker between quarrelling neighbours, and on one occasion we find him settling a dispute between two publicans about a pig. Only once do we find his temper failing, when he seems to have tried to break the provoker's head. "I was angry," he writes, "at Thomas Rhodes, and smote him with my stick 2 or 3 times about the hat." As an illustration of the pious practices of parson and people, I quote the following entry: "This being the family's thanksgiving day for the mercy of their son Nathaniel's restoration to 'em after he had been lost 48 hours on the fell . . . laid open the nature of the exercise and prayed for a blessing, so the duty was carried on by Joseph Leeming, John Cawson, senr., Leonard Leigh, Thomas Fell, John Parker, and I concluded." No lack of devotional force !



The Diarist's geniality seems to have made him quite a favourite and an ever-welcome guest at the houses of the well-to-do in the locality, some of which are still known for their hospitality. One of these, now usually spelt Fairoak House, locally pronounced Farrick, has been said to be derived from fairy oak, but the Diarist spells it Pharwick, which commends itself to me as the proper way.

He seems to have been blest with a "help-meet" for him. He invariably alludes to his wife as "my love," a term which he evidently believed she merited. She appears to have been a woman of mind. She was a trusted leech and doctor. He thus writes: "Then Thomas Seed o' th' Little Town being ill and fearing a fever, he sent for my love to come and blood him, which she did." In another place he writes: "To night, about 11 o'clock, came Richard Rhodes to our house, and said Robert Seed being very ill desired that my wife would come and see him and give him some advice about taking physick. She got out and went, and was about an hour away." While the husband cured the souls, the wife cured their bodies. Mrs. Walkden seems to have been a woman after Dr. John Dow's mind, for she milked and tended the cows, and was withal a lady. She had, however, one of the weaknesses of her sex. One day when the Diarist was haggling with "Old John Berry," a man who had been blending some lime for him, the man asked 8d. per day for wages. "He being old I thought 6d. a day was well. He said I might as well offer him 2d., upon which my love and he had some words about it." On another occasion he records her scolding a neighbour for not paying a small sum owing for one of her children going an errand. The Diarist seems to have escaped entirely the lash of her tongue. No wonder he speaks well of her.

Walkden was quite a family man, and seems to have been very happy amongst the lot. He mentions at least three sons, and as many daughters. Thomas was a weaver. He writes: "Son Thomas went home with his piece and brought a new warp." In all probability this was not cotton. John was a farmer, and we find him having new clothes for the ploughing season, when he had to go out with his father's teams to assist other farmers; then we find him uneasy to go out to service, as was the custom at this time with farmer's sons when they wanted to improve their

experience. Henry was disposed for some easy occupation, judging from the references to his schooling. He was a writing pupil to Mr. Cottom, the poet schoolmaster of Stonyhurst, author of the "Stonihurst Buck Hunt," "Burnley Haymakers," and other songs. Respecting the girls' schooling, we find : " Helped Thomas Corner to saddle for the coal pit, and set him forwards with my 2 mares and horse, ordering him to leave one load at the old dame's [school] for my daughters Mary and Ann, to warm 'em by this winter." " Fire money " was a school fee in my school days.

Walkden was no pet of Fortune, that fickle dispenser of this world's good things. He was a man of many woes, often in difficulties and always in straits. He mentions that at one time he could not raise the loan of a few shillings, and at another he " joyfully " took 6d., a small account that was owing him. To such extremities was he driven on one occasion, he notes : " To-day I had thought to have paid in 4 briefs [collections], but money failing me I paid 'em not." According to his means, " large was his bounty and his soul sincere." We find him giving 2s. 6d. to forward a law suit ; he records, " gave James Corner 6d. in his need." His poverty, perhaps, more than his will consented to his receiving money, and to talking over business matters on the Lord's Day. He had trouble with his landlord, and as a landlord himself he was exacting. Had he been a conforming instead of a nonconforming minister, he might have been acquainted with the following useful prayer, which occurs in Edward the Sixth's Liturgies :—

The earth is thine, O Lord, and all that is contained therein, notwithstanding Thou hast given possession of it to the children of men, to pass over the time of their short pilgrimage in this vale of misery. We heartily pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of those that possess the grounds, pastures, and dwelling-places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be Thy tenants, may not rack nor stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to others, that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents, and also honestly to live and nourish their families, and relieve the poor. Give them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come ; that they, remembering the short continuance of their life, may be contented with that which is sufficient, and not join house to house and land to land to the impoverishment of

others ; but so behave themselves in letting out their lands, tenements, and pastures that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling-places."

Walkden was by no means an idle man. In some respects he resembled the "Wonderful" Robert Walker, of Seathwaite. He was wont to turn his hand to whatever required it, and whatever his hand found to do he seems to have done with his might. "I spent the day wholly at home in one innocent employment or another" is almost as frequently mentioned in the Diary as his being shut all day in his closet in private meditation. We find him delving, digging and "hogging" potatoes and washing them for market ; mowing, haymaking, shearing, threshing, winnowing, cutting willows, making and mending fences, foddering cattle and milking them, grooming the horses, winding for his weaver son, ditching, planting "berry trees," loading turf, paving a ship-pon, and painting a pigcote ; and when his wife put out her ankle, he dressed the children and looked after the household like the good husband he was. He kept accounts for his neighbours. He records that James Harrison "allowed me for what Thomas sheared there in harvest, and a shilling for my clerking for him the last year and to year [the present year], so I am to write for him to his next accounting day." A useful, handy parson, we must allow, and a cheap clerk. A well-to-do yeoman family of the name of Harrison resided about a mile from the Diarist, and the "accounting day" would arise from James Harrison selling sheep to his poorer neighbours on credit. The sheep were sold at the beginning of winter, and the "accounting day" would be fixed for a time when the purchaser would have had a chance of realizing on the sale of the lambs at the latter end of summer. Here is a characteristic entry : "Son John being to Eccleshill coal pit with my mare and horses, I foddered and dressed the goods [live stock] and then washed and prayed in my family, so spent the day wholly at home and most in my closet."

The Diarist had strong religious convictions, and he shaped his simple life to his strong, simple faith. Toward other denominations he was tolerant and charitable. At this we need not wonder much, for in religious matters Chipping had much in common with the neighbouring district of the Fylde, of which a writer thirty years after Walkden's death says :—

I must say that I think the people of the country, high and low, rich and poor, one with another, farmers and all, have not only as good sense as is to be found in any other part of the kingdom, but they have (what doubles the use and benefit of a good understanding, and adds real merit to it) a more liberal way of thinking than I fear is to be found in most parts of the kingdom. That I conceive to be the consequence of greater variety of different religions and sects than in most other places obliged by the nature of the sort of business, manufactures, &c., carrying on in this part of the country to have constant intercourse, converse, and dealings with each other.\*

Walkden writes: "In the evening came old Mr. Holt, an old itinerant mendicant preacher in the Church of England, and lodged with us, he being an old neighbour to us when at my father's house." He submitted without a growl to paying the Clerk at Chipping Church baptism fees, and writes:—

P.S.—This afternoon, William Dilworth, Clerk of Chipping, came to me and wanted me to give an account of what children I have baptised these 3 years past. I gave him account of 2 of Ralph Ellison's, 2 of James Procter's, 2 of Henry Graves', one of Richard Parkinson's, and one of my own, namely, daughter Catherine. I paid him for Katherine's baptism, viz., 6d., and he went his way.

On another occasion he writes: "I went on foot to Chipping. When I came there the corpse was just at hand, but no curate to read. However, the Clerk performed the office, and buried William Jenkinson." No remark on a piece of clerical remissness which in these days would find rough handling in half the newspapers in the land. But the greatest forbearance which he shows is to a brother minister who had once done him an injury, and now had fallen into sad disgrace. Walkden records his deep regret for the fallen man. Brother ministers of the Gospel heartily hating each other is unhappily not an unheard of phenomenon. Why he did not send his son to the Brabin Free Grammar School, which was not more than a mile from the Diarist's house, does not appear; but it is suggestive that there was some feeling operating in the matter. An inscription over this school door, characteristic of the people, is inviting to the diligent scholar, but repelling to the drone. The legend is "DISCE, DOCE, VEL DISCEDE" (learn, teach, or depart).

An anecdote is told of a boy in this school being drawn up for

\* J. H. Campbell on "The Granary of Lancashire" [the Fylde] in *Annals of Agriculture*, Vol. XX., p. 132.

calling a schoolmate named Mark Noble "Twenty shillin'" as a cognomen. The dominie, a severely proper man, who repressed every little tendency to vulgarity with a strong hand, demanded with an ominously bitter visage of the delinquent why he had dared to call a schoolfellow a nickname? The whimpering urchin's answer was—"Pléase, master, my father ses a mark an' a noble meks twenty shillin'." The lad was dismissed without a caution, and Mark Noble to the end of his days was known by the sobriquet of "Twenty shillin'."

The Diarist, unlike many of his successors, was not a teetotaler, and his views on ale and alehouses were at any rate tolerant. He candidly records drinking ale about a hundred times, besides "refreshing" and "taking beverage." He seems to have known and named all the inns for miles round, and to have visited many of them frequently. He thoroughly enjoyed his pipe and his pot of ale. There is hardly a page on which he does not note having taken a penny pot of ale or a pint. He took ale heartily in health, and did not despise it in sickness. He writes: "Not being very well, I set and got two pints of ale." He believed ale to have other than medicinal virtues, for once, when he wanted to get a secret out of a female, he plied her with ale. It is worthy of note that she drank the ale and kept her secret, to the great annoyance of the parson. Some of his remarks on ale drinking are worth transcribing: "So came to Mr. Nabb's school and invited him to a small treat at Cousin Throop's, and he and my love, James Houghton, and son Henry followed me shortly, and I spent 6d. on 'em and no more, indeed Mr. Nabb and Houghton joined at the fourth pint, but we had no more." Cousin Throop's was an inn, and so was Walmsley's. The latter was near his chapel in Hesketh Lane, and within a mile of his home. We find him very often calling here. He writes: "February 7th, Lord's Day, came [after service] to Walmsley's with my love and Elizabeth Atkinson, of Scorton, and got one pint of ale and a pennyworth of brandy mixed, and paid for it." Again: "Being come to chapel nobody was come, all was locked, so I waited at Walmsley's, then went to chapel, and laid open the nature of the duty and prayed for a blessing." The parson mostly went into the inn near the chapel at Newton, where he put up his nag. He writes thus of one wet Sunday calling at this inn: "I laid off

my wet coat and hat and got a twopenny pot of ale, so Old England came in and we called for another, and we sat and dried us there, we paid, and went into chapel." After service "I paid 2d. for ale, a penny dinner, a penny tobacco, and a penny for my mare." This gives us the hotel terms. On another Lord's Day he writes: "I set forward and went direct to James Walmsley's, where I smoked a pipe and got a penny pot of ale, and paid not for it, because I had no brass." Fancy our parsons of the present day going into the chapel built, as Defoe says, by the devil, and taking his ale and his pipe before praying and preaching. On another occasion, a female named Ellen Dobson having asked to sit with him at the Lord's table, he writes, "I accepted her, and she and I and my love went into James Walmsley's and had each a penny pot of ale." Again: "Lord's Day," after administering the Lord's supper, "I dismissed the people, so I went into James Walmsley's; John Parkinson and I counted the collection money, which was exact 2s. 6d., and I called for a quart of ale for James Corner, Thomas Walmsley, my love, and myself." Of the Nonconformist ministers Mr. Walkden stood not alone with respect to ale and inns on Sundays. He records Mr. Helm, the Nonconformist minister at Hoghton, coming to preach for him, and thus writes:—

Lord's Day got ready for chapel, and people not being come I went into James Walmsley's and sat till Mr. Helm came. . . . Mr. Helm came soon after. . . . We got a pint of ale and went into the chapel, and Mr. Helm prayed and read scriptures and preached. [After service] we went into James Walmsley's, and several of the people treated Mr. Helm and me. Then we got our horses and came thence, and I bearing Mr. Helm's company to Ellen Seed's [another inn] where I spent 6d. on Mr. Helm, James Corner, and myself.

The Diarist did not scruple to take his sons and daughters into alehouses on Sundays. I think these two things are deducible from what now seems a strange inconsistency of a minister of God's word, viz., the ale was the simple, home-brewed, unadulterated article, and inns were more strictly houses of refreshment. If there had been much evil in either, "Walkden's mirror done to view his life and actions in," as he represents the object of his Diary, would have reflected that evil to him, and he would have avoided it in future.

The Diarist refers several times to Mr. Cottom, the school-master. He writes :—

I called at Ellen Seed's and spent 2d. on the scrivener, and paid him 1s. for instructing son Henry in writing.

Brother Miller, being to enquire after the effects of one old John Miller, a travelling Scot, who died a few weeks ago, at one Widow Hall's, in Shire-lane, near Hurst Green, and I being to preach to-morrow for Mr. Burgess, at Darwen, and brother not knowing the way to Shire-lane, I went with him to it, and we alighted at Widow Hall's, and had account of the old man's death and effects thus, viz. :—That the old man was found ill in the lane on Friday, and was taken in by some neighbours into the widow's; that he was paralytic, and insensible all that night; that he continued so most of Saturday; that a neighbour took out of his pocket what moneys he had, and in the sight of several witnesses counted it, and found he had 10s. in silver and 1d. in brass; that on Lord's Day he was sensible, asked for his budget, and told 'em he had silver, but whose he told not; that he desired earnestly to be at a lodging house of his, near Great Mearley; that they offered to procure him horse and man to conduct him thither, but he refused it on the Lord's Day, saying he would see what to-morrow would produce; that a neighbour offered him to send for a priest or a vicar to him, both of which he refused, signifying to 'em that he was a Presbyterian; that on Monday he died; that the overseer and constable, one Adam Thompson, took on 'em to bury him; prized what he had in goods, silver, and clothes to something above £3; that the constable procured him a handsome coffin; that he fetched the rathes from Mitton, and he and the overseer with horses went to Mitton and buried him. That the constable sold his goods at the cross on Hurst Green, and Mr. Cottom "clarked." That the sale wrought the price, £3; that the constable had discharged the house where he died, giving the widow 4s. for her trouble; that he had paid other funeral expenses, and at last came to account, Mr. Cottom drawing 'em up, and some silver did remain in his hand, but how much he knew not. That the constable had two keys of the old man in keeping. So we got a girl to go to Adam Thompson to desire him to come to us at the sign of the Horse, on Hurst Green, and we would send for Mr. Cottom to us thither. We went to the Nag, on Hurst Green, and enquired for Mr. Cottom. The landlord said he has loosed the school, and is gone to Ribchester fair. However we 'lighted, and I got dinner for which, and a pint of ale, I paid 3d. So, it being 2 a'clock, and I having to Fernhurst to go, I left Brother Miller, and got my mare, and rid direct to Dutton Lee, the New Bridge, &c., to Blackburn, where I called at William Holms's, and left him my razor to grind, ordering him to have it ready done by Monday noon; so went on to Fernhurst, and put my mare into the hands of the servant man. So went in, found all well, and set in the house and parlour till supper was ready. Then supped, and at last I read Scripture, and we sung part of a psalm, and I prayed in the family.

This throws some light on the parson, the schoolmaster, and the parish constable. It proves, also, how strong were the

Sabbatarian principles of a travelling Scot, a sort of humanity not usually credited with scruples of any particular kind.

We gather from the Diary that the pillion was in full use, human hair was a marketable commodity, farmers worked what they call "help for help again," young folk went a nutting, nuncupative wills were in force, and the system of marking animals by slitting the ears was in practice. With respect to marling shuttings being held at public-houses, we find this entry in 1729 :—

Then Thomas Seed, o' th' Little Town, having ended his marling and invited me and my love to the Fell End to be cheerful with him at Ellen Seed's, she and I went to Ellen Seed's, and were with the marlers till betwixt 7 and 8 o'clock; and I paid Ellen Seed 6d. for what newspapers I have had this year, and was told we must have no more.

The Diarist seems to have been invited to all the funerals in the country side, and to have joined in the after feastings. He was popular at christenings. He writes :—

Lord's Day.—Got ready for chapel, and about nine o'clock I went down, and, being too soon, I went into James Walmsley's and smoked a pipe and got a penny pot of ale. John Eccles has had his young son baptised to-day. He invited my love and me to come in a while to Thomas Rhodes's. We did so, and eat and drunk there, and smoked one pipe and no more.

He held up his flitting, and brewed specially for it. He treated Christmas in the popular way, and sat up to see the new year come in, and did not disdain to receive new year's gifts.

It may be worth while to quote what our Nonconformist minister wrote of Christmas Day, 1729, which fell on Thursday :—

So having given notice for a sermon to-day at the chapel I got ready, and about ten o'clock I got my mare and went thither, and found none but Robert Parker come, he and I went into Walmsley's and warmed our feet, and Robert called for a pint of ale, and John Parker came to us and brought a little basket, in which he had beef for our family use. He told me he had brought it for me, and we left it in Walmsley's, and I went into the chapel and I prayed and read Scriptures, and we sung part of an hymn, and I prayed and praised God, then preached from Gal. 5. The sermon being ended, I prayed, and we sang two verses of an hymn and I dismissed the people.

Active as were the habits of the Diarist; he was not far travelled. According to the notes, Lancaster on the one hand and Darwen on the other, Garstang to the west and Clitheroe



on the east, was the extent of his rambling, except to the market at Preston, which he appeared to love to frequent. He records :—

My love and I got ready for proud Preston, and about ten o'clock we set forwards and went direct to Preston and put in our mares at the Flying Horse, and my love went to Madam Siddal's with butter and eggs, and I went to Mr. Thomas Smart's and paid in six briefs and got a receipt. Then dined, and paid 4d. and 1d. for ale, I and my love got our mares and goods, and I gave the ostler a penny.

Walkden several times mentions newspapers, but does not particularize them by name. He refers to few books. He gives no indication of any literary and scientific taste or political bias. He was earnestly devoted to his high calling, and seems both by his preaching and living to have set forth God's word and shown it accordingly. His body, in a ripe old age, found within the precincts of his humble tabernacle an asylum

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.





## THE ANCIENT BALLAD.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

[Read February 24, 1879.]

IF I were asked why it seems desirable at this time to call attention to our Ancient Ballads, and to reconsider their claims, my answer would be twofold. First, I imagine that many contemporary students of literature overlook them altogether; either because, on the one hand, they regard them as trivial and old-fashioned; or, on the other, as belonging to those classics which may be admired and neglected. If such persons are induced to take up the study of the ballad, they will wonder to find themselves in so large and glorious a field of imaginative enjoyment. And then, there is this other reason. The ballad is for English poetry a never-failing well of intellectual and emotional rejuvenescence. The ballad, more than anything else, gave vigour and a new life to the dry and artificial verse of the Eighteenth Century; and its influence is almost equally needed in this latest quarter of the Nineteenth Century as a corrective of our over-wrought subtlety, no less than of that still more insidious disease manifested in a tendency towards modes of thought and expression which, while they really conceal decrepitude, put on an outward show of ripeness and strength. The true ballad is always robust in its quality and invigorating in its effect, because it deals in a natural way with the simplest forms of those passions and feelings which are—

Essential and eternal in the heart.

In this country the ballad seems to me to have grown quite naturally out of the metrical legend or history. These composi-

tions were long and prosy; slow and epical in their movement rather than lyric; and we might expect a minstrel of genius, anxious for attentive and applauding listeners, to discard such forms and to adopt in place of them the shorter and more impassioned ballad. It is impossible to fix even approximately the date of our ballads. The evidence furnished by existing manuscripts or by early printed copies is never conclusive, for the simple reason that the ballad is in its very nature traditional rather than literary. The presumption therefore is always in favour of their being older than the extant version would seem to prove. They were chiefly composed by minstrels dwelling in the north of England or in the south of Scotland. Although there are, no doubt, conspicuous exceptions to the rule, it prevailed so largely that "North-countrie Ballad," or "Border Ballad," became the current appellation for this species of composition. It is not difficult to see why such a locality should have been fertile in their production. The wild and free life of the Border, full as it was of changeful circumstance and stirring incident—the soft episodes of love mingling ever with the dark deeds of rapine and war—would at once furnish a subject and supply the inspiration. The larger proportion are of course traditional. Probably only a small number were committed to writing by their authors; and of such original manuscripts as existed most would be speedily lost. In forming a critical estimate this must be borne in mind, for we can never know what changes have been made either for the better or the worse. An inferior minstrel in singing or in recitation would inevitably lower the tone of a ballad which might have been produced by a better man; but also the reverse would frequently be the case; and many fine touches may have been given to a mediocre ballad by successive generations of singers.

By the time of Shakspeare the ballad, and probably also the character and position of the minstrel, had fallen into evil repute. Indeed that which went by the name of a ballad in the Sixteenth Century was usually neither the simple narrative, nor the unaffected outburst of passion; but a rather insipid poem overloaded with conceits. In a book called *A Handefull of pleasant delites*, published in 1584, we find a not unfavourable specimen under the title of "A Nosegaie alwaies sweet, for Louers to send for Tokens of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings, as they in their

minds shall be disposed to write." Shakspeare is supposed to have had this ballad in his mind when he wrote the well-known passage in *Hamlet*: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts." On this account, and also because it is a good illustration of the ballad in its decadence, I will quote two or three stanzas:—

A nosegaie lacking flowers fresh,  
to you now I do send,  
Desiring you to look thereon,  
when that you may intend:  
For flowers fresh begin to fade,  
and *Boreas* in the field,  
Even with his hard conicaled frost,  
no better flowers doth yeeld:

*Rosemarie* is for remembrance,  
between vs daie and night:  
Wishing that I might alwaies haue,  
you present in my sight.  
And when I cannot haue,  
as I haue said before,  
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,  
doth wound my heart full sore.

*Fenel* is for flaterers,  
an euil thing it is sure:  
But I haue alwaies meant truely,  
with constant heart most pure:

\* \* \*

*Violet* is for faithfulnessse,  
which in me shall abide:  
Hoping likewise that from your heart,  
you will not let it slide.

Although there is in parts of this song a sweet and rustic flavour, it is full of false notes; and the introduction of "*Boreas* in the field," and of "*Cupid* with his deadly dart," is sufficient to place it outside the pale of the true ballad.

The attitude assumed by the writers of this period towards the ancient ballad is curiously exhibited in that well-known passage which occurs in the *Apologie For Poetrie* by Sir Phillip Sidney. He is engaged in praising the Greek Lyrists; and, parenthetically and with an acknowledgment of what he calls his "barbarousness," he ventures to tell us what he thinks of the ballad of "*Chevy*

Chase:" "Certainly I must confesse my own barbarousnes, I neuer heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas, that I found not my heart mouued more then with a Trumpet: and yet it is sung but by some blinde Crouder, with no rougher voyce then rude stile: which being so euill appparelled in the dust and cobwebbes of that unciuill age, what would it worke trymmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" In reading these words we feel that Sidney's praise was from his heart, while his amusing allusion to Pindar was only an intellectual concession to the fashion of his age.

One hundred and sixteen years later Joseph Addison, desiring to write in praise of "Simplicity of Thought," and to bring forward the ballad of "Chevy Chase," first fortifies himself by quoting this same passage from Sidney, and then goes on to say that he is—"So professed an Admirer of this antiquated Song that he will give the Reader a Critick upon it, without any further Apology for so doing." Addison's remarks are very just and beautiful. They anticipate modern criticism and were clearly intended to convert the unwilling reader. Like Sidney he seeks to strengthen his position by such allusion to the ancient classics as would be likely to prove acceptable to the educated gentleman of the Eighteenth Century. One or two quotations from Addison may be given. In his first letter—No. 70 of *The Spectator*—he says: "Earl Piercy's Lamentation over his Enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the Simplicity of the Stile, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the Greatness of the Thought. . . . That beautiful Line, *Taking the dead Man by the Hand*, will put the Reader in mind of Æneas's Behaviour towards *Lausus*, whom he himself had slain as he came to the Rescue of his aged Father."

In No. 74 he returns to the subject and says: "Had this old Song been filled with Epigrammatical Turns and Points of Wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong Taste of some Readers; but it would never have become the Delight of the common People, nor have warmed the Heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the sound of a Trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this Effect, and please those Tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined." And at the close of his paper he sums up in these words: "Thus we see how the Thoughts of this Poem, which

naturally arise from the Subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble ; that the Language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical Spirit."

It must be noted that Addison does not use that older form of "Chevy Chase" which was familiar to Sidney—indeed he does not seem to have been aware of its existence—but a more modern version attributed to the time of James the First. The older song, the work of some blind fiddler, is that of which Ben Jonson said that he would rather have been the author than of all his own works. The measure is rough, and the language to us is frequently obscure ; but the very fire of battle burns in the uncouth and halting lines. It may be profitable to compare the two versions at those points where they come nearest to each other. The more modern ballad has:—

To drive the deere with hound and horne,  
Erle Percy took his way,  
The child may rue, that is unborne,  
The hunting of that day.

The older ballad has it:—

This begane on a monday at morn  
In Cheviat the hyllys so he ;  
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,  
It was the mor pitté.

The death of the Douglass is thus given in the two versions:—

#### MODERN.

At last these two stout Erles did meet,  
Like captaines of great might :  
Like lyons wood, they layd on lode,  
And made a cruell fight :  
They fought untill they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steele ;  
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling downe did feele.  
Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;  
In faith I will thee bringe,  
Where thou shalt high advanced bee  
By James our Scottish king :  
Thy ransome I will freely give,  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most couragious knight,  
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,  
 Thy proffer I doe scorne;  
 I will not yelde to any Scott  
 That ever yett was borne.  
 With that there came an arrow keene  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Erle Douglas to the hearte,  
 A deepe and deadlye blow :  
 Who never spake more words than these—  
 Fight on, my merry men all ;  
 For why, my life is at an end :  
 Lord Percy sees my fall.  
 Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke  
 The dead man by the hand ;  
 And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life  
 Wold I had lost my land.  
 O Christ ! my very hart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake ;  
 For sure a more redoubted knight  
 Mischance cold never take.

## ANCIENT.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,  
 Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne ;  
 They swapte togethar tyll they both swat  
 With swordes, that wear of fyn myllàn.\*  
 Thes worthe freckys for to fyght  
 Ther-to the wear full fayne,  
 Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprete,  
 As ever dyd heal or rayne.  
 Holde the, Persè, sayd the Doglas,  
 And i' feth I shall the brynge  
 Wher thouwe shalte have a yerl's wagis  
 Of Jamy our Scottish kyng.  
 Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,  
 I hight the hear this thinge,  
 For the manfullyste man yet art thouwe,  
 That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng.  
 Nay then sayd the lord Persè,  
 I tolde it the beforne,  
 That I wolde never yeldyde be  
 To no man of a woman born.

\* Milan steel.

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely  
 Forthe off a mightie wane,  
 Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas  
 In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe  
 The sharp arrowe ys gane,  
 That never after in all his lyffe days,  
 He spayke mo wordes but ane,  
 That was, Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,  
 For my lyff days ben gan.

The Persè leanyde on his brande,  
 And sawe the Duglas de ;  
 He tooke the dede man be the hande  
 And sayd, Wo ys me for the !

To have savyde thy lyffe I wold have pertyd with  
 My landes for years thre,  
 For a better man of hart, nare of hande  
 Was not in all the north countrè.

The superior force of the older ballad is very obvious. In one the blood is said to trickle like drops of rain ; in the other it spurts out of the basnetts of the combatants with as much force as ever did hail or rain. In the later ballad conventional phrases take the place of picturesque detail ; thus—the promise of an earl's wages is rendered, "thou shalt high advanced be ;" and where, in one case, the sharp arrow is said to have stricken the Douglas in at the breast bone, and to have gone right through both liver and lungs, in the other it has merely struck to the heart "a deep and deadly blow."

The graphic strength of the older form is also well seen in the following comparison. The modern ballad runs :—

This fight did last from breake of day  
 Till setting of the sun ;  
 For when they rung the evening bell,  
 The battel scarce was done.

The ancient :—

This battel begane in Chyviat  
 An owar before the none,  
 And when even-song bell was rang  
 The battel was nat half done.



The tooke "on" on ethar hand  
 Be the lyght of the mone;  
 Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
 In Chyviat the hyllys aboun.

Note how in the earlier version strength is gained. The battle is not said to be "scarce done," but it is "nat half done;" and by the light of the moon they still "take on," till many of them have not strength to stand. The worst stanza in the later ballad is that grotesque one which is perhaps also the best known:—

For Witherington needs must I wayle,  
 As one in doleful dumps;  
 For when his leggs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumpes.

How much simpler and more truthful is the pathos of the older bard:—

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
 That ever he slayne shuld be;  
 For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
 Yet he knyled and fought on hys kne.

It is only justice to add that Bishop Percy alone is answerable for the ludicrously alliterative word "doleful;" for in the famous manuscript used by him the line runs:—

As one in too full dumpes.

After the appearance of Addison's criticism in the *Spectator* several attempts were made to collect the old ballads, but the work was not well done until it was taken up by that Thomas Percy just alluded to. From being the son of a grocer at Bridgnorth, Percy rose to be a successor of Jeremy Taylor in the See of Dromore. The basis of his well-known *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* was a manuscript collection made probably during the time of Charles the First. Mr. F. J. Furnivall thinks that the dialect of the man who wrote it was that of Lancashire. No doubt the value of Percy's book is much impaired by his own too frequent modernizations and additions; but it must be remembered that it was published in 1765, and that his object was to commend his favourite literature to the notice of those who were prejudiced against it. The book gradually became popular, and in 1784 it fell into the hands of Walter Scott, who was then a boy of thirteen. I have always taken this circumstance

to be one of the most memorable and interesting in the annals of literature. Pascal says: "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter, it would have changed the history of the world;" and if the boy Scott had not, upon a certain long summer's day, fallen in with the volumes of Percy, the course of modern literature would in all likelihood have been widely altered. How, I will shortly explain; and, in the meantime, let us hear Sir Walter's own account of his introduction to the ballads. He had just left school in Edinburgh and was staying at Kelso—"the most beautiful, if not the most romantic, village in Scotland," he calls it—and he says:—

I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-Tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour in the garden I have mentioned. The summer day sped onward so fast, that notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes, nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm.

To Scott's fondness for the *Reliques* we owe unquestionably *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Fired by the example of Percy, and dwelling in a country over every part of which some traditionary ballad was floating, he began that splendid collection, the first volumes of which were published in 1802. Without wishing to ignore or depreciate other collections, such as those of Ritson and Motherwell, I am yet constrained to say that I consider these two books—the *Reliques* and the *Minstrelsy* to be almost all we need in prosecuting the study of the ancient ballad. But it also remains to be seen how important and how intimate was the connection between the *Reliques* and that vast body of literature, both in prose and verse, which Sir Walter Scott bequeathed to his country.

When the *Minstrelsy* first appeared a Reviewer said: "In this collection are the materials for scores of metrical romances;" and in a preface to the edition of 1833 John Gibson Lockhart remarks: "This was a prophetic critic. In the text and notes of this early

publication we can now trace the primary incident or broad outline of almost every romance, whether in verse or in prose, which Sir Walter Scott built in after life on the history or traditions of his country." Such a statement appears to me to give a singular value, not only to the *Minstrelsy* itself, but also to the book which suggested it—the *Reliques* of Bishop Percy. It also supplies an interesting link in the continuity of literature.

I propose now to illustrate the nature of the ancient ballad by a few selections. Their freshness strikes the modern student of poetry at once. It is the freshness of a new and an abounding life, and is in strange contrast with the jejune affectation of the same quality which we see in some recent verse. Like Chaucer, the ballad writers were of the dawn and the spring. Take the two first stanzas of "Robin Hood:"

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,  
And leaves both large and longe,  
It is merrye walking in the fair forrist  
To heare the small birdes' songe.

The woodwele sang, and wold not cease,  
Sitting upon the spraye,  
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,  
In the greenwood where he lay.

This minstrel begins his song with such a gush of simple delight that you would think he never meant to end. How the highest poetic effect is sometimes produced by an unhesitating adherence to nature, and the use of the plainest language, is seen in that "Darling song of the common people, 'The Children in the Wood,'" from which I take two stanzas:—

He took the children by the hand,  
Teares standing in their eye,  
And bad them straitwaye follow him,  
And look they did not crye :  
And two long miles he ledd them on,  
While they for food complaine :  
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,  
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,  
Went wandering up and downe ;  
But never more could see the man  
Approaching from the town :

Their prettye lippes with black-berries,  
 Were all besmeared and dyed ;  
 And when they sawe the darksome night,  
 They sat them downe and cryed.

Part of one of these stanzas is quoted by Wordsworth as an instance of admirable poetry, expressed in language differing in no respect from that of "unimpassioned conversation."

For a fine example of compressed and tragic narrative I refer the reader to a Scottish ballad given in the *Reliques*, under the title of "Edom O'Gordon." The movement of this splendid piece is so rapid, and its situations are so full of terror and pathos, that one wonders it has never been thrown into dramatic form.

Sir Walter Scott divides his ballads in the *Minstrelsy* into three classes—Historical, Romantic, and Imitations. But this arrangement is open to objection. We need not make the Imitations into a class at all, and the word "Romantic" is vague. The following division would, I think, be preferable:—I. The Historical Ballad. II. The Legendary Ballad. III. The Ballad of Sentiment.

In this last division I do not mean to include the ordinary song or lyric, for the true ballad always implies a narrative ; but only those short and ancient poems which are simple as regards the manner of treatment, and in which, although some fact or legend supplies the basis and is conspicuously present, that which predominates is the expression of personal emotion.

In the Historical section would be included what Coleridge calls "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence." Both Percy and Scott include this in their collections ; but the version given by the latter is much fuller, and on the whole seems more genuine. The last three verses are especially good with the picture they furnish of the ladies with their fans and the maidens with the gold combs in their hair, waiting for Sir Patrick, who will never come back, and who lies fifty fathoms deep, with the drowned lords gathered about his feet.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,  
 Wi their fans into their hand,  
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
 Come sailing to thi strand !

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,  
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,  
 A' waiting for their ain dear loves !  
 For them they'll see na mair.

O forty miles off Aberdeen,  
 Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

As an example of the Legendary ballad I should instance  
 "The Douglas Tragedy." It is indeed a terrible story told in a  
 few verses and containing several conspicuous touches of imagination.  
 These three verses are perhaps the best :—

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
 And a' by the light of the moon,  
 Until they came to yon wan water,  
 And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to tak a drink  
 Of the spring that ran sae clear ;  
 And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,  
 And sair she gan to fear.

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,  
 "For I fear that you are slain !"  
 "Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,  
 That shines in the water sae plain."

I must conclude my selections with one short specimen of the  
 Ballad of Sentiment. It is, however, one of surpassing beauty and  
 simplicity. The picture which it gives of the lonely and forsaken  
 widow carrying the body on her own back, now resting and now  
 going forward, until she reaches a place where she can dig a grave,  
 is indeed one which, for unadorned and unaffected pathos, has  
 few parallels in literature.

#### THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW.

My love he built me a bonny bower,  
 And clad it a' wi' lilye flower ;  
 A brawer bower ye ne'er did see,  
 Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man, by middle day,  
 He spied his sport, and went away ;  
 And brought the king that very night,  
 Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, to me sae dear ;  
He slew my knight, and poin'd his gear ;  
My servants au for life did flee,  
And left me in extremitie.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane ;  
I watched the corpse, myself alane ;  
I watched his body, night and day ;  
No living creature came that way,

I took his body on my back,  
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I satte ;  
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,  
And happ'd him with the sod sae green.

But think nae ye my heart was sair,  
When I laid the moul' on his yellow hair ;  
O think nae ye my heart was wae,  
When I turn'd about, away to gae ?

Nae living man I'll love again,  
Since that my lovely knight is slain ;  
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair  
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

In ballads of this sort we find the truest poetry. These minstrels never moralize, or twist conclusions, or refine upon sentiment: such characteristics are always the indications of a modern touch. Still we see them weep over the sad tale, or hear them applaud the noble deed which they may be relating. In these productions will be found, I believe, the best and healthiest training for the imagination as well as material for the formation of a sound taste in poetic literature: and that student of poetry who resorts to the ballad for inspiration and an example will be only one step removed from him who goes to the fountain-head, which is nature itself.





## OLD ENGLISH CHARACTERS AND CUSTOMS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE *CANTERBURY TALES*.

BY JAMES CROMPTON.

[Read February 17, 1879.]

THERE are few books in the English language which possess an interest so varied as that which belongs to the *Canterbury Tales*. Produced in the absence of native models, and at a time when the language had scarcely yet learned to accommodate itself to the requirements of literary composition, it is one of the earliest products of a national literature which has since grown into magnificent proportions. It is the first English fruit of the Renaissance—the new birth of the European intellect, following close after the outburst of Italian genius in the writings of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch.

Moreover, it was not only the first great poem that appeared in our language, but for two hundred years it was without any worthy successor. It is a work of genius produced in a barren age—an example of solitary greatness, for Chaucer stands apart in the firmament of our literature like a star in the morning twilight,

When only one  
Is shining in the sky.

Owing to the period at which it was produced it has a special philological value, being written in that early English which retained many ancient forms and idioms of the language, which before the rise of another great poet had been very much modified or entirely superseded. It possesses also a dramatic interest,

for, while not intended for the stage, its characters move before us like actors in a drama. They stand before our eyes, and we can recall their figures, motions, and attitudes. In Chaucer's time scenic representations were confined to mysteries and miracle plays; but if he had lived in the sixteenth century his vivid creations would doubtless have fretted their little hour upon the stage, and taken their place alongside the inventions of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare.

But the object I have in view in this paper fixes our attention upon another feature of Chaucer's poem, in which it possesses unique interest. It is the only work we have which gives us a really life-like picture of English society and manners as they were in the fourteenth century. It lifts a portion of the thick veil woven by the lapse of five hundred years, and we look upon something like the living forms of the men and women of the later portion of the middle ages. We hear the echo of their footsteps and the sound of their voices; we catch the ring of their laughter and join in the chorus of their merriment. We are in the midst of the "Merrie England" of the fourteenth century, and take our ease in its comfortable hostelries. We sit down with the company over which the host Harry Bailly presides in the large room of the Tabard, and we hear the coarse jokes of the Reeve and the Miller which set the table in a roar. We ride with them through the streets of Southwark, while the quaint London citizens and their wives look on with quiet interest from their shop-doors and overhanging upper stories. We find ourselves between the green spring hedgerows of the Canterbury road, amongst the same Kentish peasants who followed the standard of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. We see what England and English Society were like in the days of the Black Prince and "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and what sort of men they were who, taken from the anvil and the plough in their secluded English villages, formed the army of the third Edward, and won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers. As we listen to their conversation we recognize a dialect in which Saxon and Norman speech are strangely blended, yet we catch the familiar accents of our mother-English. We observe the material and style of their dresses, the topics of their discourse, the quality of their wit. We distinguish the old English gentleman by his speech



and manner, and recognize the horny-handed, rough-spoken son of toil. We observe the manners of the English lady and the plainer style of her more plebeian sister. The trappings of their ponies jingle in our ears, and the rude sounds of their street music become familiar.

With all the antiquated strangeness of their dress and manners they bear the likeness of the great Anglo-Saxon family. The names of places, though the orthography may be obsolete, are for the most part still familiar to us, and the landscape which the pilgrims looked upon is the old scenery that we love so well. It is indeed simpler and more primitive than the England of to-day, but it is England still, and as we accompany the motley group in their easy, ambling pace, we forget that we are separated from them by the space of half a thousand years.

It is fortunate for us that Chaucer, to whose pages we look for a glimpse into this far-off past, was by education and experience, as well as by natural gifts, eminently qualified to perform for us this service. He belonged to a wealthy family of the merchant class, his father being a vintner, and probably studied at one or both the universities. He was familiar with the manners of the court and the aristocracy, having been attached in his early days to the household of the Duke of Clarence, and enjoying through the greater part of his life the substantial patronage of John of Gaunt, to whom he was probably allied by marriage. He held several public offices, and was engaged on diplomatic missions to foreign courts. His position and reputation gave him access to the society of the most eminent intellectual and literary men, and there is a passage in the prologue to the Clerk's Tale which gives colour to the belief that while in Italy he had an interview with Petrarch. How we should have valued a detailed account of such an interview from his own pen. As it stands it strongly reminds us of the tantalizing reference which Milton makes in his *Areopagitica* to the visit he paid to Galileo in the prison of the Inquisition. He was doubtless recognized as a noteworthy and capable man, having been elected member of Parliament, in which he sat for a short time in 1386. He had been a soldier, but with probably no strong predilections for that vocation; at least we fail to discern any, and it was unfortunate that when he accompanied the army to France he was soon taken prisoner by the enemy.

And yet he cannot have been without some pugnacity if it is true, as one of his biographers records, that he was once fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street.

As we shall see, Chaucer had a keen eye for the characteristic peculiarities of the different classes of which society consisted in his time. He had a penetrating insight into human nature, and describes it as only a man of large observation and mature experience could have done. Though an habitu   of the court he describes characters of a vulgar type like one who had lived amongst them and learned indulgence for their follies. He was of a pleasant and cheerful temperament. He had his vicissitudes, and must at times have suffered great anxiety on pecuniary grounds, yet he loved to look upon the sunny side of things, and to invent incidents and situations that would afford delight. He has much playful satire and gentle irony, is quick to discern the comic element in human character, and prone to touch the faults and failings of men with a light hand. The spirit of the censor was not in him, but he found food for mirth as well as wise reflection in the weaknesses and follies of mankind. Many of his sketches were written, and all of them probably received their finishing touch, at an advanced period in the poet's life. They exhibit the workings of a mellowed and serene intellect, which had outlived, if it had ever experienced, the fierce conflict of human passion.

For ever memorable is the inn at which the pilgrims assembled. We could have wished indeed for more of detail in the description of it, and if Chaucer had expected that his words would be read five hundred years after they were written, he would probably have given it. We accept, however, what he has left and are thankful. Stow's *Survey of London* contains the following reference to the Tabard inn and its sign:—"From thence towards London Bridge on the same side be many fair inns for receipt of travellers by these signs, the Spur, Christopher, Bull, Queen's Head, Tabard, George, Hart, King's Head, &c. Amongst the which the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a Jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides with a square collar winged at the shoulders, a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home, and abroad in the wars ; but then (to wit in

the wars) their arms embroidered or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these Tabards are only worn by the Heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service." In Chaucer's time the Tabard was a garment in common use by the lower as well as the higher classes, as may be inferred from the fact that the Ploughman is represented as wearing it.

Chaucer gives us an agreeable description of the Tabard inn. There was ample room and good cheer,

The chambres and the stables weren wyde,  
And wel we weren esed atte beste.

In other words, there was good accommodation for man and beast. The hostelry owed everything to the enterprising hostiler—for so the innkeeper was called in those days. We are not told what particular dishes were brought upon the table, but we are assured that he provided "greet cheere" for everyone, and set before the company a supper consisting of "vitaille atte beste." The wine was strong, and we have Chaucer's authority for saying that the pilgrims liked it.

There must have been something striking in the personality of the host, for Chaucer tells us that he was "a semely man," fitted to be "a marschal in an halle." He was, moreover, "a large man," with bright eyes, the whole "Chepe" could produce no better looking man than he. He was "bold of his speche," yet wise and cautious, and he lacked nothing in Chaucer's opinion of sterling manhood. Besides he was "a mery man," and after supper "he spak of myrthe," but as it is slyly suggested not until after "we hadde maad our rekenynges." This important part of the business being satisfactorily disposed of, his heart becomes enlarged, he addresses his guests as "lordynges," that is lordlings, a term commonly used as a designation of respect in those days. He tells them that he had not had "so mery a companye" at his table that year, he proposes to accompany them on their journey, and suggests to them the plan which is supposed to have originated the *Canterbury Tales*.

In addition to all his other merits he was also a duly-installed and highly-respectable member of the Hen-pecked Club, for this important institution seems to be of very high antiquity. We get

this interesting information from his own lips after he had heard the moving story of Melibeus and his wife Prudence. He is so affected by the virtues of this wise and loving Prudence, that he takes the pilgrims into his confidence and recounts to them the story of his own domestic bliss. To use his own language, he "hadde lever than a barel ale," and from the host of the Tabard no words could have been more expressive, that his wife had heard this story, for she did not happen to have much in common with the gentle Prudence. She belonged rather to the type of Xantippe. She swore terrible oaths, and had "big armes," so that he pathetically remarks, "I dar not hir withstonde." A little provocation, from whatever quarter it might come, was sufficient to arouse a domestic hurricane. If, when she goes to church, her neighbours treat her with less respect than she conceives herself entitled to—which may very easily happen—she comes home rampant, calls him a false coward that he should allow his wife to be so treated, swears she will take his knife and make him take her distaff and go spin. Unless he at once rushes out of the house to avenge her cause, he must submit to this fearful outburst of wifely indignation; and being himself, as he tells us, as foolhardy as a wild lion, he is afraid that, under the stimulus of his wife's wrath, he will some day rush out of the house and kill some neighbour, and then have to run away. Nobody, probably, who saw mine host on that memorable night of the supper, or travelled with him on the Canterbury journey, expected that his reputation would last five hundred years. How many greater men since that day have passed into undeserved oblivion, but Harry Bailly still survives. He was neither poet, historian, politician, philosopher, nor philanthropist, and yet his reputation lives, and will live, for we cannot doubt that when a thousand years shall have passed he will still be known as the genial host of the Tabard.

It is important to observe, as being characteristic of the times, the object which had brought this company together. They met, we may presume, without previous concert, but they were actuated by a common purpose. Two hundred years before, Thomas à Becket had been murdered in Canterbury Cathedral; and it is not too much to say that this event had stirred the heart of England as no event, excepting perhaps the Crusades, had

ever done before. Now that more than two centuries had passed away the memory of the "blisful martir" still moved multitudes, as it did Chaucer's pilgrims, to pay their devotions at the shrine of St. Thomas.

We see from Chaucer's narrative what sort of thing a pilgrimage was in those days. It was doubtless a journey with a religious purpose to the tomb of the popular saint. But let no one imagine that our pilgrims are bent upon the mortification of the flesh. Depend upon it, if they put peas in their shoes they boiled them first. They were, as we have seen, a merry company at the Tabard, and their mirth abated not as they traversed the pleasant highway. They beguiled the tediousness of the journey by stories, some indeed in a tone of grave and elevated sentiment, but others broadly humorous, and in some cases doing violence by their coarseness to our modern notions of decency and good taste.

They set out on a pleasant day at the latter end of April, for, as Chaucer informs us, pilgrims generally chose the fine spring weather for their penitential journeys. They were variously mounted, for it hardly needs to be said that in those days wheeled conveyances were out of the question. They would travel slowly, for, as they all kept together, they could only go at the speed of the poorest animal in the group; besides, as they spent the time in telling stories and sometimes in animated conversation, it is evident their travelling must have been slow even for those days. The distance from London to Canterbury is about fifty-six miles, and it may be inferred from various circumstances in the poem that they were between three and four days on the journey, which, in fact, is exactly what we might expect from what we know of their mode of travelling.

Those who are skilled in horseflesh may like to know how the pilgrims were mounted; and though we are chiefly interested in the riders, we may cast a passing glance at their steeds. Learning appears to have been but imperfectly appreciated in those days, for the poor Clerk of Oxenford rode upon a horse as lean as a rake, and we are assured he was not much fatter himself. His breast, however, glowed with the generous love of learning, and his head was full of the philosophy of Aristotle, which might be some compensation to himself, but would afford little consolation

to his poor companions. The Wife of Bath, with a pair of sharp spurs, sat easily upon an ambling pony. The Sailor rode upon a "rouncy," that is, a sort of hack. Our etymological friends will not fail to see the relationship of the Sailor's charger to the Rozinante of another not less celebrated hero. The Ploughman in his Tabard rode upon a mare, which, it is curious to note, was in those days a sign of the inferior social position of the rider. The Reeve sat "upon a ful good stot that was al pomely gray and highte Scot," by which we are to understand a strong male animal of a dappled gray colour and named Scot. For some reason or other, though so well mounted, it suited the fancy of the Reeve always to bring up the rear of the procession. The Host informs us that the Nounne Preste rode upon "a jade bothe foul and lene;" but the Monk had ample choice, for he had many a "deynté hors" in his stable, and on this occasion he had selected a brown palfrey, on which he was superbly mounted.

We make acquaintance with some members of the company whom we should hardly have expected to find in a group of religious pilgrims. The Miller is one of these, whose portrait, though not flattering, is given in bold and broad outlines, with a certain freedom and affluence of style which makes one suspect that he was something of a favourite with the poet, though like Audrey in *As You Like It* the gods had not made him poetical. I doubt whether his literary attainments were great; his conversation certainly was not highly polished, nor was his appearance attractive. He "was a stout carl for the nones," with abundance of muscle and large of bone. He was broad-shouldered and had, we are told, a "thikke knarre," that is he was a thickly knotted fellow, none of your limp and weekly subjects without backbone, but stiff and strong as a post. His beard was as red as a sow or a fox, and as broad as a spade, and upon the end of his nose he had a wart, and from the centre of the wart their grew a tuft of hairs red as the bristles of a sow's ears. What Chaucer calls his "noethurles," namely his nostrils, were wide and black, and his mouth as wide as a furnace. One is not surprised to hear that he was a great wrestler, or that when in a sportive humour he would lift a door off its hinges; but it is rather startling to find that, in the exuberance of his animal spirits, he would sometimes split a door by running against it with his head. Chaucer says "he was

a janglere and a golyardeys," by which we are to understand that he was a babbling, talkative fellow, fond of laughable and extravagant stories. A "white cote and a blew hood" contributed to the adornment of this handsome personage, and he also carried a sword and buckler by his side. In addition to the accomplishments already enumerated he was also a musician, his favourite instrument being the bagpipes—since come to be regarded as the national music of Scotland, but at that time enjoying a wider popularity; and as the cavalcade wended its way along the streets of Southwark, the Miller provided a sort of musical accompaniment, entertaining the pilgrims and no doubt numerous spectators by

Many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

Like Shakspere's soldier in the *Seven Ages*, he was full of strange oaths, at least oaths which are strange to us, though they were probably familiar enough to our ancestors in the fourteenth century.

And swor by armes and by blood and bones.

The favourite mode of asseveration seems to have been by the different parts of the body of Christ. At a very early stage in the journey he had grown hilarious, for which he pleads as an excuse the ale of Southwark, and refused to submit to the authority of the host, insisting upon giving his story immediately after the Knight, when the company would have preferred to hear the Monk. Chaucer says he spoke in "Pilate's voys;" and here we have a curious illustration of the influence of the mysteries upon the common speech and notions of the age. The phrase originated from the practice prevailing at that time of representing Pontius Pilate in these popular exhibitions as a sort of coarse and humorous buffoon. The same practice also gives a certain amount of plausibility to the conjecture that our old friend Punch, the still popular favourite, is a survival of the traditional Pontius Pilate of the rude Middle Age drama, with the name abbreviated into one syllable and a little modified in the spelling.

The names of the Knight and the Squire remind us that in Chaucer's time the notions and customs of chivalry still prevailed. The Knight's Tale is marked by all the extravagance and exaggeration of that habit of thought. A century and a half had yet

to elapse before the sledge-hammer of the great Spaniard should shatter to atoms this idol of the Middle Ages. At this time the artificial and fantastic ideas of which the system was made up were in the fulness of their power. Without a knight the *Canterbury Tales* would not have fully embodied the characteristics of the age. Chaucer's "verray perfight gentil knight," arrayed in his "gepoun," or short cassock of fustian, over which he wore his habergeon or coat of mail, was the very type of chivalry.

His esquire who, according to the custom of the time, attended him was his own son. He was quite a model of fashionable accomplishments, and externally was the typical exquisite of the fourteenth century. His dress was of various colours, embroidered like a meadow—

Al ful of fresshe floures white and reede.

His gown was short, with long and wide sleeves, which, we may take it, was the style most approved by the metropolitan tailor of the period. He was a poet, and could make songs, but this we are not surprised at, seeing he was under the influence of the tender passion. He entertained the company with both vocal and instrumental melodies, his favourite instrument being the flute. He could take his part in the tournament or in the voluptuous movements of the dance. He could "purtreye," from which we infer that he had some artistic power, and had the misfortune to be so powerfully agitated by that little affair of the heart already alluded to,

that by nightertale

He sleep no more than doth a nightingale.

Chaucer has put into the mouth of the Squire one of the most attractive of his stories, for it is he

that left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball and of Algarsife,  
And who had Canace to wife,  
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,  
And of the wondrous horse of brass  
On which the Tartar king did ride.

It has been described as an "Arabian fiction, engrafted on Gothic chivalry." It has a strong oriental colouring, and is probably one of the stories introduced into Europe by the Arabs. The name



of its hero, Cambuscan, has passed through various orthographical metamorphoses, and is best known to us in these days under the form of Genghis Khan. It has a mysterious charm, to which even the modern reader cannot be insensible, but which was probably much more powerful in Chaucer's time, when the influences of magic and the supernatural were more closely associated in men's thoughts than they now are, with the actual conditions and experiences of life.

Some of the characters come before us with familiar designations, others with unaccustomed names which we can scarcely recognize. The Sergeant of Law and the Merchant need no introduction. The haberdasher, carpenter, and dyer are still amongst us, and likely to remain. The Yeman or Yeoman was an attendant on the Knight, this designation at that time denoting a serving man, though it now bears a different signification. The Webbe and the Tapicer we may, with a little effort, recognize as a weaver and an upholsterer. The Schipman is, of course, our familiar acquaintance the sailor. In the old English designation Reeve we may distinguish a steward or bailiff.

The Frankeleyn appears to have been a sort of paterfamilias with ample worldly means. He is a well-defined figure in the group of pilgrims, with his white beard, and sanguine complexion, with an "anlas" or knife and a "gipser," a kind of pouch or purse of white silk, hanging at his girdle. He had held offices which indicate considerable social importance, for he had been a knight of the shire, also a "schirreve" or sheriff, and a "contour," probably an auditor of accounts. Chaucer says of him that there

Was nowher such a worthi vavasour.

The precise meaning of this last designation has become very much obscured by the lapse of time, but we shall probably not be far from the truth if we regard it as meaning a landowner of the middle rank.

The Maunciple, whose name is hardly intelligible to the modern reader, was a caterer for a college or inn of court, and probably represented at the time a well-known class.

The Sompnour bears a name which presents a strange look in the original spelling, but with which we are all familiar in the common surname of Sumner. He was an officer whose duty it

was to summon offenders into the ecclesiastical court. His portrait if not attractive is at any rate striking. He was a subject worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. He had a "cherubyness face," but this must not be understood to mean that he was angelical in appearance, but that his face was fiery red. His eyes were narrow and his countenance "sawceflem," which being interpreted denotes pimpled. He had tried in vain all the remedies known to the medical skill of that age—quicksilver, white lead, brimstone, borax, and oil of tartar. Children were afraid when they looked upon his visage, at which we are not surprised. He was quick in his movements and had a habit of chirping like a sparrow. He was fond of garlick, onions, and leeks. Strong wine did not come amiss to him, and when he had partaken freely he would cry out like an insane person. Excess in wine had a very peculiar effect upon him; it made him very fastidious about his language, for when he had "wël dronken," as Chaucer says, though one may doubt the propriety of the qualifying term in this case, he would speak no word but Latin. This, however, one would think, must have been a considerable check upon his volubility, as he only knew two or three words in that language, such as he had been accustomed to hear in the court of which he was so distinguished an ornament. Still Chaucer tells us he was a gentle and kind harlot—this term in the dialect of the time meaning merely a low ribald fellow. The kindness seems to have consisted in this, that those who had the wisdom to make things pleasant by presenting him with a quart of wine now and then, might indulge in their favourite sins without any fear of the ecclesiastical court, while the judicious expenditure of a little money in the same direction would enable any of the penitent sinners within his jurisdiction to snap their fingers at the archdeacon's curse. He was perhaps a Yorkshireman, for the scene of his story is laid in what he describes as

A mersschly lond called Holdernesse.

The story itself is a severe satire upon the friars, for his own shortcomings did not prevent him from very clearly discerning the infirmities of others, and there seems also to have been a bitter feud between the lower orders of the clergy and the minor officials of the ecclesiastical courts. The story is cleverly told, not without the Sompnour's tipsy pedantry occasionally breaking

forth in slender scraps of Latin ; and there are numerous quotations from Scripture with which, as became his office, he appears to have been familiar.

The three learned professions—law, physic, and divinity—were well represented among the pilgrims. The Sergeant of Law, although he is arrayed like Joseph in a coat of many colours, with a girdle of silk ornamented with “barres” probably of brass, wears a strong professional likeness. His head is full of legal learning ; cases and judgments from the time of William the Conqueror are familiar to him ; and he can quote every statute from memory. He was a discreet man, wary and wise, very busy, but with a habit of seeming busier than he was. We fancy we have seen something not unlike this in more modern days.

The Doctor of Physic is an admirable specimen of a mediæval practitioner. In recent times the members of the profession have come to dispense with many of the outward signs of professional dignity. In the days of our grandfathers the physician was a striking figure, with his gold spectacles, his silver-headed cane, his brightly buckled shoes, and black silk stockings, his white cravat, his powdered wig and queue. But the physician of the fourteenth century, while probably not less regardful of dignity, affected more of splendour in his dress. The sombre colouring of modern times was not to his taste. Chaucer's doctor was clad in “sangwin” and in “pers,” that is, in garments of blood red and bluish grey colours, lined with different kinds of silk, to which the names of “taffata” and “sendal” are given. It strikingly illustrates the change in medical science to find that the doctor is described as well-grounded in astronomy. It takes us back to the dreams of astrology and the superstitions of magic. His great success in curing his patients is attributed to his close observance of astrological conditions ; he took care to note when there was a favourable star in the ascendant. The medical authorities with whom he is familiar were principally Greek, Arabic, and Moorish physicians. The whole poem strikingly illustrates the extent to which the dreams of astrology and alchemy coloured the entire habit of thought of that age. Quotations bearing upon these systems might be given which would almost make a volume of themselves. With all respect to Chaucer's Doctor of Physic, I am afraid it is a misapplication of the term science to apply it to

the medical system of that age. We find him like a wise physician temperate in his diet, careful in his expenditure, and perhaps a little too fond of money. His philosophical reading may perhaps have influenced his religious opinions, for we find that

His studie was but litel on the Bible.

It is also said of him that his wealth was obtained during the pestilence, by which is meant the visitation of the plague in 1349. The particular calamity referred to is known in history as the Black Death, perhaps the most terrible visitation of the kind which the world ever witnessed, doubtless the most terrible of which we have any detailed account. It swept like an angel of death over all the great cities of Europe. Boccaccio has taken its visit to Florence on this occasion as the groundwork of his *Decameron*, which consists of a hundred tales told by ten ladies and gentlemen, who retired from that city to avoid infection and shut themselves up in a villa at some distance in the country. It was in the midst of this fearful harvest of death that our worthy Doctor of Physic contrived to collect the store of precious metal which he husbanded so carefully on his Canterbury pilgrimage.

The ecclesiastical element is largely represented amongst the pilgrims, about one-third of them being officially connected with the Church. We must, however, remember that they were on a pilgrimage, which partly accounts for this large proportion, and also, what is still more to our purpose in looking at the social life of that period, that the Church was a much more important social factor in the fourteenth than it is in the nineteenth century.

Chaucer's Monk represents the higher orders of the clergy. He travelled in princely style, and was devoted to pleasure. He was not exactly our ideal monk. He kept his horses and his hounds, and was fond of the chase. In our time he would have been called a fox-hunting parson. His steed was gaily caparisoned, and he was nice in his attire, having his sleeves trimmed with fur, his hood fastened under his chin with a gold pin curiously wrought, and, a thing we should hardly have expected in a monk, a love-knot. Chaucer's Monk was the original of the Prior of Jorvaulx in *Ivanhoe*, as will be apparent to any reader who will be at the trouble to compare the description in the second chapter of that work with that in the *Canterbury Tales*.

There was the Friar, with his semi-cope of double worsted and his eyes twinkling in his head like the stars on a frosty night, with a habit of lisping to make his English sweet upon his tongue. He sang well, and played upon the rote—a sort of instrument resembling a harp. Though a friar, or perhaps because he was a friar, he knew the taverns well in every town, and was better acquainted with the innkeepers and tapsters than he was with the poor lepers and beggars; for as Chaucer says, not without a touch of irony, it accorded not to such a worthy man as he to make acquaintance with what he calls the “poraille,” that is, the poor and outcast. According to the prevailing custom, his tippet supplied the place of a bag or pocket, in which he kept a supply of knives and presents for the ladies of the households where he came. And so pleasantly did he pronounce the friar’s salutation, as he entered a house, that he never went away even from the poorest without some gift.

The Pardoner, or seller of indulgences, seems to have had a strong fellow-feeling with the Sompnour, for they rode alongside each other and made the welkin ring as the Pardoner sang, “Come hider love to me”—no doubt some popular ditty of the time—while his friend supplied the bass in a voice of which Chaucer says that no trumpet made half so great a sound. He had hair as yellow as wax, which hung down smoothly upon his shoulders. He did not wear his hood, but kept it trussed up in his wallet. He wore a cap, however, on which there was a “vernicle,” that is, a figure supposed to be copied from that likeness of Christ which was impressed upon St. Veronica’s pocket-handkerchief. He had his wallet before him “bret-ful” of pardons just “come from Rome al hoot.” He carried with him some other precious things which he had brought from Rome: the veil of the Virgin Mary; a portion of the sail of the ship of St. Peter; a brass cross full of stones, probably precious stones; and in a glass, pigs’ bones. Why the bones of that particular animal were selected Chaucer does not tell us. In person he was remarkable: he had glaring eyes, a voice as thin as that of a goat, and (for once Chaucer becomes prophetic, for he says) he had no beard and never would have. Such was Chaucer’s representative of a class of whom Tetzels at a later day became the most celebrated type.

But whatever might be Chaucer's opinion of the religious orders, he has nothing but reverential words for the one representative of the secular clergy with whom he makes us acquainted. It may be taken as an illustration of the inferior social position of many of the parish priests that Chaucer represents him as brother to the Ploughman, who accompanied him on the pilgrimage. And yet, though of humble origin and a poor man, he was rich in holy thought and work, a learned man, a clerk that did Christ's gospel truly preach. Staff in hand he travelled through his parish, staying not for rain or thunder. A little sufficed for him, and of his small stipend he spared something for the poor. He respected no man's person or estate, and waited for no pomp or reverence,

But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve  
He taughte but first he folwede it himselve.

The lady of the period is admirably sketched in the picture of the Nun Prioress, "cleped madame Eglentyne," whose smiling was marked by simplicity and coyness; who sometimes used an oath, for it appears that ladies and even nuns occasionally swore in those days, but her greatest oath was by St. Loy; who spoke French in a style to be commended, though it was the French of "Stratford atte Bowe," not of Paris. Her manners were highly polished; she dropped no morsel from her lips when she was eating, nor did she wet her fingers in the sauce. She wiped her "overlippe" before she drank out of her cup, and reached after her food in a seemly manner. She was a stately person, and prided herself upon having the manners of the court. No lady could be more sensitive: she wept if she saw a mouse in pain, and she had her little pet dogs which she fed with "rosted flessch, or mylk and wastel breed." We may infer from Chaucer's language what was the most admired type of female beauty: her nose was rather long and well-proportioned; the colour of her eyes was grey; her mouth was small, soft, and red. She had a fair forehead, almost a span broad, and was of middle height. Her frill was carefully plaited; her cloak was neat and well made; and she carried upon her arm, for devotional purposes, a set of coral beads "gauded al with grene," that is, having the *gaudees* or larger beads at intervals, to assist I suppose in the counting, of a green colour. She

had also a golden brooch, bearing first a crowned A, and then the legend "Amor vincit omnia."

There is another lady in the group of a very different type, and for that reason all the more valuable for our purpose. Notwithstanding her deafness the good Wife of Bath is the very model of a thrifty housewife and of a busy, successful woman, not afraid of pushing herself forward, and quite able to make her own way in the world. She could manufacture cloth, and surpassed even the productions of the Flemish cities, which in that century were supposed to take the lead. She seems to have excelled equally in matrimony, for she had had five husbands. She was a great traveller, and knew the world. The handkerchiefs upon her head, probably from the ornaments with which they were bedecked, weighed ten pounds. She had red stockings, and it is mentioned in commendation of her shoes that they were moist and new. She wore a "foot-mantel" about her hips, to serve probably as a riding habit; and large hats we may assume were fashionable for ladies in those days, for hers was as broad as a buckler or a target. She wore also a pair of sharp spurs, and beguiled the way by wit and laughter.

Chaucer was not the poet of the poor; he looked out upon the world from the standpoint of the higher classes of society; the wail of human misery finds no echo in his verse. And yet he lived in a century when the misery of the serfs was not altogether inarticulate. During Chaucer's life occurred perhaps the most remarkable revolt of the peasantry recorded in our annals; and it was for the county of Kent, where this rising chiefly occurred, that Chaucer sat in Parliament in 1386, five years after the outbreak of the insurrection. It is on these accounts the more remarkable that this popular movement is but once and then slightly referred to in the *Canterbury Tales*. In the story of the cock and the fox, when chanticleer is carried off by his arch enemy, the disturbance among the denizens of the farmyard is so great that it is said not even Jack Straw and his men made so much commotion. It is worthy of note that this is the latest historical event mentioned in the poem, a circumstance which affords some support to the conjecture that it was written soon after this event.

We meet with innumerable illustrations incidentally occurring

of the prevailing customs, superstitions, prejudices, and opinions. It is amusing to find the pilgrims adopting the still popular custom of drawing cuts to decide whose tale shall come first. We have some illustration of the scientific theories of the time in the notion once very popular but hardly sustained by any modern discoveries that the world was created in the month of March. This notion may probably have had some connection with the fact that at that time March was considered the first month in the year, and there was an obvious regard to the fitness of things in ascribing the Creation to that particular season.

It is well known, I believe, at the present time that Friday is an unlucky day, but it is interesting to know that this important fact had been ascertained in the time of the Canterbury pilgrims; for two great disasters are recorded to have happened on that day of the week: one was that the fatal arrow of Gourdon slew King Richard I. on a Friday; and the other was that the fox ran away with the cock on the same unfortunate day.

That venerable institution which has afforded so much material for antiquarian research, the Dunmow flitch of bacon, is referred to in the prologue to the Wife of Bath's Tale, who with her five husbands may be regarded as no mean authority on subjects of this nature. Her reference is of such a kind as to assume a complete familiarity with the custom on the part of her companions.

The satirical humour of the period found vent at the expense of the gentler sex in the creation of a fabulous monster named "Chichevache," a kind of cow which fed only upon good women, and on account of the scarcity of this kind of diet was said to be very thin. The etymological signification of the name is the lean cow, or the cow with niggardly fare. In the Clerk's Tale the ladies are advised not to imitate the patience of Griselda, lest "Chichevache" should come and make a meal of them. There was an addition to this legend of a monster called "Bicorn," the two-horned, who was as fat as the other was lean, because he lived upon good and patient husbands and therefore never lacked food. There is a curious poem by Lydgate, written probably not many years after the death of Chaucer, entitled "Bicorn and Chichevache," and which is accompanied with directions which seem as if they were intended to assist in the public exhibition of this legend.



There is, perhaps, less mention made of the Lollards than we might have expected, seeing that this was the century when they chiefly flourished. A very characteristic reference, however, occurs when the Parson reproves the Host for the use of unnecessary oaths, the latter turning upon his accuser with the taunt,

“I smell a loller in the wind,” quod he,

the point of the allusion being that the avoidance of oaths in common speech was a distinguishing mark of the Lollards; and as at this time this class suffered severe persecution, persons suspected of this heresy generally had recourse to the use of a superabundance of frightful oaths in their ordinary conversation, just to show that they were perfectly respectable characters and altogether above suspicion.

The favourite mode of gambling seems to have been with the dice. I have met with no mention of the game of cards in the *Canterbury Tales*, though they were invented in this century, and are mentioned, I believe, by a French author as early as 1328. From this omission we may infer that the game had not at this early period become popular in England. The game of dice, however, seems to have been much in vogue. The cubes are called “bicchel” or “bicchid” bones, and the language of the game is frequently used: “ambes as,” double aces; “sis cink,” six and five; and in the *Monke’s Tale* we have the words, “Thy sys fortune hath turned into as,” thus showing that six was the highest throw and ace the lowest. The frequent recurrence of phraseology of this description shows that it must have been perfectly familiar to Chaucer’s readers, and says much for the popularity of the game. While speaking of amusements it may be mentioned that minstrels, though alluded to, are not so prominently introduced as we might have expected, seeing that they had long been a distinct and important class; but we may infer that they had become less highly appreciated in Chaucer’s time. We read of “gestours,” not jesters in the modern sense, but reciters of tales or gestes such as are found, for example, in the *Gesta Romanorum*; of “jogelours,” who performed feats of legerdemain and magic; and “tombesterres,” by which somewhat formidable designation was meant dancing women or girls. Hunting, hawking, and archery were, as we know, the amuse-

ments of the higher classes, and all of them find a place in Chaucer's verse; while the harmony of sweet sounds was provided for by flutes, rotes, harps, lutes, giterns, and bagpipes.

The pleasures of the table were by no means overlooked by our venerable forefathers. The Frankeleyn, who receives unstinted praise for his eminence in that good old English virtue, hospitality, was himself fond of a sop in his wine, of a fat partridge, of the fresh water fish called bream, and of the luce or pike, of which he kept a supply in his pond. His table constantly groaned under its provision of bread and ale, and "a better envyned man," that is, a man with a better stocked wine cellar, was nowhere to be found. We find that the epicures were delighted with the marrow bones in a boiled chicken. They had a kind of soup made of many ingredients called "mortreux," probably from these ingredients being stamped or brayed in a mortar. The cook, who formed one of the party of pilgrims, was celebrated for the skill with which he could produce a certain delicacy called "blankmanger." To stimulate the palate they used a flavouring powder called "poudre-marchaunt" and "galyngale," or root of sweet cyprus. It is interesting to know that the London ale, which had begun to tell upon some of these holy pilgrims at an early hour in the morning, was as celebrated in those days as its porter has since become. Their wine did not lack variety. The merchant, in the Schipman's Tale, brings with him a "jubbe of Malvesie," better known to us as Malmsey, and another of a wine called "Vernage," that is, a wine of Verona, while a doubtful reading renders it uncertain whether he had a third kind called "Volantyn," or whether this word should not be "Volatile," meaning a supply of eatables in the form of wild fowl or game. But we find from the Pardoner's Tale that the most powerful of all these beverages was the "white wyn of Leepe," a place in the neighbourhood of Cadiz, in Spain. This wine was to be purchased in Fleet-street or Cheapside, and possessed such extraordinary "fumosit ," as we are informed, that if a man only took three draughts of it he became unable to solve the question whether he was at home in Cheapside or in the town of Leepe.

Another interesting point receives illustration from the *Canterbury Tales*. What's o'clock? is a very common question, and one which, generally speaking, is capable of being replied to without

much difficulty—the problem being solved by the somewhat commonplace process of looking at one's watch. But what is thus accomplished at the present time by the use of a little mechanical agency was arrived at by the pilgrims by something like a mathematical computation. The hour-glass, the sundial, and the clepsydra were among the more common means of recording the lapse of time. Mechanical clocks were but little known, and the world had yet to wait a hundred years for the Nuremberg mechanic, whose ingenious brain and lissome fingers first produced a pocket-watch. Chaucer's phraseology, in speaking of the computation of time, is often obscure and ambiguous. For instance, a day does not always mean the same thing. In some cases it is the natural day of twenty-four hours; in others it is the artificial day, reckoned from sunrise to sunset. So an hour in some cases means what we now understand by it; in other cases it means the twelfth part of an artificial day, and is in this sense of varying length, changing with the seasons. We meet with the expressions "prime," "half-way prime," "prime large;" prime being the first quarter of the artificial day, and prime large denoting that the first quarter was far advanced. We have some curious illustrations of the cumbersome method it was found necessary to adopt to find out the hour of the day. Take the following instance: Before the Host calls upon the Man of Law for his tale, he wishes to ascertain the time, and no clock, I suppose, being available, he makes his observations. He finds that the sun has passed over the "ark of his artificial day," meaning probably by arc a fourth part, and that it must be half an hour and more beyond this point. He knows it to be the eighteenth day of April, and observed also that as the sun then stood the shadows of objects on the ground were exactly the same length as the perpendicular height of the objects themselves. He knew by this that the sun had attained the height of 45 degrees. He takes into account the day of the month and the latitude of the place, and at length arrives at the conclusion that it is ten o'clock. Such were the methods of computation to which the ingenuity of our ancestors had recourse. I do not know any feature of former days which could present more strongly the contrast between the past and the present.

We must now take our leave of the Canterbury pilgrims, and

bring to a close this attempt to illustrate from their stories the social, intellectual, and domestic habits of their age. Many interesting points have, for want of space, been entirely passed over, and others worthy of fuller treatment have received but slight notice. What has been done, however, may be sufficient to show that we have had before us a wide and fruitful field, from which a plentiful harvest may be gathered by those who are prepared with the requisite spirit and energy to pursue the work.





## MEMORIALS OF A MANCHESTER PARISH CHURCH.

(ST. JOHN'S, DEANSGATE.)

BY JOHN EVANS.

[Read Monday, December 9, 1878.]

IN Harrop's *Manchester Mercury*, of May 3rd, 1768, we read:—

On Thursday last, in the afternoon, the foundation stone of a new intended church, to be erected near the Quay-street, at the upper end of Deansgate, was laid in the presence of a great many gentlemen and ladies, amidst the acclamations of some thousands of spectators. This church is to be built of stone, in the true Gothic taste, with a very handsome tower steeple. Upon the stone, with a large Brass Plate fixed, whereon was engraved this Inscription, viz.: "The first stone of this Church was laid by Edward Byrom, Esq., April 28, Anno Domini 1768."

The Deansgate of over a century ago—"Historical Deansgate," as Mr. Procter calls it, "the tiny birthplace of the now overgrown city"—"the little straggling village of the olden time, having first its castle and mill at the south end of Deansgate"\*—must have presented a picture of rural life inconceivable in the present day. In 1766 we have the following announcement: "To be sold at the house of Mr. James Dale, near the Exchange, the Windmill at the top of Deansgate, Manchester, with the utensils thereto belonging, and all in very good repair. There are four pair of stones for grinding all sorts of dyeing woods and potashes, two grindle-stones, and two rasping mills, a stable for three horses, and a cart-house; also a summer-house, and large kitchen-garden

\* Harland.

well-planted with wall fruits. The whole contains two thousand five hundred yards, handsomely walled and pallisaded round. The premises are subject to a chief-rent of ten pounds a year, payable to Edward Byrom, Esq." And, further, in the year (1768) of the laying of the foundation stone of St. John's Church, we have the following announcement: "To be Lett and entered on immediately, a good single house, pleasantly situated in a field at the bottom of Spinning Field, facing Edward Byrom's house in Quay-street, Manchester." In fact, previous to the first decade of the present century Deansgate did not extend beyond Peter-street, and the houses in Byrom-street, Gartside-street, and the upper part of Quay-street were more or less of a suburban character, mostly occupied by people of, as Mr. Bardsley says in his *Memorials of St. Ann's*, "the utmost respectability." Hereabouts we find residing the Byroms—a family whose name has not only rendered this neighbourhood but the town of Manchester famous—the Bradshaws, Wanklyn's, Hibberts, Keymers, Tomkinsons, Lancasters, Ridgeways, Richardsons, Owens, Hardmans, Marshalls, Wrights, Pixtons, Marklands, Markendales, and several other families of equal importance. For these a church was required, and I trust I am not impugning the fair fame of the Byroms in saying that Edward Byrom was precisely the man equal to the occasion. The "Old Church" met the requirements of Manchester Churchmanship until 1712, when St. Ann's was consecrated, followed by the erection of St. Mary's in 1756, and St. Paul's in 1765. But with regard to the genteel residents, who had migrated to the south side of the town, it was found necessary to provide for their spiritual wants. Hence the foundation of St. John's. Whether this arose from a spirit of pique which may have animated the breast of the founder's father, John Byrom, in losing the potent influence he once enjoyed, even among the Whig faction, at St. Ann's,—or whether it must be regarded as what we should now call a commercial speculation on the part of Edward Byrom, I cannot well determine. John Byrom died five years before (28th September, 1763) the foundation stone was laid, and there is no doubt but he would impress upon his son, from more points of view than one, the necessity of a church in the neighbourhood of Byrom House. In the vestry of the church is the following framed inscription:—

"The first stone of St. John's\* Church, in Manchester, was laid by Edward Byrom, Esquire,† on the Twenty-Eighth Day of April, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Eight, and consecrated on the Seventh Day of July, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Nine by the Right Reverend Edmund Keene, Lord Bishop of this Diocese. An excellent Sermon was preached upon the Occasion by the Reverend John Clayton, Senior Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Christ in Manchester." The most notable point in this document is the appearance of the celebrated "Jacobite Churchman," who prayed for the cause of Prince Charles in Salford—the early friend of John Wesley, and the first man called a "Methodist"—the bosom friend of Dr. Deacon, the close companion of John Byrom and "Lawyer Clowes"—the staunch-hearted John Clayton.‡

\* I have always presumed the name was given in memory of the famous epigrammatist.

† On a stone in the Chantry of Jesus in the Cathedral are the following inscriptions:—

"Eleanora, wife of Edward Byrom, obt. 18th May, 1758, aet. 31. Elizabeth, daughter of Edward and Eleanora Byrom, obt. 23rd April, 1754, aet. 26 days. Felicia, daughter of Edward and Eleanora Byrom, obt. 6 May, 1757, aet. 9 months. Edward Byrom, founder of St. John's Church, son of John and Elizabeth Byrom, of Kersall, born 13th June, 1724, died 21st April, 1773. Henry Atherton, born July 30th, 1740, died August 17th, 1816. Ann Atherton, wife of Henry Atherton, and daughter of Edward and Eleanora Byrom, born 14 July, 1751, died 9th January 1820."

Edward Byrom did not survive long after the erection of his church. Harrop's *Mercury* of April 27, 1773, has the following obituary notice: "On Wednesday last (21st inst.) died here, in the 49th year of his age, Edward Byrom, Esq., whose many well-known virtues, both in public and private life, make it unnecessary to acquaint our readers how much he was beloved whilst he lived, and is lamented now he is dead."

‡ The Rev. John Clayton, M.A., was the son of a Manchester bookseller, born in Manchester, educated at the Grammar School, and graduated at Brasenose College. Further interesting particulars of this extraordinary man are to be found in the *History of the Foundations in Manchester*, Wesley's *Works*, Byrom *Remains*, Everett's *Methodism in Manchester*, Tyerman's *Oxford Methodists*.—*Manchester City News Notes and Queries*, 1878 (pp. 294-5). In the frontispiece of Mr. Tyerman's book there is a portrait of the "Jacobite Churchman," representing a beautiful face, the outlines of which strongly remind one of the late Bishop of Winchester (Samuel Wilberforce).

"On Saturday last (25th inst.) died, after a sharp and afflicting disorder, which he bore with truly Christian patience and resignation, the Rev. John

An Act of Parliament was passed in the "Eighth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Third," which, among other items, set forth that it was "to enable Edward Byrom Esquire to complete a Building intended for a new Church in the town of Manchester." After setting forth that three pews should be appropriated, two to the Founder, Edward Byrom, and one to the Most Noble Francis Duke of Bridgewater, as the Owner of the Mansion-House called Hulme Hall, then in the occupation of George Lloyd, Esq., it was enacted that all the remaining pews were the property of and vested in the said Edward Byrom. In the Act, in concert with Edward Byrom, appear the names of Robert Livesey, William Allen, Richard Clowes, William Tomkinson, John Markland, and Henry Fielden.

From the dry details of an Act of Parliament, it is a relief to turn to the entries in a quaintly-worded Private Diary, kept by a member of the Byrom family, and now for the first time printed:—

1768, April 28th, Thursday.—Went to the Quay to Cousin Byrom's to see the first stone laid of a church that he is building in the field behind his house, called Camp-field; the church is to be called St. John's Church. There were a great many people there; the gentlemen came into the house to drink a glass of wine to the success of the work. Between three and four o'clock they came to tell us it was ready, and all went to see Mr. Byrom lay the stone, and he laid a brass plate engraven with—"This stone laid by Edward Byrom, Esq., April 28th, 1768"—and then put some money into a box for the workmen; then Aunt Byrom\* gave the stone a knock with the mallet and gave money also, and so did all of us; Aunt Phoebe sent half a guinea because she could not come, being lame. Bells rung, and the canons at the Quay went off, and a very many people gave a shout; our maids came up and had a glass of wine.

November.—We dined by twelve o'clock, and then went to the Quay to the rearing of St. John's Church; a very fine day; there was much company to dinner; the head workmen had dined there about two o'clock. All the men were upon the church, with colours and streamers flying, and bells ringing. They gave two shouts, and then the cannon was fired, and so for four times, music playing. Then the men came down, and the music went before them, walked round the church two by two, and so to the Bull's Head

Clayton, M.A., Senior Fellow of the Collegiate Church in this town, whose uniform and exact attendance upon all religious duties, rendered him an eminent example of Piety; and whose unbounded Generosity and Charity, will make his loss regretted by the town in general, and most sensibly felt by his Friends, and the Poor in particular."—*Harrop's Mercury*, Sept. 28, 1773.

\* Aunt Byrom and Aunt Phoebe were sisters of Dr. John Byrom.



Inn, where there was a very handsome dinner provided for them. Many gentlemen were there and gave money. £43 were collected for the workmen,—a hundred and nine in one room, besides those who were in other rooms and had dined at the Quay. There was a gothic pie for one dish. All were gone home before eight o'clock at night, and everything had been very orderly. Our maid, Betty Fox, went to the Cross to see the men come to the Bull's Head, and she said it was a greater crowd than when the King of Denmark was there.

1769, January 20th.—Cousin Byrom set out to London to apply to Parliament for an Act for St. John's Church to make the seats and vaults freehold. He takes Mr. Hugh Oldham, John Wright, and his man Robert up with him. Mr. Tomkinson and they three were witnesses to the consent of the Fellows at the Old Church that he might have the power, and that they would give him no opposition to what he desired; and he has only reserved two terms of putting in the Rector, and then gives it up to that Body.

January 21st, Saturday.—Went to drink tea at Aunt Byrom's, and Lawyer Clowes was there. Cousin Byrom, before he went to London, offered Cousin John Clowes, the lawyer's son, the Rectory of St. John's; the lawyer had a letter to-day saying that he would be glad to accept it.

February 17th.—Mr. Byrom came from London in 35 hours; got home last night to supper; his Bill had been read three times in the House of Commons; he did not need stay while it passed the House of Lords.

April 28th.—Went to dine at the Quay, to celebrate the day, being the day twelvemonths since the first stone was laid for St. John's Church. We went to look at the eight bells that are come; they are in the warehouse at the Quay.

May 14th, Whit-Sunday.—To the Quay to supper. I saw the painted glass; the man was come to put up the window.

15th.—Went to the Quay to see the east window put up, and was upon the scaffold. The Holy Lamb and the Cherubim's head were at the top of it, and they looked well.

July 7th, Friday.—St. John's Church consecrated this day; we all there; a great deal of company in Cousin Byrom's House, to be ready to go into the church. The Bishop of Chester\* (Keene) and the clergy of the Old Church were in Cousin Byrom's, put on their surplices there, and most of the neighbouring clergy attended. Mr. Byrom unlocked the door, and gave the key to the Bishop, and he went in by himself the first for a little while; then the clergy and Mr. Byrom went in, and Mr. Byrom gave the Bishop the deeds and Act of Parliament belonging to the church, and the Bishop and clergy repeated the 24th Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's," &c.; then the family went into the church, and all the folks that had seats in the church, till all was filled. All the workmen that were employed in the building were

\* Dr. Edmund Keene, formerly Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, was subsequently translated to the see of Ely, in which he continued until his death in 1781.

there, and stood to keep off the crowd; all was in great order and dignity, without hurry and confusion. Mr. Ainscough\* read prayers, Mr. Clayton preached. The Bishop, at the altar, read his part very distinctly; there were a hundred and fifty stayed the Sacrament; and, afterwards, the Bishop and clergy went into the churchyard, where there were a table, and hassocks to kneel upon, and he consecrated the churchyard very solemnly, and all was very handsome and with great order: he went into the church again, and then returned to the house to put off his robes. There was in the house a table set out with all sorts of fruit and wines, pines, melons, grapes, peaches, cherries, currants, gooseberries, and cakes, so that the Bishop and the others might refresh themselves both before and after, as they chose; and in the vestry of the church there were wine and water, &c., if any should be sick, for the day was a very hot one. After the Bishop had rested himself, he was taken to the Bull's Head Inn, where was as handsome a dinner provided as could be, for all the clergy and gentlemen that attended Mr. Byrom, and other tables for the attendants, and one for the workmen.

August 13th, the 11th Sunday after Trinity.—St. John's Church opened. We all went there in the forenoon. The Rector, Mr. John Clowes (Lawyer Clowes's youngest son), preached from the words, "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue," a very fine discourse and manner which pleased very well. Mr. Foxley, the curate, read prayers. A very full congregation.

15th, Tuesday.—All at St. John's to prayers at 10 o'clock. There are to be prayers on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Holidays (Holy Days).

1771, January 7th.—A great many ringers from Ashton, Oldham, &c., who rang St. John's bells for prizes.

April 28th, Sunday.—All at St. John's. Mr. Clowes preached from St. Matthew 5 a Charity Sermon for the institution of a school for 15 boys and 15 girls to be clothed and taught. Forty-one guineas and one shilling collected. This is the day the first stone of the church was laid three years ago.

This graphic description, so quaintly worded, suffices our purpose in describing the foundation and opening of St. John's. Other chroniclers have spent much time in descanting upon its attractions, notably Joseph Aston's *Manchester Guide* for 1804, who tells us that—

\* The diarist spells this "Ainscough." The Rev. Thomas Aynscough, M.A., was one of the Fellows of the Collegiate Church, being a contemporary of Richard Asheton, sen., John Clayton, and Richard Asheton, jun. Owing, in part, to Mr. Aynscough's kind assistance, Joshua Brookes was able to proceed to Brasenose College—an act of kindness Joshua never forgot, entertaining, as he ever did, a great reverence for the memory of his patron.—See article by Mr. Joseph Aston, in the *Manchester Exchange Herald*, 18th November, 1821.

"This handsome modern Gothic church, surrounded by a spacious cemetery," with "a tower steeple containing a musical peal of eight bells, and a clock which faces four-ways," and that "both the inside and outside preserve an uniform Gothic appearance which does very great credit to the taste of the munificent founder;" that "the fine-toned organ, like everything else in this church which is capable of such ornaments, is decorated in the Gothic stile," and that "Mr. Byrom was a zealous Churchman, and much attached to all its ceremonies, which, perhaps, was the reason why he gave a silver mace to be carried before the officiating clergyman, from the vestry to the reading-desk, and from the preaching pew to the pulpit."

Aston then notes the pictures in the vestry, omitting, however, to inform us that the genuine picture by Annibale Caracci of the *Descent from the Cross*, in St. Peter's Church, was first offered to St. John's, but declined, and that afterwards the St. John's people were glad to have a copy, which is in the vestry yet. "The church-yard," he says, "is very extensive, affording a strong lesson of mortality, by being entirely occupied with grave stones;" and he records one fact deserving notice in connection with a church in which nearly every other man or woman you meet has been married, that though the church was opened in 1769, it was not until "February, 1804, that the first couple were married in it, the Mother-Church having from the passing of the Marriage Act in 1754 till that time monopolized the ceremony." To this I may add that the Baptisms begin in the Registers on the 15th August, 1769 (John, son of James and Ann Williamson); the Burials on the 3rd May, 1769 (John, son of John and Mary Hall); and the Marriages on the 6th February, 1804 (James Robinson to Ann Hilton); noting, in passing, that the Registers have been well kept, and are in a very admirable state of preservation.

Judging from the names of the places in the immediate neighbourhood of the church, Edward Byrom was not one whit too precipitate with his church, for I find Samuel Clowes (a descendant of Humphrey Chetham's) announcing "Two closes or parcels of land or ground, called the Purgatory and the Lyon's Den, belonging to Samuel Clowes, Esq., opposite and near to a certain street called the Quay-street."

To pass from the church to its rectors is an easy matter; and as the two first held the living between them for the extraordinary term of one hundred and five years (Rev. John Clowes sixty-two, and Rev. William Huntington forty-three years)—pronounced by

Mr. C. W. Bardsley "a fact, I was almost about to say a feat, unprecedented"—their careers can be disposed of within moderate compass. Naturally, the first claims the largest share of attention, not only on account of the length of his services, but owing to his prominence as a leader, I may almost say *the* leader, in the tenets of Emmanuel Swedenborg in England.

John Clowes: In introducing him I cannot deny myself giving two or three sentences from that marvellous description of De Quincey's of his interview with him as a schoolboy of sixteen, when the rector gave him the last remaining treasure of his classical library: "He was the most spiritual-looking, the most saintly in outward aspect, of all the human beings whom I have known throughout life. He was rather tall, pale, and thin; the most unfleshly, the most sublimated spirit dwelling already more than half in some purer world than a poet could have imagined. Among the pictures in the house were more than one of St. John, the beloved apostle, by Italian masters; and neither the features nor the expression were wide of Mr. Clowes's countenance." \*

John Clowes† was born in Manchester on the 31st October, 1743. His father, Joseph Clowes, was a provincial barrister of some note, but more distinguished for his acquaintance and close associations with John Byrom, and for his strong personal piety, free from all asceticism, than any other qualifications. His mother, whose maiden name was Edwards, was the daughter of the Rector of Llanbedar, in North Wales. She, too, was most "assiduous in bringing up her children in the habit of private devotion, as well as in the regular attendance of public worship;" but she died when her son John was only seven years old. John was in due course grounded in Latin and Greek in the School of

\* One of Joseph Allen's finest portraits—and he painted several notable ones during his residence in Manchester—is that of Mr. Clowes, which is still in the vestry of the church, with the already-mentioned *Descent from the Cross*; a doubtful Carlo Dolci, *The Adoration of the Magi*; and an *Infant Saviour* and *Last Supper*, attributed to one of that large family of painters, Mr. "Old Master."

† "Clowes" is a good old local name, and by its dress proves itself to be of North English origin. It is but another form of "Clough;" "Enough" and "enow" are a parallel illustration, for both directory and dictionary are formed from the same materials.—*Rev. C. W. Bardsley.*

the Rev. John Clayton, in Salford,\* and in 1761 was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Cambridge. It has been stated that previous to his departure, his father's old friend, John Byrom, a member of the same college, called to give him his blessing, and that they never met again. His college career was distinguished by his taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1766, and his subsequent election to a Fellowship. He passed about three years as a tutor, when a serious illness left deep impressions upon his mind, and he resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Church to which he had been ordained some two years before by Dr. Robert Terrick, Bishop of London.†

Before the completion of St. John's, Edward Byrom offered Clowes the incumbency, but it was declined as "quite unequal to his expectations." When the church was completed, it was again tendered and ultimately accepted. It has been stated: "At the ceremony of induction to the living, as soon as the new rector

\* Mr. Theodore Compton says: "After remaining at the Salford Grammar School till he had gained, &c." (p. 3). This is surely a mistake, no such school being in existence. I have searched the Manchester Grammar School Registers, and his name does not appear. His elder brother (Richard's) name likewise does not appear, but he is said to have been educated at the school, although he must have been very young at the time, as he was really educated by the Rev. John Clayton, in Salford. He (Richard) went to Cambridge, was fifteenth wrangler in the year 1759 (Millington Massey, of Dunham, Cheshire, a St. John's graduate, being senior wrangler). Richard became A.M. in 1762, obtained a fellowship in Trinity College, was elected Fellow of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, in May, 1765, but died of a malignant fever on the 29th June following, at the early age of 29.—*Manchester School Register*, Vol. I., pp. 35-6.—Another Richard Clowes is entered in the Manchester School Register. "Richard, son of Thomas Clowes, Esq., by his wife Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Miles Neild, of Manchester, merchant, was baptised at St. Ann's Church, Manchester, 23rd June, 1735, and died in 1804, having been twice married. His brother, the Rev. John Clowes, M.A., was Vicar of Eccles."—Canon Raines's *Lancashire MSS.*, Vol. XIX., p. 96.—He (Richard) was one of the original trustees of St. John's Church, his pew (No. 61) having a plate bearing his name, and the date 1769. In the first *Manchester Directory* (Mrs. Raffald's, 1772) he appears as "Richard Clowes, Esq., Hunt's Bank." In the *Manchester and Salford Directory* for 1797 he is described as "Richard Clowes, Esq., 3, Clowes Court."

† Robert Terrick was a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, Preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and Bishop of Peterborough from 1757 until 1764, when he was translated to the See of London, which he held until his death in 1777.

had locked the church door on the inside, instead of proceeding immediately to toll himself in, he walked to the altar, there threw himself on his knees, and fervently implored the Divine aid to render his future labours blest to the flock committed to his charge. Having risen from his knees, he completed the remainder of the ceremony; and, upon unlocking the door, was congratulated by his friends in waiting upon the length of time he was to be their pastor. Inquiring what they meant, he was informed that he had tolled the bell fifty times, which was a sign that he was to hold the living fifty years. 'Ha!' said he, 'fifty weeks will be more likely, with my present health!' His anticipations were wonderfully falsified, and their test proved unequal to the truth. He remained rector of St. John's nearly sixty-two years.\* The first sermon he preached in St. John's was on the 20th August, 1769.

Until 1773 his attention and studies were much taken up with the writings of William Law, the chief of English mystics, and other mystical writers, including Fénelon, Thomas à Kempis, Dr. Henry More, Bishop Patrick, Bishop Cudworth, and the leading minds of that school. In the spring of this year he was introduced to a gentleman in Liverpool, a Mr. Houghton, who recommended him to read Swedenborg's *Vera Christiana Religio*. The book was ordered from London, but some months elapsed before he read it, and then only by mere accident, while on a visit to his friend the Right Hon. John Smythe, of Heath, in the county of York. Of the extraordinary impressions produced—the almost devouring flame enkindled in Clowes by the perusal of this and other works of Swedenborg—his autobiography abundantly proves. In a conversation with Samuel Dawson,† who like Clowes and his

\* Theodore Compton's *Life and Correspondence of Rev. John Clowes*, p. 11.

† Samuel Dawson was born at Middleton, near Manchester, in 1744, and though in the early part of his life he was brought up to the Church of England, he became at the same time deeply impressed with the writings of William Law, especially the latter's *Spirit of Prayer*. Dawson found much delight in this work, "but his delight was still further excited when he was told by an acquaintance that a church was about to be erected in Manchester by Dr. Byrom, a zealous promoter of the theological principles of Law, and was designed for a pious young man then at the University, by whom it was expected that all which was excellent in those doctrines would be enforced from the pulpit. In due time he had the satisfaction to find that his friend's observation was fulfilled, when the Rev. J. Clowes was presented to the

patron, Byrom, was an admirer of William Law and the mystical writers, and who, on Clowes's presentation to St. John's, became a regular attendant, Dawson asks, "Is it possible, then, for our Heavenly Father to communicate a more perfect knowledge of the Divine Economy than that made by His Holy Spirit to such men as Law?" "I will endeavour to explain myself," said Clowes, "by a familiar comparison. Suppose a traveller has lost his way in the night time, and finds himself in much embarrassment to pursue his journey homeward on account of the darkness with which he is surrounded. In the midst of his perplexity the clouds begin to disperse, and the stars make their appearance; and this circumstance gives him some faint hope of being enabled finally to reach his home. After some time, however, he is cheered by the light of the moon, and he now travels with still more confidence of reaching the place of his destination. With alacrity in his steps, and home in his eye, he pursues his journey with gratitude and delight. But how are all these pleasing sensations enhanced when he beholds the sun majestically rising; whilst the moon and the stars, by which his hope had been cherished, in their turn disappear? Such was exactly the case as to what had been vouchsafed of God in His mercy, and would shortly be displayed to His creatures in the Christian world." "And may I ask," said Dawson, "who is so highly favoured an instrument in the hands of the Lord?" He then first heard from Clowes the name of Swedenborg. The Writings had not then been published in English. "When they are," thought Dawson, "I will part with the stars and moon, to be cheered with the light of the sun."\*

rectory of St. John's." Dawson, who was originally a small farmer, ultimately went to Bolton, where for thirty years he was the recognized leader of Swedenborgianism, and where he died in 1823. He was interred in Prestwich Parish Churchyard, his gravestone having the following inscription:—

To the Memory of Samuel Dawson, of Bolton-le-Moors.

He was an humble, good, and faithful Servant of his Lord and Master; worshipping Jesus Christ, as the

Only God of Heaven and Earth, and diligently

Making known to his Fellow Christians the

Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem.

He died March 11, 1823. Aged 79 years.

(See *The Intellectual Repository*, 1823, pp. 474-9.)

\* Theodore Compton's *Life and Correspondence of Rev. John Clowes*, pp. 22-3.

Clowes now began to preach the doctrines of Swedenborg from the pulpit of St. John's, which soon attracted a large accession to his congregation. Not satisfied with this limited arena, he undertook to bring the Latin writings of his hero within the reach of the English public by a translation which he accomplished, notwithstanding his clerical occupation, in less than two years. Doubts were raised in his mind at this juncture how he "could conscientiously remain a beneficed clergyman of an establishment with whose avowed tenets the new doctrines were apparently at variance." He consulted his friend Hartley,\* who "warmly urged upon him the duty of remaining in the line of occupation which Providence had marked for him." As the popularity of his teachings increased, especially with the poor, he threw open the doors of his own house two evenings in every week, and gave extempore lectures on some theological subject. He says that "what was at first a duty, presently became a delight, and some of the happiest hours of my life were passed on these occasions."

A serious opposition upon the part of his clerical brethren

\* "Another convert was the Rev. Thomas Hartley, Rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire, a man of devout and catholic spirit. His first public service was the translation of *De Commercio Animæ et Corporis*, which he issued in 1770 under the title of *A Theosophic Lucubration on the Nature of Influx as it respects the Communication and Operation of Soul and Body*. Hartley wrote to Swedenborg desiring some particulars of his life and family to serve for his defence against possible calumnies when he had left England. He supplied the desired information in a letter. We need only note that in answer to Hartley's offer of money, should he require any, he observes: 'As to this world's wealth, I have what is sufficient, and more I neither seek nor wish for.'"—White's (William) *Emanuel Swedenborg: His Life and Writings*. 1867. Vol. II., pp. 480-1.—Hartley died in 1784, aged 77—"A man," (says Samuel Scott in his Diary) "of unaffected piety, great sincerity, and exquisite sensibility. He lived some years in Hartford, and left a sweet savour behind him, both among the rich and poor."—"Hartley was the means of introducing Swedenborg's writings to Richard Houghton, a gentleman of fortune resident in Liverpool, a lover of theology, pious, and a friend of saints. John Wesley was habitually his guest when in Liverpool. Wesley was naturally impressed with Swedenborg's death, according to prediction, and when in Liverpool, in April, 1772, said to Houghton in his profuse and enthusiastic way: 'We may now burn all our books of theology. God has sent us a teacher from Heaven, and in the Doctrines of Swedenborg we may learn all that is necessary for us to know.'"—White's (William) *Emanuel Swedenborg: His Life and Writings*. 1867. Vol II., pp. 592-3.



soon manifested itself; meetings were held, pamphlets\* were published, and his opponents finally made a direct appeal to the bishop of the diocese—the celebrated Dr. Beilby Porteous.† He was accused of denying the Trinity and the Atonement, of propagating new and fallacious doctrines, and holding private meetings in his house for disseminating these doctrines. He was cited before his bishop at Chester, to whom he gave satisfactory answers upon all the points at issue, the good Porteous, however, dismissing him with a caution “to be prudent and circumspect in his conduct, as it was evident he had enemies on the watch to find any cause of complaint.” But the opposition ceased, and one of the most bitter of his persecutors—no less a person than one of his own curates—had the sting taken out of him by the kind forbearance of his rector, to whom he was indebted for the loan of a hundred pounds. One day, soon after the interview with Dr. Porteous, Clowes sent for the curate, and producing his note of hand for the hundred pounds, declared that he was determined the affair should be settled that day. The curate became alarmed, and began to make excuses; but the rector with

\* Harrop's *Mercury* of this period contains numerous announcements of pamphlets anent the Swedenborgian controversy. Here is one on May 27, 1783, unique in the way in which it winds up: “This day is Published—Price Sixpence. *A Vindication of ‘A Letter of Exhortation and Admonition to all who receive the Testimony of Emanuel Swedenborg;’* From the brief remarks of one who stiles himself ‘A member of the Church of Jesus Christ.’ By a Plain Church of England Man. London: Printed for the Author; and sold by S. Falkner, Bookseller, Manchester. Who wants an Apprentice. A Premium expected.”

† Beilby Porteous, the Chaplain and Executor of Archbishop Secker, was a Yorkshireman, having been born at York on 8th May, 1731, his father and mother were Virginians. He was successively a Prebendary of Peterborough, Rector of Lambeth, Bishop of Chester from 1776 to 1787, when, on the recommendation of William Pitt, he was translated to London, which See he held until his death 13 May, 1809. There is no doubt, in a sense, Beilby Porteous would sympathise with Mr. Clowes, for the following passage occurs in his works: “At the close of the year 1772, and the beginning of the next, an attempt was made by myself and a few other clergymen, among whom were Mr. Francis Wollaston, Dr. Percy, now Bishop of Dromore, and Dr. Yorke, now Bishop of Ely, to induce the Bishops to promote a review of the Liturgy and Articles, in order to amend in both, but particularly in the latter, those parts which all reasonable persons agreed stood in need of amendment.”—See *Life and Works of Bishop Porteous* (1811), Vol. I., pp. 38-9.

a determined manner produced the note, showed him the signature, and immediately tore it in pieces. "Now," said he, as he threw the pieces in the fire, "our affairs are settled."\*

On the 26th December, 1783, Colonel Richard Townley, of Belfield, in a communication addressed to Harrop's *Mercury*, published a letter he had received from Robert Raikes, dated "Gloucester, November 25, 1783." In this letter Colonel Townley strongly advocated the establishment of Sunday schools in Manchester, which appeal was responded to in a very marked manner by the ministers of all denominations in the town. Of the original Committee for this purpose Mr. Clowes was a most active member; and he preached one of the first sermons delivered in Manchester on behalf of Sunday schools, in St. John's Church, on the 9th October, 1785.† In this work much assistance

\* Theodore Compton's *Life and Correspondence*, p. 34.

† Without wishing to re-open the question of the origin of Sunday Schools, which has been amply discussed in the *Manchester City News Notes and Queries* (Vol. I., pp. 228-54-5-6-8-68-9-70-7-84-303-4), it may be remarked that this institution was, as far as the British dominions were concerned, really inaugurated in the Isle of Man, by Bishop Wilson, in 1703. In *The Works of the Right Rev. Father in God Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man*, by C. Crutwell, 2 vols., Bath, MDCCCLXXXI., pp. 27-9, we find at a Convocation of the Clergy at Bishop's Court, held on the 3rd February, 1703, it was among other matters ordered: "And whereas some of the poorer sort may have just cause, and their necessities require it, to keep their children at home for several weeks in the summer and harvest; such persons shall not be liable to the penalties aforesaid, provided they do (and are hereby strictly required to) send such children, during such absence from school, every third Sunday to the parish church, at least one hour before evening service, there to be taught by the schoolmaster, to prevent losing their learning; and if any schoolmaster shall neglect his duty, and complaint be made and proved, he shall be discharged, and another placed in his stead, at the discretion of the ordinary, and every Rector, Vicar, or Curate, shall, the first week of every quarter, visit the petty school, and take an account in a book of the improvement of every child, to be produced as often as the ordinary shall call for it." This Ecclesiastical Constitution was signed by "Thomas, Sodor and Man, and all the Members of Convocation assembled," and met with the approval of the "Court of Tynwald, holden at St. John's Chapel," and afterwards confirmed by Lord Derby. The author adds: "These Constitutions, planned and framed by his lordship, will afford and exhibit to the world a specimen of that primitive discipline which existed in this diocese during his Lordship's Episcopate, and long after; superseding, virtually, the Preface to the Communion Office." Lord Chancellor King was so much pleased with these

was rendered by Richard Keymer, George Walker, of Hullard Hall, Cornbrook, and Edward Place—all of whom were staunch supporters of St. John's, and took a prominent and active interest in the Sunday-school movement.

He now prosecuted the spread of the new doctrines with extraordinary assiduity, missioning not only the country districts round Manchester, but extending his operations to London, Bath, Bristol, Stroud, Birmingham, Liverpool, Hull, and other places; and he tells us: "It was my happiness to make repeated annual visits to these societies, both in their infancy and when they had attained a state of maturer growth." He had now commenced his great work of translating the *Arcana Celestia*, the Latin original of which fills eight thick quarto volumes, and which he went steadily on with down to its completion, a labour of some eighteen years.\*

In 1787 a few ardent supporters, in London, of the new doctrine resolved to form a distinct body, "as an external Church, in agreement with the internal Church," which proposition, however, met with a kindly but decided remonstrance from

Constitutions that he said: "If the antient discipline of the Church were lost, it might be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man." As a curious pendant to these Constitutions, the following entry immediately follows in Bishop Wilson's Diary: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Thursday, Feb. 10, 1703.—Blessed be the good providence of God, which secures and delivers us from dangers, which no care can prevent, no skill, but the hand of God only, can perform. The cook-maid having left a pin in the breast of a fowl, I swallowed it unawares; but by the help of a vomit, and God's great goodness to me, I got it up again; for whose goodness I desire to be ever thankful; and beseech Him that I never forget the many peculiar favours I have received at His hands. Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath delivered."

\* A mere enumeration of Mr. Clowes's publications would form a small pamphlet. The catalogue of the Manchester Free Reference Library contains the names of about 100 of his productions, and there are doubtless many of his MSS. still unpublished, notably the Sermon on Sunday-schools already mentioned. Mr. Clowes was a thorough supporter of the Press. "The Printing Society, which was established by Mr. Clowes in Manchester about the year 1782, for the express purpose of printing and publishing the theological writings of Swedenborg and other writings which inculcate the true Christian life and doctrine, had circulated up to the year 1818 more than two hundred and sixty thousand of their Tracts and Books."—See *A Memoir of the Rev. John Clowes* (1849), p. 31.

Clowes. This had no effect, as a New Jerusalem Church was opened in London, followed by similar organisations in different parts of the country. At Manchester, though the new Church doctrines were openly preached by the Rector of St. John's, a separate congregation was formed, and Mr. Clowes's curate\* was engaged as its minister. His conduct, however, soon necessitated his discharge, when he, with a few of his friends, set up another congregation, and built a chapel. Here he remained until his death in 1816. At his own request on his tombstone was inscribed: "All feared, none loved, few understood."

In 1815, Leech's *New Manchester Guide*, in speaking of St. John's, says: "This church is very well attended; and its congregation is composed of persons of the first respectability in the town and neighbourhood; but although the ritual of the Church of England is regularly used in it, yet the hearers are mostly favourers of the doctrines taught by the Honourable Emmanuel Swedenborg, in defence of whose opinions the minister has wrote and published numerous works." Not to lengthen the remarks on this point, it may be finally said that the enunciation of the doctrines of the "New Church" formed the chief end of John Clowes's ministerial career at St. John's, and even now, among the leading supporters of those doctrines in Manchester, we find some whose ancestors were wont to worship in St. John's.

In 1819 Mr. Clowes completed the fiftieth year of his ministry, which event was celebrated by the placing of a very beautiful marble tablet with basso relievo sculpture by Flaxman, and the presentation of his portrait, painted by Joseph Allen (already

\* "The New Jerusalem Church was opened on the 11th of August, 1793, by the Rev. William Cowherd, and the Rev. Joseph Proud."—Aston's *Manchester Guide*, 1804. Mr. Bardsley tells us, in his *Memorials of St. Ann's Church*, that "many of Mr. Clowes's congregation from St. John's worshipped here." In Leech's *New Manchester Guide* (1815) it is stated that "Christ Church, Salford, was built for the use of the officiating minister, the Rev. William Cowherd, formerly a minister of the Establishment, and afterwards of the New Jerusalem Church, in Peter-street, but now a professor of doctrines peculiar to himself." This church of the "Bible Christians" (the term "Cowherdites" is now a vestige of the past) was opened 28th September, 1800.

mentioned). The sculpture by Flaxman ("who," Mr. Compton says, "was himself a devout admirer of the new doctrines and of their translator and expositor") is at the north-east end of the church, and represents Mr. Clowes instructing some children, with their parents and grandsires, thus typifying the three generations ministered to by the rector of St. John's. An angel, bearing an olive branch, is behind the rector. The tablet has the following inscription :—

To Commemorate  
 The Fiftieth Year of the Ministry of  
 The Reverend John Clowes, M.A.,  
 The First and the Present Rector  
 Of this Church ;  
 And to testify their  
 Affectionate Esteem and Veneration  
 For the Piety, Learning, and Benevolence  
 Of their Amiable Pastor ;  
 With feelings of devout gratitude to Almighty God,  
 Who hath hitherto preserved,  
 And with their united prayers,  
 That his good Providence will long continue  
 To preserve amongst them  
 So eminent and engaging an example  
 Of Christian meekness, purity, and love,  
 The congregation of St. John's Church, Manchester,  
 Erect this Tablet.  
 MDCCCXIX.\*

Another tablet, sculptured by Westmacott, was placed at the south-east end of the church soon after his death, on which the inscription is as follows :—

Sacred to the Memory of  
 The Reverend John Clowes, M.A.,  
 Rector of the Parish Church of St. John's,  
 (His first and only Cure of Souls,)  
 During the Extraordinary term  
 Of Sixty-Two Years.  
 He was born 31st Oct. 1743 and died 29 May 1831.  
 He was a Saint  
 In whom the work of righteousness was expressed  
 "By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness,  
 By the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned."

\* Flaxman's production is certainly one of the finest mural monuments in any cathedral or church in England.

As a learned scholar, a finished gentleman, a luminous writer,  
 An impressive preacher, a vigilant pastor, a spiritual moralist,  
 And a practical, Christian divine,  
 He gave real evidence that "Goodness hath the promise of  
 The life that now is, and of that which is to come."  
 He passed through this earth with joy and thanksgiving,  
 Experiencing, to his great blessedness, even to the end,  
 That "The path of the just is shining light, which  
 Shineth more and more unto the perfect day."  
 The above monument was erected  
 At the Expense of his parishioners and friends  
 To testify their love of the man, and to record in this church  
 The faithfulness of his Ministry.

He attained his eightieth year before he relinquished active duties, when he retired to Leamington, and subsequently to Warwick, where he sank to his rest, in his eighty-eighth year, on the 29th May, 1831.

Of his successor, the Rev. William Huntington, my notice must be necessarily brief. During the last five years of Mr. Clowes's life he acted as curate-in-charge. He was born in Hull in 1796, and educated at Beverley Grammar School, afterwards proceeding to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had the good fortune of securing Dr. Whewell as his tutor, and the Rev. Charles Simeon (the then great spirit of the Evangelicals in the Church) as his spiritual guide. In 1821 he left the University to act as travelling tutor to the late Lord Dundas. In 1822 he was ordained at Salisbury, and in 1826, on the death of Mr. Finlow, became curate of St. John's. The vacant rectorship caused by the death of Mr. Clowes in 1831 was filled up by the appointment of Mr. Huntington, on the nomination of Mrs. Byrom, the lady patroness of the church. Mr. Huntington continued rector of St. John's until his death, on the 13th May, 1874, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Beyond the boundary of his parish Mr. Huntington was but little known. The only really great movement in which he took an active part was that of the Ten Hours Bill, which was successfully carried in 1847. In July, 1849, a large meeting of factory operatives was held in the Free Trade Hall, owing "to a disposition on the part of some of the masters to evade the provisions of the Act." Over this meeting Mr. Huntington presided, and made, for him, a very spirited speech, the effect of the movement

being that the provisions of the Bill were in future maintained in their integrity. Perhaps the most notable passage in Mr. Huntington's life—the only one probably which will be handed down to posterity—was an encounter he had with Mr. Cobden in 1841, at which period the great free-trader attended St. John's,\* being a parishioner residing at the house afterwards Owens College, now the County Court. A movement was originated to build ten new churches in Manchester and Salford under the name of the "Ten Churches Association." Mr. Huntington, being on the Committee, applied to Mr. Cobden for assistance, and the following reply was the result:—

21, Quay-street, 13th February, 1841.

My dear Sir,—I have to apologize for not having more promptly replied to your favour of the 10th, which contained a copy of the "Appeal" in behalf of the plan for building ten churches. It will be always very gratifying to me to second your charitable efforts to relieve the distresses of our poor neighbours; and if I do not co-operate in the plan for benefiting the destitute population on a larger scale by erecting ten new churches, it is only because, in the words of the "Appeal," I "differ about the measures to be adopted." You, who visit the abodes of poverty, are aware that a great portion of the working population of Manchester are suffering from an insufficiency of wholesome nourishment. The first and most pressing claim of the poor is for food; all other wants are secondary to this. It is in vain to try and elevate the moral and religious character of a people whose physical condition is degraded by the privation of the first necessities of life; and hence we are taught to pray for "our daily bread" before spiritual graces. There is a legislative enactment which prevents the poor of this town from obtaining a sufficiency of wholesome food, and I am sure the law only requires to be understood by our clergy to receive their unanimous condemnation. The Corn Law intercepts the bounty of Heaven, "withholds corn" from the people, and deprives the needy of that bread which is "his life." Surely a law of this kind, opposed alike to the laws of Nature, the obvious dispensations of Divine Providence, and the revealed Word of God, must be denounced by the ministers of the Gospel. So convinced am I that there is no other mode of raising the condition of the working classes in the scale of morality or religion, whilst they are denied by Act of Parliament a sufficiency of food, that I have set apart as much of my income as I can spare from other claims for the purpose of effecting the Abolition of the Corn Law and Provision Law. Until this object be attained, I shall be compelled to deny myself the

\* It is related that upon one occasion, a young curate, with very decided "Church and State" proclivities, ascended the pulpit and pompously announced his text, "God save the King," whereupon Mr. Cobden took up his hat, and walked out of the church.

satisfaction of contributing to other public undertakings of great importance in themselves, and secondary only to the first of all duties—the *feeding of the hungry*. It is for this reason that I am reluctantly obliged to decline to contribute to the fund for building ten new churches. My course is, I submit, in strict harmony with the example afforded us by the Divine Author of Christianity, who preached upon the mountain and in the desert, beneath no other roof than the canopy of Heaven, and who yet, we are told, was careful to *feed* the multitude that flocked around Him. You will, I am sure, excuse me troubling you at such length upon a subject which I conscientiously believe to be the most important in relation to the poor of any that can engage your attention.—I remain, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

Rev. W. Huntington.

RICHARD COBDEN.

Of the “thousand and one” lay associations connected with St. John’s Church the limits of this paper admit but the scantiest records.

Pew 18 had the inscription “T. B. Bayley, 1769.” This was the well-known Thomas Butterworth Bayley, of Hope, the Bayleys with whom Lord Clive spent seven years of his life (from his third until his tenth year), during which time he went to school at Stand, and doubtless attended the services at Cross-street chapel with his aunt—the wife of Daniel Bayley—daughter of Nathaniel Gaskell, the friend of Henry Newcome.\* T. B. Bayley was High Sheriff of Lancashire in 1768, and an active magistrate for thirty-five years, during which period the “New Bayley” prison was erected, and named after him in recognition of his services. He was chairman of the quarter sessions, one of the earliest members of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Manchester Volunteers. He died at Buxton, on the 24th June, 1802, in his fifty-eighth year. His son (the eldest of seventeen children), Sir Daniel Bayley, Knight, was Consul-General at St. Petersburg, and Hanoverian Consul-General. Another son, Dr. Henry V. Bayley, was Archdeacon of Stowe, and was married to one of the daughters of James Touchet, of King-street, and Broom House—a very old family whose members formed a part of the congregation of Cross-street chapel for well nigh one hundred and fifty years.

Another pew had the inscription “Nathl. Philips, 1769.” This was an ancestor of Mark Philips, M.P. for Manchester, and Robert N. Philips, the present M.P. for Bury. In the *Manchester*

\* See *Newcome’s Diary*, pp. 42-3.



*Directory* for 1772, he appears as a resident in Quay-street and smallware manufacturer of St. Mary's Churchyard.\*

The pew No. 46 bore on the plate, "John Bradshaw, 1769." This Bradshaw figures in Mrs. Raffald's *Directory* for 1772 as "John Bradshaw, Esq., Shudehill." The *Mercury* of the 11th March, 1777, has the following obituary notice: "On Tuesday morning last (4th inst.) died here John Bradshaw, Esq., a gentleman who had been in the commission of the peace about forty years, the duties of which he always executed with attention and impartiality." His son, John Bradshaw,† of 18, St. John-street, afterwards of Weaste, near Eccles, was partner in the well-known firm of Hibbert, Wanklyn, and Bradshaw, "Fustian Manufacturers, 7, Artillery-street" (see *Directory* for 1800), which in later years was known as Bradshaw, Wanklyn, and Co.

The next pew (No. 45) had the inscription, "James Hibbert, 1819," the founder of the firm already named. Mr. Hibbert was one of that fine race of old Manchester merchants whose untiring energy and close application to business have contributed so largely to the prosperity of the city. He was educated at the Grammar School, being entered in the register "13th January, 1774. James, son of Jonathan Hibbert, tradesman, Manchester, Lanc." He seems to have started business early in life, as we find him in the *Directory* of 1788, as "Fustian Manufacturer,

\* "On Tuesday last (28th May) died Mrs. Philips, wife of Mr. Nathaniel Philips, sen., in Quay-street. And on Sunday (2nd inst.) died Mr. Nathaniel Philips, sen., in Quay-street."—Harrop's *Mercury*, 4th June, 1776.

"On Tuesday last (4th June) died Mr. Nathaniel Philips, son of the late Mr. Nathaniel Philips."—*Ibid*, 11th June, 1776.

The deaths of three prominent members of this well-known family, all in seven days, form a notable record. There is something bewildering in the *Manchester School Registers'* accounts of these Philipses. The name is spelt "Phillips." Nathaniel is represented to have died in 1766; whereas contemporary records prove that both Nathaniel, sen., and Nathaniel, jun., died in 1776.—See *School Registers*, Vol. I., pp. 17-211-23.

† "The death is recorded of Mr. John Bradshaw, J.P., of Knowle, at Boulogne. The deceased, who was in his seventy-fifth year, was one of the oldest magistrates sitting on the Guildford bench. In 1865 Mr. Bradshaw served the office of high sheriff for the county of Surrey. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Bradshaw, of Weaste, county of Lancaster."—*Manchester Guardian*, September, 1878.—Mr. Bradshaw was, in addition, a magistrate in the Leyland Hundred of the County Palatine of Lancaster.

St. John-street," from whence he removed to the premises (still in existence), No. 7, Artillery-street, retaining the house (No. 13) in St. John-street until 1817, when he removed to a residence on the site now occupied by St. Philip's Church, Salford, and soon after the death of Mr. William Jones, of "Jones, Loyd's," the bankers (in 1821), he became his successor as occupant of Broughton New Hall, where he died in 1828.

At the east end of the south gallery of the church is a very beautiful mural monument, with a figure of Hope sculptured by Richard Westmacott, with the following inscription: "Blessed is he whose hope is in the Lord!" Sacred to the memory of James Hibbert, Esq., who died 1st May, 1828, aged 61 years, and is buried in the vault of this church.

No. 64 bore another well-known name, "John Thyer, 1769," who appears in the first directory as "John Thyer, Apothecary, 47, Deansgate;" in 1788, "Thyer and Foxley," the latter doubtless a relation to the first curate of St. John's (Rev. John Foxley, M.A.), who died May 22nd, 1787, at the early age of thirty-eight years. John Thyer (whose ancestor, Robert Thyer, had practised as a surgeon in Manchester in the early part of the seventeenth century) was the son of a silk weaver, and was educated at the Grammar School with his more distinguished brother, Robert, the well-known librarian of Chetham's College (from 1732 until 1763), friend of John Byrom, editor of Butler's *Remains*, annotator (with Dr. Warburton and Dr. Thomas Newton, in 1749) of Milton's *Paradise Lost*—"a man of great learning and as great humanity," who died in Manchester in 1781, and was buried with his ancestors behind the altar in the choir of the Collegiate Church. John Thyer practised as a doctor for many years in the neighbourhood of St. John's, though in later years he resided in Hulme. He was a warm supporter of the Grammar School Festivals from their inauguration in 1781 until 1794, upon which last occasion he acted as steward with Mr. John Sedgwick, a well-known silk manufacturer in Back Square.

The pew No. 49 bore the inscription, "Thomas Fleming, 1829," another active and well-known citizen of Manchester, where he was born, in the house erected by his father, Augustin Fleming (an orchill manufacturer), No. 72, Water-street (and where he resided until 1820), on the 26th September, 1767. He was

educated at the Grammar School under the mastership of Mr. Lawson, and subsequently in Salford at the school of the celebrated Dr. Henry Clarke. He was first engaged in business in Leeds; but ultimately took up his father's business, which was then carried on near the site of the present Albert Bridge. Apart from his business avocations, which he pursued with considerable energy, he brought to bear his comprehensive intellect and untiring application in promoting some of the earliest improvements in his native town. He was one of the leading Commissioners of Police and Surveyors of Highways; and the great improvements in Market-street and its branches (under the Act of 1820) were mainly originated and carried out by the indomitable zeal and perseverance of Thomas Fleming. To the same we owe the erection of Blackfriars Bridge in 1819, the securing and administration of the gas profits for public purposes, numerous alterations and extensions of public thoroughfares, and an incessant interest in the bridges, canals, and turnpike trusts of Manchester and its neighbourhood. He was, in addition, one of the founders of the Botanic Gardens and Natural History Society; and took a strong interest in promoting the welfare of the institutions for the blind, deaf, and dumb. With all his activity and engrossing pursuits, he never failed to enjoy his evenings in "the cheerful society of a few select friends." Dr. Johnson would not have characterized him, as he styled Sir John Hawkins, an unclubbable man. He supported on principle the class of clubs of which our great moralist was so fond. The "Sociable" he presided over; and for very many years was a regular attendant at the meetings of the club which still exists—almost the only link which connects without break the social habits of old and modern Manchester—under the name of "John Shaw's."\* After a long and distinguished life of activity, this fine old benefactor of his town and townsmen sank to his rest on the 26th June, 1848, aged eighty years. He died at his residence, Broughton View, Pendleton, and was interred in the vaults of the Blind Asylum Chapel, Old Trafford, in which there is a marble tablet to his memory. Near to the south window terminating the chancel aisle of the Manchester Cathedral is a fine marble statue (somewhat above life-

\* Mr. James Crossley.—See *Manchester School Register*, Vol. II., pp. 254-8.

size) from the chisel of E. H. Baily, R.A., representing Thomas Fleming attired in the costume of every-day life. On the pedestal is the following inscription :—

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Fleming, Esq., born at Manchester, September 26, 1767 ; died at Broughton View, Pendleton, June 26, 1848, aged 80 years. During a long life, ever remembering that man is not made for himself alone, he devoted an extraordinary degree of mental and bodily energy to the improvement of his native town, in which those who survey its valued institutions, and spacious streets, will find few which do not bear tokens of his disinterested, successful, and long continued services. Amongst the benefactors of Manchester, his ardent zeal, enlightened public spirit, and determined perseverance, evidenced by the labours of half a century, and particularly by the measure which secured a princely revenue to the town—the appropriation of gas profits to public purposes—entitle his name to be permanently recorded ; and amongst the examples which it has produced of a consistent and conscientious discharge of all public and private duties of sincere and unobtrusive piety, and of a devoted attachment to the Church of England, the one which he has afforded will not soon be forgotten.

Among others to whom we can only briefly advert were, Edward Markland, son of John Markland, of 35, Deansgate, constable of Manchester in 1749, and boroughreeve in 1759. His elder brother (John) succeeded to the family estates of the Entwises of Foxholes, and assumed by sign manual the name of Entwisle in 1787, under the will of Robert Entwisle, his grandfather having married the daughter of John Entwisle of Foxholes, treasurer of the Middle Temple and Recorder of Liverpool.\* William Fox, a feoffee of Chetham's College and the Grammar School, and boroughreeve in 1805. John Hardman, who resided in a good house in Deansgate, next to Miss Joddrell's, was boroughreeve in 1764, whose son bought the house in Quay-street (late Owens College, built by Allen the banker), and after whom Hardman-street took its name. Thomas Tipping, a considerable yarn merchant, who gave the name to Tipping's Court. William Allen, the partner with Edward Byrom, Roger Sedgwick, and Edward Place, in the first banking-house established in Manchester, situated in Bank-street, on the site now occupied by the premises of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. His son, Joseph, a Grammar School boy, became a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, tutor to Lord Althorpe, vicar of Battersea, prebendary of St. Paul's,

\* Canon Raines.

bishop of Bristol, and died bishop of Ely in 1845. Robert Livesey, the father of Allen's second wife, and boroughreeve in 1751. Edward Place, an active promoter of the first Sunday-school movement in Manchester, and boroughreeve in 1790. John Owen, a well-known attorney, whose father was chaplain of the Collegiate Church, and built St. Michael's Church, and whose wife was a descendant of "Ferdinando, son and heir of Henry Stanley, of Broughton, near Manchester, natural son of Henry Stanley, Earl of Derby, by Jane Halsall.\* Thomas Richardson, an eminent fustian manufacturer, who was boroughreeve in 1795, but more distinguished in the active part he took in the agitations for the repeal of the fustian tax in 1785, and the abolition of African slavery in 1787.

Within the limits of this paper (already extended beyond ordinary dimensions) it is impossible to furnish even a bare outline of the many well-known characters who have been from time to time identified with St. John's Church. The same may be said of the registers, which record the baptisms, marriages, or deaths of many whose names have been prominent in the history of Manchester. One of the entries (written in the clear penmanship of Mr. Clowes) records the death of the founder of a family, whose name is of world-wide reputation, Robert Peel, otherwise "Parsley Peel," the grandfather of the great statesman :†

"Buryed,  
1795,  
September 18. Robert Peel, Gentleman. 72 years.  
Old Age. Vaults.

John Clowes."

Leaving Church, near Blackburn, Robert Peel resided for a time in Staffordshire, from whence he removed to Ardwick Green, where he died, his wife following him in some six months after, being interred in the same vault. Considering that this Robert was *the* founder of the Peel family, it seems strange no tablet, nor any other record, is to be found in St. John's Church beyond the scanty entry in the parish register.

\* *History of Manchester Foundations*, Vol. II., p. 348.

† "DIED.—Sunday (13th inst.), in an advanced age, Robert Peel, Esq., of Ardwick, near this town, greatly esteemed by a numerous acquaintance."—*Harrop's Mercury*, September 15th, 1795.

In the churchyard there are innumerable records of notable characters which would well nigh fill a volume. In the north-west angle is the grave of Mr. Stewart, the father of the Rev. J. Stewart, of Hale, near Liverpool, who gave the name to Stewart-street, Deansgate. Hereabouts is that of Isaac Perrins, of the Manchester Fire Brigade, and a noted pugilist of his day. In the same quarter lies Martin Marshall, who came a poor boy, in clogs, to Manchester, commenced with a small bakehouse in a cellar opposite the Swan Inn, eventually rising to be the largest corn dealer in the town. He resided in the house lately occupied by Mr. Fox, corn dealer, and his warehouse was next door, premises lately occupied by Mr. Patchett, currier. Marshall's windows were destroyed, in 1798, by a mob. George Burchell, the first conductor of the Manchester subscription concerts (who died 18th March, 1788), is buried in the same grave. Dr. Brigham, too, lies here; he was a relative of the Mrs. Brigham, who was shot by her son-in-law at Lymm. Another stone indicates the resting place of Thomas Ashworth, the proprietor of the Bull's Head, who was shot at Peterloo. On the south side of the churchyard are the graves of the unfortunate Lavinia Robinson (the "Manchester Ophelia") and John Owens, the founder of the College bearing his name. The next grave to Dr. Brigham's is that of John Grimshaw's, a famous organist of St. John's during its most fashionable days. Close at hand is the grave of the quack doctor, John Lignum, whose real name was Wood, but he latinized it on coming to the classic shades of Manchester. Entering the east end of the churchyard, is the grave of Dolly Rexford, and in another quarter we have Thomas Raspe, a Frenchman, "who," as my informant\* says, "was clever enough to keep a wife and a concubine in the same house."

Apart from the tablets in the church (which have been thoroughly cleaned and restored during the recent alterations), already described, there are others of much interest which can be only briefly enumerated. They consist of one to Eleanora Byrom (daughter of Edward Byrom); to Alexander Kay, the first Alderman of St. John's Ward, and fourth Mayor of Manchester (1843-5), who negotiated for and completed the purchase of the manorial rights on behalf of the Corporation; John Owens, the founder of

\* Mr. John Owen.

the now distinguished North of England College; Nathaniel Shelmerdine, the intimate friend of John Clowes, and boroughreeve of Salford in 1821; Thomas Bazley (an old parishioner of St. John's), father of our highly respected member, Sir Thomas Bazley, who in the present Parliament is "Father" of the House of Commons; Mrs. Huntington, the first wife of the second rector; John Marshall, one of the earliest residents in the Polygon, Ardwick; Hannah Marshall; and Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson. One other memorial in the church brings us down to an event within our own time and generation. Underneath the south gallery is a mural monument, composed of Caen stone, divided into three compartments, bearing this inscription:—

In Memory of William Marsden, who presided  
Over the Committee which obtained for  
Manchester, in 1843, the Saturday Half Holiday.  
He died May, 1848, aged 27 years.

In affectionate remembrance of his private worth,  
And in commemoration of the cause in which  
He felt so deep an interest, this monument is raised by the contributions of  
those who have been benefitted by his efforts. "Cast thy Bread upon the  
Waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

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NOTE.—In the compilation of this paper, the writer begs to tender his special thanks to the rector of St. John's, the Rev. John Henn, B.A., for access to the registers, and other valuable information; to Mr. Richard Hanby, governor of Chetham's College, an old parishioner; and to Mr. Theodore Compton, of Weston-super-Mare, the editor of the *Life and Correspondence of the Rev. John Clowes*.





## THE WASTE OF INTELLECT AS EXHIBITED BY THE JEWS.\*

BY HENRY FRANKS.

[Read Monday, March 31, 1879.]

“LET us have a Jewish night; we’ve not had one for a long while. Let us take the discussion on Jewish ground. I suppose we’ve no prejudices here; we’re all philosophers; and we like our friends Mordecai, Pash, and Gideon as well as if they were no more kin to Abraham than the rest of us. We’re all related to Adam, until further showing to the contrary; and if we look into history, we’ve all got some discreditable forefathers. So I mean no offence when I say I don’t think any great things of the part the Jewish people have played in the world.”

These words are spoken by Miller, the genial second-hand bookseller who knew the insides of books, at that Philosopher’s Club which met at the Hand and Banner public-house, and to which, in George Eliot’s novel, Mordecai introduced Daniel Deronda. I propose that we, too, have a Jewish night. Like Miller, the bookseller who knew the insides of books, neither do I think much of the part the Jews have played in the world, and I certainly mean no offence when I say it. For I am, on one side of my parentage, a Jew myself, and as to-day Hebrewism is altogether a question of race, and not at all a

\* This paper is, to a large extent, historical. To avoid breaking the continuity of the narrative, I have not quoted my authorities in the body of the paper. The principal works laid under contribution are as follows: *Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History*, by James Picciotto; Dean Milman’s *History of the Jews*; an article called “Jews of Europe in the Middle Ages,” which appears in the *Oxford Essays* for 1857; and a number of physiological and ethnological text-books.



question of religion, I claim to be a half-caste member of the large family of clever people (not exclusively Jews) who have not made a mark in the world. You will observe that my title is not "The waste of intellect exhibited by the Jews," but "The waste of intellect *as* exhibited by the Jews." The universal waste of intellect is my proposition, and I propose to illustrate it by an historical sketch of the cleverest people on the face of earth.

It is obvious that a man's wastefulness can only be measured by his spending power, just as his virtue can only be measured by the amount of temptation he resists. The man with an income of five pounds a week possesses both greater power of waste and greater power of economy than the man with an income of two pounds a week. It is because the Jews, as a family, have most wealth of intellect that their waste or their economy—for, in this sense, they both mean the same thing—is so conspicuous, and serves so well to illustrate my proposition. A miser who starves himself to death while he has a hoard of gold buried in the ground, is an instance in which waste and economy are convertible terms, because they both lead to the same result, and by much the same process. A spendthrift inherits that hoard of gold, and before long reduces himself to the same condition of starvation. The only distinction between the two is that the one man carefully plants his wealth in barren soil, and the other carelessly sows and scatters it on equally barren soil. So that you will best understand my title when I say that the paper itself might have been written for a Jewish audience, only that, in that case, perhaps, instead of being called "The waste of intellect as exhibited by the Jews," it might as well have been called "The economy of mind as displayed by the Jews."

In the absence of any other material, we are wont to accept the biblical account of the origin of the Jewish race. To my mind, as I hope to show, there is strong presumptive evidence that that account is founded upon fact. As, therefore, we are going to take a rapid survey of the history of the Jews from before the reign of Moses to very nearly the end of the reign of Lord Beaconsfield, I have thought it well to adopt the following plan. In the first place, I shall point out that the honest simplicity of the religion invented by the patriarchs, added to their wise civil laws, is probably the real secret of the survival of

the Jews to the present day. In confirmation of this I shall, in the second place, show that the Jews do not, as is thoughtlessly, yet popularly, supposed, violate any natural law by their vigour, their fertility, their adaptability to climate, their similarity of type, or by any other peculiarity. Physiological science fully accounts for the individuality, or, strictly speaking, for the ethnology, of the Jews all over the world. That is to say, that any other race, observing the same laws and habits, would have been marked by the same degree of individuality. In the third place, I shall dwell at some length upon the modern history of the Jews, especially upon Anglo-Jewish history; and, lastly, I shall gently impeach the Jews for having sold, and for daily selling, their intellectual birth-right for the traditional mess of pottage.

The early history of the Jews, as it is given in the book of Genesis, is the perfectly simple, natural, and credible history of the secession, from a large, idolatrous, and nomadic tribe, of a small section of its members. Under the leadership of Abraham, who had somehow acquired purer notions of the Deity than his co-religionists, a small pastoral clan separates on friendly terms from the original stock. They drive their flocks across the Euphrates, and continue the wandering life, which is one of the conditions of an agricultural people who know nothing about the rotation of crops and the science of manures. Because wherever they settle they exhaust the land; and so in time there comes a failure of harvests, and then a famine, and then they have to move on to fresh soil. Now, the genealogy of every nation, excepting the Jewish, is lost in legend. As a rule, it is gods who found the family, or, if not gods, marvellous beings with great fighting powers like our St. George. But here is actually a small Eastern tribe living in the very home of fable and imagination, and the story of its origin is the perfectly simple and unheroic story of quiet, peaceful, peasant life. Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebekah, Jacob and Rachel, are so many everyday couples; and if they attract us at all, it is in virtue of their plainness of manners and their transparent simplicity of character. They possess a certain degree of individuality. Esau has pluck, Isaac is good-tempered, and Jacob is crafty. As to Abraham, I do not know what to think of him. He has given me many anxious moments during the last few days. Even the courtly

Dean Milman says of him: "In Abraham we do not find that nice and lofty sense of veracity which distinguishes a state of society where the point of honour has acquired great influence."

However, I want to think well of him, because he is said to have invented monotheism, and in moral philosophy this has been the greatest discovery ever made. The internal evidence, then, of the truth of the Bible narrative is sufficiently conclusive. The simplicity of the story proves the story. Only a great genius like Daniel Defoe could have written the book of Genesis out of his head, and it is not likely that it was written out of one man's head. Believing, then, that this simple primitive life was lived, what was the wonderful outcome of it? It has been said that "an honest God's the noblest work of man," and no profounder truth was ever uttered; and thus man has made God in his own image. It was the destiny of Abraham to invent an honest God; and of all the One True Gods that we have had since, the God of Abraham remains triumphantly the noblest creation of man. Inferentially, of course, the early Jews were not Unitarians, because they insisted that their God was exclusively the God of Israel, and not the God of Egypt or Tyre or Sidon. They were His chosen people, with a specially divine origin and a very glorious, but somewhat remote, destiny which hasn't come off yet. Though, by the way, I should add that it might do, for I read in the newspapers that the Rothschilds have lent the Sultan of Turkey eighty millions sterling on the security of a mortgage over the whole of Palestine. As it is quite certain that the Sultan will not keep up the interest on this loan, the Rothschilds have only to put the bailiffs into the Holy Land to secure the fulfilment of prophecy. I should also add that the educated Jews of to-day attribute no exclusive character to their God. Modern science, which has explained almost everything excepting a magic mirror in Deansgate, and that little problem called the origin of life,—modern science has rationalized the Jewish faith, so that the educated Jew of to-day no longer professes belief in the coming of a personal Messiah, nor in the eventual restoration to the promised land. The promised land, they say, will be reached when that era of universal good fellowship is reached in which the lion will lie down with the lamb. Even this prophecy is somewhat qualified by a Jew, who says that the time may come

when the lion will lie down with the lamb ; but he is of opinion that the lion will have the lamb inside of him.

But to return to the serious aspect of the subject, it is infinitely wonderful to look at a map of the world and span the centuries backwards and realize that the purest conception of God originated with these simple folks, just as later on some of the wisest civil and criminal laws which still govern the civilized world were enacted by Moses. All the genius and refinement of twenty schools of philosophy, from Empedocles and Heraclitus to Philo the Jew and the other neo-Platonists who invented "faith," and thus added a mystic element to the inexorable reason of Plato ; and from Philo the Jew on to Spinoza the Jew, and right away down say to Dr. Newman and Comte, not one of these schools of thought and philosophy trying for twenty-five centuries to discover the origin of creation and the reason and the conditions of human existence, that is, the relation of man to nature,—not one of these schools has evolved a philosophical belief so acceptable to the human mind as these old Jews did. It is an often expressed opinion of mine that either there is a fixed boundary to the intellectual life of man, or, to put it differently, that there is a highest conformity above which it is no use aiming, or else that in some notable departments of knowledge we have reached first principles, and that there is nothing behind them to add to knowledge. So that Abraham creating his honest God, and Moses framing sanitary and social laws ; Pythagoras accidentally inventing the musical scale ; the Greeks and the Romans with their orders of architecture ; and Ptolemy making such an admirable guess at the solar system,—all these men approached so nearly to the discovery of first and final principles, that we have added, and can add, little or nothing to their researches. This is the only comfort, it seems to me, for mortified vanity at the apparent unsteadiness instead of the gradual progression of the world. I have lately read, one after the other, firstly the *Pentateuch*, and secondly Lewes's *Biographical History of Philosophy*. In the *Pentateuch* I find a God possessing three attributes. In the first place, he is a One God ; in the second place, he is an immaterial God, only making symbolic appearances in the form of clouds of smoke and pillars of fire ; and, in the third place, he is what is called a personal God, that is, a being with an inner consciousness

like our own—a sufficient identity of character with man to enable him to be responsive. I most profoundly hold that the belief in a God of this particular character is the belief most suitable to the happiness of mankind, just as I believe that the elements of Euclid must remain unsuperseded and unimproved as long as man is man. And when I put back my old Bible and take down Lewes's *Biographical History* of the Waste of Intellect as exhibited by the Philosophers, all of them uneasy, restless, questioning themselves and others, I lean back in my chair, I smile, and I hold out my hand to old Abraham, and own myself a Jew.

My whole argument is intended to refute the popular notion that there is anything wonderful about the wonderful history of the Jews, that is to say, that there is anything in their remarkable career which is not to be reasonably explained. Firstly, we have seen them invent a religious belief so pure, so liberal, and so suited to human nature, that subsequent ages have not invented one more simple or more sublime. Consequently, once a Jew always a Jew, for, excepting for worldly and selfish motives, there can be no necessity of conscience to tempt a Jew to apostacy, any more than there can be any necessity of the body to tempt us to leave off using bread as the basis of our food. Then to this admirable Church, they later on add the most admirable State. Moses gave these homeless Jews a constitution which turned them from a wandering tribe into a settled and civilized community. But the union of Church and State by Moses was a far more inseparable and legitimate union than the one known to us. In England to-day the union of Church and State is a cohabitation without marriage. The bishops in their lawn sleeves and finery have, it is true, a seat in the Lords, but it is the insecure seat of a paramour, and not the foot of the table occupied by the legitimate wife. But the fundamental principle of the Jewish union of Church and State was to guard by penal laws the purity of worship. There you have the true marriage, the State protecting the Church, the man protecting the woman. Now the first consideration in a sect which had seceded from idolatry to establish a monotheism was to guard against a lapse back into the old darkness. The severest punishment, therefore, that of a cruel death, visited image worship ; while scarcely a less

offence was the abstract association of other gods with the one great God. Moses would allow no images in his Church, and in these pagan days of Ritualism it is simply wonderful to think of the foresight which he displayed. He knew perfectly well that if men once begin worshipping symbols, the symbol remains after its meaning has become corrupted or has been forgotten. He knew that if religion was to remain pure it must remain abstract; yet here is a first principle enunciated in the very book which we pretend to believe inspired, and we entirely ignore it. The result is that we daily witness in our Church of England paltry dissensions on points of idolatrous observance.

Considering the climate and soil of Palestine, and the general conditions of life and society in the time of Moses, his constitution is a marvel of penetration, of foresight, and, above all things, of moderation. The Jews believe that Moses established a Senate. But if they hadn't a representative Senate, they had what is better still, and that is, local self-government. They formed a number of separate clans, united under the one constitution. If a foreign power invaded the territory of a Jewish tribe the whole nation went to the assistance, so that they had in reality the two ideal conditions—complete local self-government and a united nation. Of all the enactments of Moses the one for which we of to-day have to thank him most is the institution of the Sunday. It may be safely said that but for Moses we in England, instead of having a seventh day of rest, would by this time, in our eager industrial competition, have divided the week into ten or twelve equal working days. As it is, we only derive one-half of the benefits of Moses' legislative wisdom. In his time, as to-day, amongst the Jews the Sabbath was a day of mingled instruction and amusement, as against a day of industrial toil. Three or four thousand years after the time of Moses a small band of reformers in England is endeavouring to secure, by the opening of libraries and picture galleries on Sunday, some of the advantages which he gave to his people. This, I believe, is what is called progress.

If I have made myself clear, you will perceive that the early Jews adopted the purest religion and the wisest constitution which the world has seen, and if to this you add the memory of their vicissitudes, their periods of prosperity, alternating with

periods of distress and exile, each new misfortune re-animating them with an intense nationality of feeling, the survival of the Jewish race is less astonishing than its extinction would have been. You may call them an outcast race, but who has cast them out? Why, races of less purity of sentiment and less cleanliness of life. An abstract religious belief, quite free from idolatry, has happily become an idolatry itself. I have, both in England and in Germany, been present at the celebration of the Passover and of the Tabernacle. In better company than mine I will introduce you to two Jewish interiors. The first quotation is from Disraeli's *Tancred*:—

Conceive a being born and bred in the Judenstrasse of Hamburg or Frankfort, or rather in the purlieus of our Houndsditch or Minories, born to hereditary insult, without any education, apparently without a circumstance that can develop the slightest taste, or cherish the least sentiment for the beautiful, living amid fogs and filth, never treated with kindness, seldom with justice, occupied with the meanest, if not the vilest, toil, bargaining for frippery, speculating in usury, existing for ever under the concurrent influence of degrading causes which would have worn out, long ago, any race that was not of the unmixed blood of Caucasus, and did not adhere to the laws of Moses; conceive such a being, an object to you of prejudice, dislike, disgust, perhaps hatred. The season arrives, and the mind and heart of that being are filled with images and passions that have been ranked in all ages among the most beautiful and the most genial of human experience; filled with a subject the most vivid, the most graceful, the most joyous, and the most exuberant; a subject which has inspired poets, and which has made gods; the harvest of the grape in the native regions of the Vine.

He rises in the morning, goes early to some Whitechapel market, purchases some willow boughs for which he has previously given a commission, and which are brought, probably, from one of the neighbouring rivers of Essex, hastens home, cleans out the yard of his miserable tenement, builds his bower, decks it, even profusely, with the finest flowers and fruits that he can procure, the myrtle and the citron never forgotten, and hangs its roof with variegated lamps. After the service of his synagogue, he sups late with his wife and his children in the open air, as if he were in the pleasant villages of Galilee, beneath its sweet and starry sky.

Perhaps, as he is giving the Keedush, the Hebrew blessing to the Hebrew meal, breaking and distributing the bread, and sanctifying, with a preliminary prayer, the goblet of wine he holds, the very ceremony which the Divine Prince of Israel, nearly two thousand years ago, adopted at the most memorable of all repasts, and eternally invested with eucharistic grace; or, perhaps, as he is offering up the peculiar thanksgiving of the Feast of Tabernacles, praising Jehovah for the vintage which his children may no longer cull, but also for his promise that they may some day again enjoy it,

and his wife and his children are joining in a pious Hosanna, a party of Anglo-Saxons, very respectable men, ten-pounders, a little elevated it may be, though certainly not in honour of the vintage, pass the house, and words like these are heard :

"I say, Buggins, what's that row?"

"Oh! it's those cursed Jews! we've a lot of 'em here. It is one of their horrible feasts. The Lord Mayor ought to interfere. However, things are not as bad as they used to be: they used always to crucify little boys at these hullabaloes, but now they only eat sausages made of stinking pork."

"To be sure," replies his companion, "we all make progress."

The second picture is taken from Henrich Heine:—

There lives at Hamburg, in a one-roomed lodging in the Baker's Broad Walk, a man whose name is Moses Lump; all the week he goes about in wind and rain, with his pack on his back, to earn his few shillings; but when on Friday evening he comes home, he finds the candlestick with seven candles lighted, and the table covered with a fair white cloth, and he puts away from him his pack and his cares, and he sits down to table with his squinting wife and yet more squinting daughter, and eats fish with them—fish which has been dressed in beautiful white garlic sauce, sings therewith the grandest psalms of King David, rejoices with his whole heart over the deliverance of the children of Israel out of Egypt; rejoices, too, that all the wicked ones who have done the children of Israel hurt have ended by taking themselves off; that King Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Haman, Antiochus, Titus, and all such people, are well dead, while he, Moses Lump, is yet alive, and eating fish with his wife and daughter; and I can tell you the fish is delicate and the man is happy, he has no cause to torment himself about culture, he sits contented in his religion and in his green bedgown, like Diogenes in his tub, he contemplates with satisfaction his candles, which he on no account will snuff for himself; and I can tell you, if the candles burn a little dim, and the snuffers-woman, whose business it is to snuff them, is not at hand, and Rothschild the Great were at that moment to come in, with all his brokers, bill discounters, agents, and chief clerks, with whom he conquers the world, and Rothschild were to say: "Moses Lump, ask of me what favour you will and it shall be granted you;" I am convinced, Moses Lump would quietly answer: "Snuff me those candles!" and Rothschild the Great would exclaim with admiration: "If I were not Rothschild, I would be Moses Lump."

And now to proceed to the ethnology of the Jews. If we take into consideration their marriage laws and their dietary and sanitary laws, dating from the time of Moses, and remember how faithfully they have, during all these centuries, observed them, we shall find that their individuality and perpetuation of type is fully accounted for. To begin with, we are in the habit of wondering at their power of acclimatizing. We meet them in



every quarter of the globe and in every latitude, and they are almost invariably healthy, robust, and long-lived. Apart from the fact that they are very abstemious, and that their occupations are chiefly mental and not mechanical, so that they are less subject than others to the influences of harmful trades, I find, on turning to the physiologists, that human beings and animals are more easily acclimatized by intermarriage than by continual crosses. But the Jews not only intermarry, but their law sanctions marriages of closer consanguinity than the civil or religious laws of most other sects, and the consequence is that Jews are more subject to insanity; that they are more often born with some deformity; and that they can show more than the usual average of squint-eyed people and stammerers. You will also see, by-and-by, when I am dealing with the family history of some of the great Jewish houses, that after three or four generations they seem to die out, just as, at the present day, the Rothschild family was dying out until they went into the market for one or two coronets for their daughters. Consanguineous marriages amongst the Jews have, therefore, the usual tendency to produce either sterility, or else offspring marked with some unpleasant peculiarity. But intermarriage is not necessarily consanguineous; and seeing that intermarriage at once favours acclimatization, and that it also, of course, perpetuates type, it will be seen that the Jews do not violate any old natural law, but simply establish a new one. There are two physical types amongst the Jews. There is the dark Jew, with black hair and eyes and a hooked nose; and there is the blonde Jew, with an almost womanish profile, beautiful features, light hair, and blue eyes. Christ is always represented as belonging to the regular-featured type. But there are other types. In India the Jews are as dark as the Hindoos, and in Abyssinia there are black Jews. According to some German statistics there is nearly twice as much insanity amongst the Jews as amongst the Catholics and Protestants; and, curiously enough, when Jews do go mad, they go as mad as March hares. They never stop at melancholy. The causes of this larger average of insanity are threefold: Consanguinity in marriage, a more general exercise of the brain, and the living in large cities. I mention these small matters because they show that the Jews are not exempt from any of the influences which govern other people.

We are apt to speak and think about them as an exceptional and therefore a wonderful people. But physically, at all events, our reason tells us that they cannot be exceptional; and if the constant intermarriage amongst the Jews does not tend to the extinction of the race, as, for instance, it is to-day affecting the Spanish nobility, we must conclude that counteracting all the ascertained reasons why the Jews should die off, there are still stronger unascertained reasons why they should not die off, but why, on the contrary, they should and do multiply. During the present century their number is said to have doubled; and I take it that this means that the Jews, being more robust to begin with, have benefited more than any other race by the superior physical conditions under which we live. They live chiefly in populous centres, and populous centres have been rebuilt and drained and, in every way, sanitarily improved. Their abstemiousness has much to do with their general health and duration of life, and figures show that infant mortality is everywhere less amongst the Jews than amongst the Christians in any given population. The Christian infants catch colds at their baptisms; while the Jewish infants are in a measure insured against a certain class of diseases by their corresponding covenant.

While, therefore, we must distinctly repudiate the notion that there is anything exceptional about the Jews, but rather that theirs is a case of well-developed fulfilment of law, in the absence of closer ethnological observation and discovery we may still consistently be allowed to wonder at their vitality. To me they have always been a curious and fascinating study in physical and intellectual life. Traditionally the oldest family in the world, they are at the same time the one possessed of what the physiologists call the greatest amount of viability. Without a country, they have maintained the sentiment of nationality with more strength and pertinacity than the Greeks or the Italians, who both retain their soil. Indeed since the fall of Jerusalem, nearly two thousand years ago, the Jews are the only contemporary race who are still distinguishable, and not only distinguishable, but at this very day actually the most powerful—controlling cabinets, governments, and nations with the power of their gold. The vigour of the English race, physically and intellectually, is attributed to the admixture of Norman and Saxon blood. The Jews, on

the other hand, have jealously preserved the purity of their blood, and yet in the warmer climates the beauty of their women lasts longer; in damp, cold climates, like our own, consumption and diseases of the lungs generally are almost unknown to them, and in every climate they are less liable to be swept away by cholera, plague, or other epidemic disease. Although in every capital of Europe they have always been assigned its filthiest and most crowded quarters, the angel of death passes by the homes of the oppressed and despised Jews in times of pestilence. These are matters of absolute fact, which the doctors explain by saying that the Jews have superior vital power, without saying how they have obtained it. The foulest of all the Jews' quarters is said to be the Ghetto at Rome. Time after time the Christians in Rome have been swept by plague, typhus, and dysentery, and the Jews have been untouched. But the most miraculous case of exemption is the fact that in 1849, when thirteen thousand people died in London of cholera, very few of the Jews, huddled together in the foulest parts of the east, were counted amongst the victims. In Frankfort and Hamburg and every German city, the Jews are worse housed than they are even in England, yet in Germany the mean age of three-fourths of the Christians is under sixty years, and of three-fourths of the Jews it is seventy-one. And it is not merely what they are now, but what they have survived; and I must own that if I met a devout old Jew who took comfort in the belief that his race has a providential mission, even if I wished to do it, how could I confute him in the face of such facts and figures?

And now I must plunge at once into the mediæval and modern history of the Jews. My proposition is that there is a waste of intellect in the world, and if I can show that the most intellectual race in this world has not contributed its full share to the advancement of the intellectual life, and can show why they have failed, I shall have at least illustrated my point.

If we take a survey of the mediæval history of Europe, we find that the Jews have suffered more at our hands than at those of any other nation. Let us look first at the pleasanter side of the picture. You must distinctly realize that dotted all over Europe the Jews in the Middle Ages formed separate and alien little groups, subject to special laws, and that their security or their danger generally depended upon whether the governments under

which they lived took them under their protection or left them to the mercy of fanatical and hostile Christian populations. In France, Charlemagne was the first to recognize the value of the Jewish element in the country. He saw that with their acquisitive instincts they would amass the desirable wealth and luxury which would neutralize the rude spirit of a military nation; and they needed no great encouragement to throng to his court and become royal physicians, and even secretaries to the treasury. The traders amongst them brought spices and silks from the East, and exchanged them for slaves, with which they supplied the markets of Italy and Spain. It is very curious to observe that this toleration of the Jews in France lasted just as long as the imperial power lasted and no longer. And for this reason: The more central and imperial the government, the less distinct will be the class individuality of the people governed. Or to put this very interesting point more fully: As long as the Carlovingian kings were all-powerful and ruled a sort of homogeneous nation from Paris, the Jews, protected by the court, were lost amongst the crowd. But, as soon as the imperial central power was broken and feudal or local power was substituted, the distinctions of class were brought clearly out. Thus, in a commercial town like Lyons, the Jews enjoyed perfect equality as long as they simply formed so many members of a community of citizens governed in the mass by a power at a distance; but as soon as Lyons secured local government, society resolved itself into first elements; into a titled class, a citizen class, a priesthood and a labouring class, and then the Jews were found to have no self-evident place in society. Then began the persecution again. They were driven from court; they were excluded from the trade guilds in which the merchants enrolled themselves, and eventually being denied the rights of citizenship, being unable to acquire or hold property, they had to make money not by producing or by buying and selling goods, but they had to make money out of money, they had to become usurers, that is, they sold the right to use their money.

In thinking over the various heads of this paper, I thought of making some fun out of the mediæval and, indeed, the much more recent errors and prejudices on the subject of money. But it would be very mean on my part, after reading day after

day in the Manchester papers the unutterable nonsense written by the bi-metallists on the silver question ; it would be distinctly shabby to go back and take, for instance, the notions on currency contained in the *Merchant of Venice*, and expose their equal but not greater absurdity. Briefly, then, the old and genuinely felt objection to money-lending was based upon the assumption that to make money out of money was to violate a natural law, and to do something magical. It involved the theory that gold had a power of multiplying itself; and the illogical people who willingly paid rent for the use of houses had a superstitious objection to pay rent for the use of money which houses cost to build. This superstition was popularly held, and it had the same effect on the Jews as if it had been wisely held. So that because the Christians were more stupid than the Jews, the Jews had forced upon them the valuable monopoly of trading in money, and I hope they made good use of it. Even to-day one is constantly hearing people talk about the hardness and the exorbitance of money-lenders. As to the rate of interest charged, there is plenty of competition nowadays ; so, presumably, the interest is strictly adjusted to the risk. As to the hardness, the money-lender's success depends entirely upon his systematic callousness. Unless he constantly controlled his generous impulses, he would be ruined.

To return, then, to the Jews, the origin in every country of their persecution and expulsion at this time was always the same old, old story. The Christians got into their debt, and then turned round and brought atrocious false charges against them. They would be accused of crucifying children at their festivals, the popular fury would be roused, and another humiliating chapter in history is turned over. When in 1180 Philip Augustus ascended the throne, he found that the Jews were mortgagees of half of Paris. Everybody was in their debt. The knights had pawned their horses, the monasteries had pawned their plate, the labourers had pawned their plough-shares, and the women had pawned their trinkets, and when they had pawned their trinkets they pawned their virtue. The first act of the king was to arrange the embarrassed affairs of his subjects, by declaring all debts owing to the Jews void. Of course, before long the people got into difficulties again, and

again got into the hands of the Jews. Then St. Louis, "for the salvation of his soul and the soul of his father," as he was good enough to explain, acquitted the Christians of a third part of their debts to the Jews. About this time the Jews were ordered to wear a distinctive badge. If you met a Jew in the street without his badge on, you might take his coat off and keep it. Then we come to the reign of Philip the Fair, who protected the Jews until they got fat and rich, and then he despoiled and expelled them. But when the Government became impoverished through the wars with England, they were invited back upon business terms. Just imagine the Jews wandering about Europe in search of the best stand in the world's mart, and willing to pay a fair rent for it. This is what their re-entrance to France signified. They entered into a twenty years' contract to pay so much a head entrance fee and a yearly subscription. In return they might within this period buy real property; they were not obliged to accept challenges to fight duels; they were not obliged to listen to Christian sermons; they paid no rates or taxes, excepting ground rent, and they were allowed to charge 85 per cent interest for money.

Owing to the length of this paper I must very briefly dispose of the story of the Jews in Spain. Their expulsion under Ferdinand and Isabella is the most terrible European episode in their history. It had been their home for twelve hundred years. They were largely intermarried with Spanish families; but so powerful was the priestly influence over the king and queen, that the edict of exile was signed which banished all Jews who refused to become converts to Christianity. As a rule, looking at Europe generally, wherever there was a strong central rule the Jews were tolerably safe. The Popes protected them; the Carolingian kings protected them in France, and the Norman kings protected them in England. It is in countries where the central government was weak, such as Germany and Spain, that their history is the most monotonous record of avarice, cupidity, and massacre.

The first mention of Jews in England occurs in an ordinance of the Archbishop of York, dated 740, in which it is enacted that no Christian shall eat with a Jew. From that year to the year 1290, when Edward I. banished every single Jew from

England, about 16,000 in all, the experience of the Jews settled in England was an aggravated experience of that of their co-religionists in France. I will not dwell upon that fearful tragedy, the siege of York, at which scenes were enacted which must have been copied from the siege of Jerusalem. A mob, led by Romish priests, was responsible for it; and when Richard I. returned from the Holy Land he took them under his protection. Only his protection and that of his immediate successors was a species of game-preserving. Their periods of repose were the fattening-up periods, and were invariably succeeded, on one pretext or another, by seasons of pillage and slaughter. Whenever money was wanted for a royal marriage or a war, it was suddenly discovered that the Jews had crucified a Christian girl at Lincoln, or circumcised a Christian boy at Norwich. Upon this, of course, there was a sham trial; half-a-dozen of the wealthiest Jews were drawn and quartered, and their property confiscated. We have so many wars and royal marriages in England to-day that the Jews may thank their stars at an altered public opinion. The other day two men were looking at the moon. One said to the other, "Is the moon inhabited?" "No," replied his companion, in disgust. "Why, how do you know?" "Because if it had been, we should have been at war with it before this!"

For two hundred years after their banishment, Jews were so scarce in England that, having always been famous as doctors, it was during this period fashionable to have a Jew doctor, just as it is now the fashion to have a French cook, or an Italian music master, or an American dentist, or a couple of pug dogs. Their return to England begins in the time of the Commonwealth. Money ruled the world in those days as much as it does now, and the Jews ruled the money. Cromwell wanted half-a-million, and he is supposed to have entered into negotiations with the Dutch Jews with a view to their return to England. The report at the time was that they were to advance the money and that in return St. Paul's was to be turned into a synagogue. In 1663 they were fairly settled in London, for in this year there is an entry in Pepys' *Diary* describing a visit to the synagogue in King-street, which seems to have been looked upon as a sort of show place by the idle fashionable people. The description of

the service which Pepys saw would do equally well for the service which I saw a fortnight ago at one of the Cheetham Hill synagogues. "But Lord!" he goes on, "to see the disorder, laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all their service . . . and, indeed, I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the world so absurdly performed as this."

The spendthrift Stuarts naturally befriended the Jews, and although all sorts of old penal statutes remained in force against them, no English Government since the time of Edward I. can be said to have maltreated or persecuted them. It was with their money that, in 1688, the Prince of Orange paid for his passage to England and the throne.

And now, as I gradually approach the history of our own day, and give one or two sketches of Jews who are distinguished in about the only way in which they have distinguished themselves in England, it must not be supposed that I hold what, I suppose, is the popular prejudice, that Jews have more covetousness and greed for gold than other people. The bare fact that they succeed better in amassing gold is only evidence that they have in a larger measure the faculties which favour its acquisition, such as industry and perseverance, and the forethought and insight which in literature we call imagination. For example, this story of a Portuguese Jew named Menasseh Lopez, a great financier in Queen Anne's time, exhibits not the man's greed, but simply his sagacity and courage. I don't know whether it was on the occasion of the first, the old original, report that "Queen Anne was dead," but such a report got out and created a panic in the city. In a few hours the streets were alive with timid stockholders, and Consols went down with a rush. Lopez kept his head clear and his nerve steady, and he and his Jew friends bought all the Government stock that was offered. Enormous fortunes were realized in a day. Yet afterwards, when the simple-minded citizens took a walk abroad and passed the magnificent country residence of old Lopez, I have no doubt that they said: "That house belongs to a rapacious and swindling old Jew." In the same way all the Jews held aloof from the South Sea Bubble and the numerous adventures called into existence at that time.



The greatest Jew financier of the last century was old Sampson Gideon, the friend of Walpole, and, on the Stock Exchange, "the greatest Roman of them all." In the panic caused in 1745 by the advance of the Pretender on London, Sampson Gideon advanced every farthing he possessed, and staked his credit in every direction to buy up Government securities. He doubled his fortune by the *coup*. And then old Sampson Gideon, who up to that time had never failed to wend his way at Friday's sunset to the synagogue and take his seat amongst his people—poor weak old Sampson Gideon fell. He resigned his seat amongst his people. It was not that he loved the Jews less, but that he loved worldly honours more. Sampson de Rehuel Abudiente, for that was his name, changed his name to Sampson Gideon—just as the late Alderman Cohen changed his name to the late Alderman Willert. These gentlemen may change their names, but they cannot change their noses; nor, fortunately for them, can they change their characters. Old Sampson Gideon became a great power on 'Change, and the intimate of the Prime Minister; and he longed to buy a large estate, and to found a great family. So he used his influence with Sir Robert Walpole to obtain a special Act of Parliament legalizing his purchase of the coveted acres, for Jews could not hold real property in those days. And he brought up his children in the Christian faith, and his only son was created a baron, under the title of Lord Eardley. And when he had done all this, old Sampson Gideon died. His last dying entreaty was that he might be buried in the Jews' burying place in Mile End. With great dignity the Jewish elders forgave the old man, and he was buried as he wished; and then his will was read, and it was found that he had left a bequest of £1,000 to the synagogue, in order that a prayer for his soul might be read once a year. If you were to enter the Portuguese synagogue in St. Bevis Marks on the evening of the Solemn Feast of Expiation, you might hear recited a short prayer, for which poor old Sampson Gideon paid £50 a year in perpetuity; you might hear recited a short prayer for the soul of Sampson de Rehuel Abudiente. Besides this, a large anonymous donation to the synagogue had been annually made for some years, and it transpired after his death that Sampson Gideon was the donor. So that while this true old Jew, this old Belshazzar, was entertaining his lordly

guests and his lordly son at his grand house at Erith, the words were daily written on the wall, and his stricken spirit was in Bevis Marks.

The moral of this story is that old Sampson Gideon was cheated after all. His only son died without issue, the title became extinct, his vast wealth went to enrich strangers, and all that is left of his ambitious dreams is the burdened estate of Sir Culling Eardley. Mr. Childers, M.P., is a descendant of old Gideon. His grandmothers on both sides were daughters of the old Jew broker, and Mr. Childers' talent for finance may be cited as an instance of hereditary transmission. Mr. Bernal Osborne is also a Jew. He is a descendant of a Portuguese Jew, named Jacob Bernal. A daughter of Bernal Osborne is married to the Duke of St. Albans, who is a descendant of Charles II. by Nell Gwynne. So that the house of Judah and the house of Stuart will mingle their blood in the veins of the next duke. The fashionable Countess Waldegrave, now the wife of Lord Carlingford, is the daughter of John Braham, the singer, and author of "The Death of Nelson." It was said of him that he sung like an angel, and spoke like a Jew. The daughter of another Jew, a journalist named Lewis Goldsmith, became the second Lady Lyndhurst. These are only a few of the things not generally known on the subject of Jew and Christian intermarriage.

In 1753, a Bill was introduced into the House of Lords which created as much excitement in those days as was excited in our days by the Corn Law Bill or the first Reform Bill. It was a measure which provided that Jews who had resided three years in England might become naturalized. Amongst the storm of objections raised against it, it was said that, if passed, it would induce such an influx of Jews into this country that the consumption of ham, bacon, and brawn would be materially diminished, and injure the trade in these commodities. The religious people said that it would be flying in the face of prophecy to draw all these Jews together, when the Bible said they were to be a scattered people.

I have heard people taunt Lord Beaconsfield with the insincerity of his profession of Christianity. When Lord Beaconsfield was baptized in the year 1817, every profession, every public office of honour or emolument, was closed to the Jews. They could not enter Parliament; they could not enter the Universities

or the army, or sit on the magisterial bench. Even if they studied medicine, they were not allowed to walk the hospitals. The stupid majority who made the profession of their own faith a condition of citizenship have themselves to blame if the oppressed minority made light of the test, and used it for their convenience. I consider Lord Beaconsfield the best all round Jew since David, and their careers are full of parallels. Beaconsfield's Goliath has been the British Philistine, and he has slain it. Like David he adopted a profession: the one became a free-booter, and the other an English politician. They both employed craft and falsehood, but then chivalrous truth was not the fashion in the age of either. And with all their faults they both achieved their highest ambitions: they were both great writers; they were both men of splendid personal bravery, generous to enemies and faithful to friends.

And now I come to the point which I hope will form a subject of some discussion. I think I have sufficiently reminded you of what probably no one would challenge, that the Jews possess in a high degree what we know as intellect, and by intellect I mean "light." They have an unbroken history, and yet one full of adventure and change. They possess in an eminent degree, and they nearly all possess them, four qualities which are valuable separately, but which, when united, one would think would mean greatness. They have subtlety, they have intensity, they have patience, and they have imagination. What account have the Jews to give of their stewardship of these great gifts? The reply is that their account is an unworthy one. Then you may say that because the Jews have wasted their intellect that is no reason why the gentiles have, but on the contrary a reason why they have not. But this is a line of argument which I shall not admit. Because I am going to try to show you why it is that the Jews waste their intellect, and you would have to show me that in their processes of thinking they differ from you, before I can allow that there is any difference; just as you will have to show me that in their processes of feeling they differ from you, before I can allow that their superior acquisitiveness arises from greed, and not from superior industry and sagacity.

It is scarcely worth while to show how little of the enduring work of the world the Jews have done, for it is so very little.

They have countless small men, theologians and lawyers and doctors. But where, in modern history, are their great men? Leaving out the musicians, can anyone add a name of world-wide reputation to these four? There is Spinoza, one of the noblest and most independent spirits that ever breathed; there is Heine, one of the greatest intellectual prodigals and spendthrifts that ever breathed; there is David Ricardo, only second, as an economist, to Adam Smith; and there is Samuel Mendoza, the prize fighter, who held the belt for many years early in the century, and who fought a famous battle against a gentleman named Humphreys, which is recorded at length in Picciotto's *Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History*. With regard to the musicians: they have great musicians for the same reason that they have great financiers. Music and arithmetic are intimately allied to each other. Both have much the same alphabet, and imagination, in both cases, does most of the rest.

Now, if you will allow me to remind you that a consistent theory underlies my paper from the beginning, I must ask you to remember that I began by pointing out the isolation and exclusiveness which their One True God religion, originally conferred upon the Jews. It has been said that the habits of one generation are the instincts of the next. That original exclusiveness or pride soon became an instinct with them, and has remained an instinct ever since. Their great powers are neutralized by two things—their intellectual pride and their want of sympathy. They do not give, because they do not receive. Goethe has said: "As man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality." In everyday life people confuse light and heat. The Jews possess an intensity of heat, but they give very little light. Can we say that we are more independent, that we put forth more of the intellect—that is, of the light—which is within us? Do we not take most things for granted that come to us with authority, although we have had no voice in the election of the authority?

There are the pictures of Whistler and Madox Brown, before which some of our friends go into cheap ecstasies—ecstasies that have cost them no self-examination and no inquiry. There is, intellectually, a shallowness so shallow and transparent that we see

through it and beyond it before we are aware, and then we mistake it for depth, because we are, in truth, then looking at illimitable space and possibility. There are the large, shy, taciturn men, who are so utterly without purpose, that we do not realize such a state of non-existence, and we mistake their monumental stupidity for wisdom. There are women so beautiful and alluring that we watch their lithe, lascivious movements, and think that they have souls. I leave out of the question politics and religion, because an element of obedience, of unwilling acceptance, enters into their consideration. But if daily life is made more tolerable, not to say more pleasurable, by our being interested instead of uninterested spectators; if the social intercourse such as we cultivate in the Literary Club is felt to be delightful in measure to the dissimilarity and not the likeness of our members,—then I ask you if we are not all more or less conscious of a lassitude and idleness and indifference, a general want of energy unfavourable to growth, to enrichment, to variety, and to our own and others' joy? We withhold from the world the contribution of our own way of seeing and thinking. We do not cultivate the art of thinking, and thought remains undeveloped. Thinking does not come naturally; observation does, and curiosity does; but to think is to answer, with more or less success, the questions asked by curiosity. If every man's conversation were the faithful reflection of life and experience and knowledge as it had seemed to him, unenslaved by his "set," his church, his newspaper, and unabased by his own idleness and want of independence, then social intercourse would be a very different thing from what it is. Every new acquaintance would seem original; scarcely a question could be raised, the merits of a new book, a new political movement, a new craze of any kind, but each succeeding speaker would say: "This does not strike *me* precisely in this way. I have listened to the great authorities, and found out how far my own opinion coincides with theirs, and these are the points at which we disagree." But, as F. D. Maurice said, most people seem to hold that "thinking is an idle waste of thought" provided that they can get some one else to think for them. The waste of intellect is the non-exercise of intellect—the obedience to authority as slavish as that of the Jews to their law.



## JOHN RUSKIN: A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON, M.R.S.L.

[Read March 3, 1879.]

THE literary life of John Ruskin may be said to have extended over half a century. The early dawn of his intellectual powers may be recognized from some childish verses written one month before he had arrived at his ninth year. It was "written on a frosty day, in Glen Farg, just north of Loch Leven," on New Year's Day, 1828 (*Queen of the Air*, p. 128):—

Papa, how pretty those icicles are,  
That are seen so near, that are seen so far ;  
Those dropping waters that come from the rocks  
And many a hole, like the haunt of a fox.  
That silvery stream that runs babbling along,  
Making a murmuring, dancing song.  
Those trees that stand waving upon the rock's side,  
And men that, like spectres, among them glide.  
And waterfalls that are heard from far,  
And come in sight when very near.  
And the water-wheel that turns slowly round,  
Grinding the corn that—requires to be ground.  
And mountains at a distance seen,  
And rivers winding through the plain.  
And quarries with their craggy stones,  
And the wind among them moans.

The child is father of the man, though the evidences of the parentage are occasionally somewhat difficult to discover. This

boyish rhyme contains, however, no uncertain prophecy. Mr. Ruskin himself sees in it "all that I ever could be, or all that I cannot be." Verse-writing was not to be the work of Ruskin's life; but he did not abandon the muses until about 1850, when his poems were collected for private circulation. Some of them had appeared in *Friendship's Offering* and other annuals. From this very rare volume two pieces may be quoted :—

## SONG. (ÆTAT 14.)

I weary for the torrent leaping  
From off the scar's rough crest ;  
My muse is on the mountain sleeping,  
My harp is sunk to rest.

I weary for the fountain foaming,  
For shady holm and hill ;  
My mind is on the mountain roaming,  
My spirit's voice is still.

I weary for the woodland brook,  
That wanders through the vale ;  
I weary for the heights that look  
Adown upon the dale.

The crags are lone on Coniston  
And Loweswater's dell ;  
And dreary on the mighty one,  
The cloud enwreathed Scawfell.

Oh ! what although the crags be stern,  
Their mighty peaks that sever,  
Fresh flies the breeze on mountain fern,  
And free on mountain heather.

I long to tread the mountain head,  
Above the valley swelling ;  
I long to feel the breezes sped  
From grey and gaunt Helvellyn.

I love the eddying circling sweep,  
The mantling and the foam  
Of murmuring waters dark and deep  
Amid the valleys lone.

It is a terror, yet 'tis sweet,  
Upon some broken brow  
To look upon the distant sweep  
Of ocean spread below.

There is a thrill of strange delight  
 That passes quivering o'er me,  
 When blue hills rise upon the sight  
 Like summer clouds before me.

## THE WRECK.

(ÆTAT 19.)

Its masts of might, its sails so free,  
 Had borne the scatheless keel  
 Through many a day of darkened sea,  
 And many a storm of steel ;  
 When all the winds were calm, it met  
 (With home-returning proue)  
 With the lull  
 Of the waves  
 On a low lee shore.

The crest of the conqueror  
 On many a brow was bright ;  
 The dew of many an exile's eye  
 Had dimmed the dancing sight ;  
 And for love and for victory,  
 One welcome was in store,  
 In the lull  
 Of the waves  
 On a low lee shore.

The voices of the night are mute  
 Beneath the moon's eclipse ;  
 The silence of the fitful flute  
 Is on the dying lips.  
 The silence of my lonely heart  
 Is kept for evermore  
 In the lull  
 Of the waves  
 On a low lee shore.

In 1839, Mr. Ruskin gained the Newdigate prize for the English poem at the University of Oxford. It was entitled *Salsette and Elephantia*. The quality of his verses are evident. There is, amidst many evidences of juvenility, a command over the music of language, and a rare power of describing the varying impressions of scenery. The boy, reared amidst the glories of hill and lake, and beneath unsullied skies, became a lover of nature. The imagination is as necessary in science as in poetry. It would perhaps not be far wrong to say that every



great man of science is, if not a singer spoiled, at least a poet in potentiality. Mr. Ruskin's earliest printed pieces were short articles in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*; and were written when he was sixteen. It will be best to postpone the indication of Mr. Ruskin's other writings bearing on the study of nature, until we have seen how his attention was for many years diverted from them to other fields.

To this period belongs his delightful Legend of Stiria, a fairy tale, called *The King of the Golden River*, published in 1851, with Mr. Richard Doyle's illustrations. This was not written for publication, but for the entertainment of a child-friend in 1841.

Mr. Ruskin had in a rare measure those powers of observation and of analysis which make a delight of the observation of landscape. The "book of nature" was no commonplace phrase to him, but had a real and an intense meaning. The glory of cloud and sky, of hill and lake, had a special message for him. This delight in the beauty of landscape made him an early admirer of Turner, whose pictures of sea and sky seemed a new heavenly apocalypse. Mr. Ruskin, himself, tells us that the gift of taking pleasure in landscape "I assuredly possess in a greater degree than most men, it having been the ruling passion of my life, and the reason for the choice of its field of labour." The genius of Turner, the greatest interpreter the world has ever seen of the subtle and mystic meaning of the beauty of earth and sky, was unrecognized, and the artist himself was assailed in a manner which displayed at once the virulence and the ignorance of the critics. One of these articles, more foolish and more furious than usual, drew forth the indignation of Ruskin, who knew it to be "demonstrable that Turner was right and true, and that his critics were wrong, false, and base." The projected letter of defence to the journal grew into a pamphlet, and the pamphlet in its revised and enlarged form was the first volume of *Modern Painters*. The title originally selected was *Turner and the Ancients*, but the limitations thus implied were soon overpassed. "The title was changed and notes on other living painters added in the first volume, in deference to the advice of friends; probably wise, for unless the change had been made the book might never have been read at all."

*Modern Painters* was fiercely and somewhat clumsily assailed in

*Blackwood* for October, 1843. One passage, the critic says, "might have been very excusable in a young curate's sermon during his first year of probation, and might have won for him more nosegays and favours than golden opinions" (p. 486). The critic resorts to the dictionary for the meaning of the word "chrysoprase" (Rev. xxi. 20). This laid him open to Mr. Ruskin's retort :—

We are not insulted with opinions on music from persons ignorant of its notes ; nor with treatises on philology by persons unacquainted with the alphabet ; but here is page after page of criticism, which one may read from end to end, looking for something which the writer knows, and finding nothing. Not his own language, for he has to look in his dictionary, by his own confession, for a word occurring in one of the most important chapters of his Bible ; not the commonest traditions of the schools, for he does not know why Poussin was called "learned ;" not the most simple canons of art, for he prefers Lee to Gainsborough ; not the most ordinary facts of nature, for we find him puzzled by the epithet "silver," as applied to the orange-blossom, evidently never having seen anything silvery about an orange in his life, except a spoon.\*

The critics were not all blind. One of them writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1843, whilst evidently startled by the novelty of the doctrines advanced, ends thus :—

Such is the purpose of this work ; and the boldness of its design is well supported by the diligence and knowledge, and skilfulness displayed in the execution. The author has laid a solid foundation in the broad and philosophical principles he applies to the art ; while, in the very minute, exact, and delicate criticisms he delivers, he shows a practical and artist-like acquaintance with the details of the subject. If his theory is wrong, if his reasonings are incorrect, and his conclusions not warranted, it must arise from other causes than from unacquaintance with his subject, from indolence in the collections of materials, or unskilfulness in using them ; for, undoubtedly, he has deeply investigated the laws and principles of the art he discusses—he has dwelt on it with a lover's fondness, and studied it with a critic's attention. He is also an eloquent and impressive writer ; he has a command of expression adapted to the varying sentiments he wishes to convey, and can describe the captivating beauties of painting in the brilliant colour of poetic diction.

The first volume of *Modern Painters* appeared in 1843 ; the Second in 1846 ; the Third and Fourth in 1856 ; and the Fifth and last in 1860. A new and final edition of the work was issued in 1873.

\* *Modern Painters* (Preface to Second Edition).

In *Modern Painters* it is necessary to discriminate between the accidental form which the work assumed and the permanent truths it enforces and explains. The book was "not written either for fame or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity," because injustice was being done and falsehood usurping the place of truth. The cardinal principle of Mr. Ruskin's art criticism may be stated in his own words used in describing *Modern Painters*: "It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the Work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with or subjection to that." Apart from its value as a statement of the principles of art and of art criticism, *Modern Painters* shows extraordinary insight into nature, and power to reproduce the impressions caused by the ceaseless changes of the glory at once evanescent and eternal of shore, and sea, and sky.

He who walks humbly with Nature will seldom be in danger of losing sight of Art. He will commonly find in all that is truly great of man's works something of their original, for which he will regard them with gratitude, and sometimes follow them with respect. While he who takes Art as his authority may entirely lose sight of all that it interprets, and sink at once into the sin of an idolator and the degradation of a slave.\*

Mr. Ruskin has decided not to republish *Modern Painters* as a whole; but a selection, called Readings, "chosen at her pleasure, by the author's friend, the younger lady of the Thwaite, Coniston," was issued in 1875 and 1876, under the title of *Fronde Agrestes* (i.e., the Foliage of the Fields).

The *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849) arose out of memoranda prepared in the composition of one of the sections of the then unpublished third volume of *Modern Painters*. It was an attempt to raise a noble art from degradation. This is manifest even in the definition: "Architecture is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power, and pleasure." The "lamps" are the Spirits of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience.

Mr. Ruskin now turned aside for a moment to controversial divinity. The *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* was issued in 1851, and it came to a second edition in the same year.

\* Pref. to Second Edition *Modern Painters*.

Mr. Hill Burton says that he had been informed "that this book had a considerable run among the Muirland farmers, whose reception of it was not flattering." The third edition, which the author calls the second, was issued in 1875, and contains in the preface this characteristic confession: "It amazes me to find on re-reading it, that, so late as 1851, I had only got the length of perceiving the schisms between sects of Protestants to be criminal and ridiculous, while I still supposed the schisms between Protestants and Catholics to be virtuous and sublime."

In 1851 appeared a tract on *Pre-Raphaelitism*, which was reprinted in 1862. It records his delight at the appearance of a group of men prepared to accept the advice, given at the close of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, to the young artists of England, that they should "go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing." They had been rewarded by scurrilous abuse, and Mr. Ruskin therefore came forward in their defence "to point out the kind of merit which, however deficient in some respects, those works possess beyond the possibility of dispute."

The first volume of *The Stones of Venice* appeared in 1851; the second and third in 1853. As in the *Seven Lamps*, the ethical aspect occupies largely the mind of the author. It is not only a treatise on the archæology and history of Venice, but a sermon on the causes of her downfall and decay. To illustrate this work there was issued a sumptuous atlas folio of *Examples of the Architecture of Venice*.

*Giotto and his Works in Padua* is an explanatory notice of the wood engravings from paintings of that master issued by the Arundel Society in 1854. It does not profess to be a biography of the artist, though it contains an outline of the artist's life, and, in particular, a subtle and suggestive criticism on the well-known anecdote of his drawing of the O. For the Arundel Society Ruskin has also written a notice of the Cavalli monument, and of Tintoretto's paintings of Christ before Pilate and of Christ bearing the Cross.

In 1853 Mr. Ruskin gave a series of *Lectures on Architecture*

*and Painting*, which were printed in the following year. They are intended to give a popular exposition of the principles of art and their application.

The pamphlet on *The Opening of the Crystal Palace*, considered in some of its relations to the prospects of art, was occasioned by the re-erection of Paxton's palace at Sydenham and some of the extravagant utterances occasioned by it.

Well, it may be replied, we need our bridges, and have pleasure in our palaces; but we do not want Miltons, nor Michael Angelos. Truly, it seems so; for, in the year in which the first Crystal Palace was built, there died among us a man whose name, in after ages, will stand with those of the great of all time. Dying, he bequeathed to the nation the whole mass of his most cherished works; and for these three years, while we have been building this colossal receptacle for casts and copies of the art of other nations, these works of our own greatest painter have been left to decay in a dark room near Cavendish Square, under the custody of an aged servant. This is quite natural. But it is also memorable.

There is another interesting fact connected with the history of the Crystal Palace as it bears on that of the art of Europe, namely, that in the year 1851, when all that glittering roof was built, in order to exhibit the petty arts of our fashionable luxury—the carved bedsteads of Vienna, and glued toys of Switzerland, and gay jewelry of France—in that very year, I say, the greatest pictures of the Venetian masters were rotting at Venice in the rain, for want of roof to cover them, with holes made by cannon shot through their canvas. There is another fact, however, more curious than either of these, which will hereafter be connected with the history of the palace now in building; namely, that at the very period when Europe is congratulated on the invention of a new style of architecture, because fourteen acres of ground have been covered with glass, the greatest examples in existence of true and noble Christian architecture were being resolutely destroyed; and destroyed by the effects of the very interest which was slowly beginning to be excited by them.

Another passage in this now rare tract foreshadows also the striving of his soul under the burden of the social misery:—

If, suddenly, in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap, the nearest human beings who were famishing, and in misery, were borne into the midst of the company—feasting and fancy-free—if, pale with sickness, horrible in destitution, broken by despair, body by body, they were laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them—would only a passing glance, a passing thought be vouchsafed to them? Yet the actual facts, the real relations of each Dives and Lazarus, are not altered by the intervention of the house wall between the table and the sick bed—by the few feet of ground (how few!) which are indeed all that separate the merriment from the misery.

The pamphlet ended with an earnest plea for the prevention of the desecration and destruction then in progress under the name of restoration, and which has since done such irretrievable mischief.

From 1855 to 1859 Mr. Ruskin issued *Notes on some of the Principal Pictures Exhibited at the Royal Academy* each year. The series was then discontinued, but resumed for the year 1875 only. The *Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House* appeared in 1856, and show in a brief and compendious form the views of the greatest of English critics on the greatest of landscape painters. Next year there was a privately-printed Catalogue of Sketches, and two editions of a Catalogue of the Turner Exhibition of 1857-8.

Turner's Drawings of the Harbours of England were engraved by Thomas Lupton, and published in 1856, with an illustrative text, by Mr. Ruskin. This book will always have a deep interest alike for the admirers of Turner and of Ruskin. The introduction contains a noble prose-poem in praise of the sea. In *Fronde Agrestes* he notes that he was rather proud of the short sentence in this book, describing a great breaker against rock: "One moment, a flint cave,—the next, a marble pillar,—the next, a fading cloud" (page 73).

*The Elements of Drawing*, first published in 1857, came to a second edition in the same year. It is interesting as containing his views on the method of art teaching, which should not begin before the age of twelve or fourteen.

"I do not think it advisable," he says, "to engage a child in any but the most voluntary practice of art. If it has talent for drawing, it will be continually scrawling on what paper it can get; and should be allowed to scrawl at its own free will, due praise being given for every appearance of care, or truth, in its efforts. It should be allowed to amuse itself with cheap colours almost as soon as it has sense enough to wish for them. If it merely daubs the paper with shapeless stains, the colour-box may be taken away till it knows better; but as soon as it begins painting red coats on soldiers, striped flags to ships, &c., it should have colours at command; and without restraining its choice of subject in that imaginative and historical art, of a military tendency, which children delight in (generally quite as valuable, by the way, as any historical art delighted in by their elders), it should be gently led by the parents to try to draw, in such childish fashion as may be, the things it can see and likes—birds, or butterflies, or flowers, or fruits. In later years, the indulgence of using the colour should only be granted as a

reward, after it has shown care and progress in its drawings with pencil. A limited number of good and amusing prints should always be within a boy's reach ; in these days of cheap illustration he can hardly possess a volume of nursery tales without good woodcuts in it, and should be encouraged to copy what he likes best of this kind ; but should be firmly restricted to a *few* prints and to a few books."

Mr. Ruskin's latest views on the method of art teaching are given in *The Laws of Fesole*. In 1859 appeared *The Elements of Perspective*. The *Two Paths* are lectures on art, and its application to decoration and manufacture, delivered in 1858-9, and printed in 1859. A new edition appeared in 1878. The subjects of these discourses are the deteriorative power of conventional art over nations, the unity of art, modern manufactures and design, the influence of the imagination in architecture, and the work of iron, in nature, art, and policy. The lectures on the *Political Economy of Art*, originally delivered in Manchester in 1857, and printed in the same year, mark a fresh development of Mr. Ruskin's teachings. In his opinion a large number of our so-called merchants are as ignorant of the nature of money as they are reckless, unjust, and unfortunate in its employment. Mr. Ruskin's views as to the adaptability of Gothic to all the requirements of modern life are set forth in his two letters to Dr. Acland, printed in 1859, in the volume descriptive of the Oxford Museum.

*Unto this Last* is a volume containing four essays on the first principles of political economy, which originally appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The first edition appeared in 1862, the second in 1877. It is a protest against the "idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection." The outcry against them was so great that the editor of the *Cornhill*, "with great discomfort to himself," had to limit their number to four.\* For the first time, as he believes, he gives, in plain English, a logical definition of wealth. Subsequent essays in *Fraser's Magazine*, in 1862-3, were stopped by the intervention of the orthodox publisher of that periodical. This more systematic treatment of the economical problem finally appeared in 1872 under the title of *Munera Pulveris*. It contains essays on storekeeping, coinkeeping, commerce, government, and mastership.

\* *Munera Pulveris*, p. xxii.

The two greatest living prose writers are undoubtedly Carlyle and Ruskin. They are great by reason of their command of style ; they are great by their influence upon the lives and thoughts of the generation amongst whom their lot has been cast. We are too close to see in accurate vision either of these men. We lack the perspective of time. Giants in literature themselves, they have each uttered admonitory counsels on the uses of books, the dangers and delights of the study of literature, and their bearing on the life that now is. In *Sesame and Lilies*, which were originally delivered as lectures at Manchester in 1864, we have Mr. Ruskin's views "about books ; and about the way we read them, and could or should read them ;" as also on the education of women. On books there are many pregnant sentences, as this one which goes to the root of the matter :—

You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate" uneducated person ; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person.

As an example of real reading, he gives that passage from Milton's *Lycidas* about "the pilot of the Galilean lake," and explains it word by word. He indignantly remarks : "If a man spends lavishly on his library you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call anyone a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books." It is to be regretted that neither Ruskin nor Carlyle have given lists of the works which they recommend for students. In this respect Emerson has been more systematic, for he has given a long and remarkable list of the great books of all ages.\* We may perhaps consider Mr. Ruskin's *Bibliotheca Pastorum* (1876) as an indication of books that he would advise to be read. The two volumes of that series, so far issued, consist of an English translation of *The Economist of Xenophon*, and of *Rock Honeycomb*, being selections from Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter. Each is fitted with an introduction and explanatory notes. Returning to the contents of *Sesame and Lilies*, in addition to the lecture on King's

\* There is indeed a list at the end of the *Elements of Drawing*, among things to be studied, but it appears to be special and not general in its aim.



Treasuries (*i.e.*, books, &c.), there is a second, entitled *Queen's Gardens*, which treats of the education of girls. There were several editions between 1864 and 1871. In the last there is added also a Dublin lecture on the *Mystery of Life and its Arts*.

*Ethics of the Dust* appeared in 1866, and again in 1877. The subject-matter appears from the sub-title, "ten lectures to little housewives on the elements of crystallization." The *Crown of Wild Olive* contains three lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. It was published in 1866, and in 1867 had reached a third edition. He complains:—

But it has not been without displeased surprise that I have found myself totally unable, as yet, by any repetition, or illustration, to force this plain thought into my readers' heads, that the wealth of nations, as of men, consists in substance, not in ciphers; and that the real good of all work, and of all commerce, depends on the final worth of the thing you make, or get by it."

The title of the book is explained in the preface (p. xxxii. of third edition), as being taken from the heathen belief that to those engaged in the contest of life Jupiter gave a crown:—

No proud one! no jewelled circlet flaming through heaven above the height of the unmerited throne; only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. Seeking a greater than this, they had not known it a mockery. Not in war, not in wealth, not in tyranny, was there any happiness to be found for them—only in kindly peace, fruitful and free. The wreath was to be of *wild olive*, mark you: the tree that grows carelessly, tufting the rocks with no vivid bloom, no verdure of branch; only with soft snow of blossom, and scarcely fulfilled fruit, mixed with grey leaf and thornset stem; no fastening of diadem for you but with such sharp embroidery! But this, such as it is, you may win while yet you live; type of grey honour and sweet rest.

A revised edition issued in 1873 contains also a lecture on the future of England, delivered in 1869, and an appendix on the political economy of Prussia.

In the spring of 1867, when the working classes were calling out loudly for a reform in Parliament, Mr. Ruskin entered into a lengthy correspondence with Mr. Thomas Dixon, a working corks-cutter of Sunderland, on many of the questions that were then and now of special moment to the industrial population. These letters were published in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*,

and were read with keen and vivid interest. They have since been thrice reprinted. *Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyne*, consists of these twenty-five letters to a working-man of Sunderland on the laws of work. The burden of the work is that parliamentary influence is useless unless they who possess it have made up their minds as to what they desire from it, and that having made up their minds they can do what they want for themselves without Parliament, and no one can do it for them. This volume deals with "honesty of work and honesty of exchange." *Fors Clavigera* may, in a certain measure, be regarded as the continuation of this series.

*The Queen of the Air*, first issued in 1869, is Mr. Ruskin's contribution to the new and fascinating field of comparative mythology. It is a study of the Greek myths of cloud and storm, both in their natural origin and in their deeper significance. The Queen of the Air is Athena or Minerva, "having supreme power both over its blessings of calm and wrath of storm; and, spiritually, she is the queen of the breath of man, first of the bodily breathing, which is life to his blood, and strength to his arm in battle; and then of the mental breathing, or inspiration, which is his moral health and habitual wisdom; wisdom of conduct and of the heart, as opposed to the wisdom of imagination and the brain; moral, as distinct from intellectual; inspired, as distinct from illuminated." There was a second edition of this work issued in 1874.

With 1871 Mr. Ruskin began the issue of *Fors Clavigera*. This consists of letters addressed to the workmen and labourers of Great Britain, and is in the main a continuation of the exposition commenced in the letters to Mr. Thomas Dixon, of his views on the organization of labour. They are, however, very discursive, and contain delightful bits of autobiography, art-criticism, science, history, and almost everything. Running through them is a fierce indignation against those social inequalities, which are evidenced by the death of one man from starvation and of another from gluttony. The consideration of these have led Mr. Ruskin to advocate a form of ordered socialism, which is to be exemplified in St. George's Guild. These socialist leanings Mr. Ruskin shares with Plato, with Thomas More, and probably with the church of the early Christians. Eighty-seven

numbers of *Fors* have appeared, the last of which, called No. 3 of a new series, is dated 1st March, 1878.

*Fors*, he explains, "is the best part of three good English words, Force, Fortitude, and Fortune." The root of the adjective *Claviger* being either, as he likes to put it, *clava*, a club; *clavis*, a key; or, *clavus*, a nail or a rudder; and *gero* meaning to carry, "*Clavigera* may mean, therefore, either club-bearer, key-bearer, or nail-bearer. Each of these three possible meanings of *Clavigera* corresponds to one of the three meanings of *Fors*. *Fors*, the club-bearer, means the strength of Hercules, or of Deed. *Fors*, the key-bearer, means the strength of Ulysses, or of Patience. *Fors*, the nail-bearer, means the strength of Lycurgus, or of Law." (*Fors*, No. ii, pp. 2-3; and cf. iii. 5, and xv. 15.)

As Slade Professor Mr. Ruskin delivered seven *Lectures on Art* before the University of Oxford in Hilary Term, 1870, and they were printed in the same year at the Clarendon Press. After the inaugural discourse the subjects are the relation of art to religion, the relation of art to morals, the relation of art to use, and the more technical subjects of line, light, and colour. To accompany this there was printed a catalogue of examples for study in the university galleries. Mr. Ruskin, again as Slade Professor, in 1870, gave lectures on the elements of sculpture before the University of Oxford, and two years later printed six of them under the title of *Aratra Pentelici*—i.e., the Ploughs of Pentelicus, a mountain in Attica where marble abounded. This contains a great deal also relating to the artistic aspect of numismatics. One of the plates is that never-to-be-forgotten comparison of the Apollo of Syracuse and a self-made man of the present day glorifying his own maker. The seventh lecture on sculpture was issued in 1872 in a separate form, and sets forth the relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoretto. It was printed thus that it might be used at once in reference to the drawings exhibited in the galleries, and with a warning word that its business is to point out, "what is to be blamed in Michael Angelo and that it assumes the facts of his power to be generally known." The *Eagle's Nest* is a collection of ten lectures on the relation of natural science to art, which were given before the University of Oxford in Lent Term in 1872, and printed in the same year.

*Ariadne Florentina* is the title given to six lectures on wood and metal engraving, given before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term of 1872. These deal with the relation of engraving to other arts in Florence, to the technics of wood and metal engraving, to design in the German schools of engraving as represented by Dürer and Holbein, and in the Florentine schools by Sandro Botticelli. There is an appendix on the present state of engraving in England. The volume entitled *Val d'Arno* contains ten lectures on the Tuscan art directly antecedent to the Florentine year of victories, given before the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1873, and printed in the following year. The main subject is the art-work of Niccolo and Giovanni Pisano. All the above-named volumes are illustrated by plates, &c., many of them from Ruskin's originals.

Mr. Ruskin's love of nature is shown under another phase in the lectures on Greek and English birds given before the University of Oxford, and printed in 1873 under the title of *Love's Meinie*. This is the old French *meiny*, a household or retinue of servants. Only two parts have so far appeared. The first deals with the robin, and the second with the swallow. The title appears to have been suggested by the description in the *Romance of the Rose* of the God of Love, whose robe has on it figures of birds, whilst around him fly living birds:—

But nightingales, a full great rout  
That flien over his head about,  
The leaves felden as they flien  
And he was all with birds wrien,  
With popinjay, with nightingale,  
With chelaundre, and with wodewale,  
With finch, with lark, and with archangel.  
He seemed as he were an angell.  
That down were comen from Heaven clear.

*Proserpina* began in 1875; the fifth part was issued in 1878. It is still incomplete. It is, as the title-page tells us, a series of "studies of wayside flowers, while the air was yet pure among the Alps, and in the Scotland and England which my father knew." The title is chosen with reference to the lines in *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv., Sc. iii., ll. 116-118. In the introduction he gives advice which few of us will wish to see followed:

"If any scientific man thinks his labours are worth the world's attention, let him, also [like Linnæus], write what he has to say in Latin, finishedly and exquisitely, if it take him a month to do a page. But if—which, unless he be one of the chosen of millions, is assuredly the fact—his lucubrations are only of local and temporary consequence, let him write, as clearly as he can, in his native language."

One purpose of the book is to interpret for the young the Latin or Greek names, altering some of the names because they are "founded on some unclean or debasing association," so that "children who learn botany on the system adopted in this book will know the useful and beautiful names of the plants hitherto given, in all languages; the useless and ugly ones they will not know." Whilst insisting on the learning of the Latin, Mr. Ruskin would also preserve the English names, some of which mirror poetic fancies as beautiful as the flowers. This work is illustrated by some fine specimens of Mr. Ruskin's own artistic powers.

Of *Deucalion* the first part appeared in 1875, the fifth in 1878. It is still incomplete. The object of the book is to present to the public "collected studies of the lapse of waves, and life of stones." In the time of Deucalion, according to the classic story, the deluge came on the earth. Mr. Ruskin's familiarity with the sciences of geology and mineralogy is well known. In the introduction to the present work he says:—

But I think it due to my readers, that they may receive what real good there may be in these studies with franker confidence, to tell them that the first sun-portrait ever taken of the Matterhorn (and as far as I know of any Swiss mountain whatever) was taken by me in the year 1849; that the outlines (drawn by measurement of angle), given in *Modern Painters*, of the Cervin, and aiguilles of Chamouni, are at this day demonstrable by photography as the trustworthiest then in existence; that I was the first to point out, in my lecture given in the Royal Institution, the real relation of the vertical cleavages to the stratification in the limestone ranges belonging to the chalk formation in Savoy; and that my analysis of the structure of agates (*Geological Magazine*) remains, even to the present day, the only one which has the slightest claim to accuracy of distinction or completeness of arrangement.

The work contains lectures on the Alps and the Jura, the symbolic use of the colours of precious stones in heraldry, and on Yewdale and its streamlets, in addition to some controversial matter respecting glacial theories.

The *Mornings in Florence* came out in 1875, and are intended as a further performance of the "real duty" involved in his Oxford professorship, by giving "simple studies of Christian art for English travellers." The book is in the form of letters "written as I would write to any of my friends who asked me what they ought preferably to study in limited time." The first part deals with Giotto's work at Santa Croce; the second describes his painting of the meeting of Joachim and Anna at the Golden Gate in the church of Sta Maria Novella; the third part, "Before the Soldan," deals with Giotto's pictures of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and especially of that where that noble Italian stands before "the best of Paynim chivalry to declare the message of the gospel." The fifth part, "The Vaulted Book," describes the "Spanish Chapel" of Sta Maria Novella, which is continued in the next part under the title of the "Strait Gate." The sixth part is "The Shepherd's Tower," and explains the meanings of the bas reliefs in which Giotto has given us his views of the mysteries of life and of religion. The *Mornings in Florence* have been left so far incomplete, the last belonging to the year 1876.

Venice is the subject of some of his smaller works. *St. Mark's Rest* (1877) is described as the History of Venice written for the help of the few travellers who still care for her monuments. It was intended to extend to twelve parts and two supplements. Two parts only have been issued, and one supplement devoted to a description of the pictures by Carpaccio in the chapel of San Giorgio de' Schiavoni. Mr. Ruskin issued in the same year a guide to the principal pictures in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, intended in a similar manner for the use of English travellers.

His views on the teaching of art are further explained and exemplified in *The Laws of Fésolo* (1877-8), of which two parts have appeared. The title is derived from the hermit home of Angelico, and the book is "a familiar treatise on the elementary principles and practice of drawing and painting as determined by the Tuscan masters." Mr. Ruskin regards the very name of Schools of Design as involving "the profoundest of Art fallacies. Drawing may be taught by tutors, but Design only by Heaven; and to every scholar who thinks to sell his inspiration Heaven refuses its help." The first chapter

is headed by that pregnant sentence, "All great art is praise." Some of the aphorisms contain instruction put in a humorous form :—

"Please paint me my white cat," said little Imelda. "Child," answered the Bolognese Professor, "in the grand school all cats are grey."

Be economical in everything, but especially in candles. When it is time to light them, go to bed. But the worst waste of them is drawing by them.

"I can do what I like with my colours, now," said the proud young scholar. "So could I at your age," answered the master; "but now, I can only do what other people like."

The title is thus explained :—

Under the term "*Laws of Fésolé*," therefore, may be most strictly and accurately arranged every principle of art, practised at its purest source, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century inclusive. And the purpose of this book is to teach our English students of art the elements of these Christian laws, as distinguished from the Infidel laws of the spuriously classic school, under which, of late, our students have been exclusively trained. Nevertheless, in this book the art of Giotto and Angelico is not taught because it is Christian, but because it is absolutely true and good; neither is the Infidel art of Palladio and Giulio Romano forbidden because it is Pagan; but because it is false and bad; and has entirely destroyed not only our English schools of art, but all others in which it has ever been taught, or trusted in.

Fésolé, an eminence hard by Florence, is introduced by Milton in his great epic, with the accent on the last syllable, as one of the places whence Galileo studied the heavens (Book i., l. 289).

This book is called *The Laws of Fésolé* because the entire system of possible Christian Art is founded on the principles established by Giotto in Florence, he receiving them from the Attic Greeks through Cimabue, the last of their disciples, and engrafting them on the existing art of the Etruscans, the race from which both his master and he were descended.—(Preface, pp. xii., xiii.)

He therefore ranges under the term every principle of art, practised at its purest source, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century inclusive. Plate iii. of the *Ariadne Florentina*, page 114, is a reproduction of Baccio Bandini's *Astrologia*, under which is engraved Milton's line, above referred to :—

At ev'ning, from the top of Fesolè.

In March, 1878, there was an exhibition of the Turner drawings belonging to Mr. Ruskin at the Fine Art Society's galleries. For this Mr. Ruskin issued a thin volume of explanatory notes.

The epilogue, left incomplete through the writer's illness, contains much interesting matter respecting his early acquisition of Turner's drawings. A very sumptuous edition of these notes, with illustrations in photogravure, has also appeared. How sadly falls the sound of the words with which Mr. Ruskin closes his preface :—

Morning breaks as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake-shore. Oh, that some one had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood, in the dews of morning, should be completed ; and all my thoughts be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more !

This lengthy list by no means represents the full extent of Mr. Ruskin's literary activity. What have been named are his principal works, but in addition he has contributed to the *Architectural Magazine*, *Quarterly Review*, the *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and other reviews, to the Transactions of the Royal Institute of British Architects, of the Geological and of the Meteorological Societies. In *Fors* (No. lxxv., Dec., 1875) he states that he had seven books in the press at once—"and any one of them enough to take up the remainder of my life." We have his own testimony that he has also collections for other works. In the preface to *Deucalion* (1875) he says :—

Of these materials, I have now enough by me for a more interesting (in my own opinion) history of fifteenth-century Florentine art, in six octavo volumes ; an analysis of the Attic art of the fifth century B.C., in three volumes ; an exhaustive history of northern thirteenth-century art, in ten volumes ; a life of Turner, with analysis of modern landscape art, in four volumes ; a life of Walter Scott, with analysis of epic art, in seven volumes ; a life of Xenophon, with analysis of the general principles of Education, in ten volumes ; a commentary on Hesiod, with final analysis of the principles of Political Economy, in nine volumes ; and a general description of the geology and botany of the Alps, in twenty-four volumes.

What, then, is the teaching of Ruskin,—taught with so much passion and fervour, with such wealth of illustration, with such power and melody of language. It is that Art should be true to Nature, and that Man should be true to God. When Art loses its faith in Nature, it ceases to possess utility. When Man ceases to work Righteousness, there follow disorders and social perils of



every kind. Ruskin beholds in our modern society an aristocracy which has abdicated its functions, a middle class largely given up to greed, a working class struggling in the dark, but dimly conscious of injustice. He sees the fair fields replaced by "jerry-built" houses, the lechery, the drunkenness, the brutality that disgrace our towns and degrade men and women below the level of the beasts, and put them on a par with the fiends of the pit. He says we want Reverence, Obedience, and Organization, to grapple with these evils. He not only denounces the wrong, but has a method for its redress. Even if it prove impracticable, we still owe him a debt of gratitude. He has taught us, perhaps more than any man, the glory of the visible universe. He has taught us also that it is an ill return for God's gift of delight in beauty and order to leave our brethren festering in misery and despair.

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NOTE.—The preparation of this paper has been helped by the well stored library and scholarly courtesy of Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A. Free use has also been made of the almost complete series of Mr. Ruskin's works in the Manchester Free Library.







**RICHARD ROBERTS, THE INVENTOR.**

(Drawn by Walter Tomlinson, from a photograph in the possession of W. H. Bailey.)



## RICHARD ROBERTS, THE INVENTOR.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BAILEY.

[Read January 20, 1879.]

THE tapestries of ancient Babylon, the mummy cloths of Egypt, the vestments of the Cavaliers, and the robes of Queen Anne, were all spun and woven by simple tools differing little from each other—the spinning wheel, the distaff, and the rude frames called looms being the only methods known to savage or civilized man in all parts of the world for spinning and weaving until the middle of the last century. Indeed, to describe the instruments in use before this period would be to give an account, with but minute variations, of the rough expedients which are used at the present day by the natives of the Pacific islands, as well as by the more civilized peoples of India, China, and Japan.

Four names of Inventors of spinning and weaving machinery stand prominently to the front in the historical development of these important arts. I purposely omit in the interests of brevity the names of several minor inventors and contrivers. These four are—John Kay and Dr. Cartwright, the two great improvers of the loom for weaving; and Samuel Crompton and Richard Roberts, the two greatest inventors of spinning machinery. For five thousand years the shuttle had been used for weaving before John Kay, of Bury, tied a bit of string to it and thus invented the “fly” shuttle. From that moment one man could weave a wide “piece;” before that time a man had to stand on

each side of the loom, and hand the shuttle backwards and forwards. For narrow widths a weaver had to use both hands for the shuttle, but now one hand became at liberty for other work. This little but startling and wonderful invention produced one immediate result; for the power of the weaver being trebled caused a yarn famine that sharpened human wit. The yarn was used so fast as to create a dearth of it; the spinning-wheel could not keep up the supply to the great mouth of the new loom, and after a short interval of years, we find Crompton's hand mules triumphant, producing enough yarn for the newly-fledged "fly" shuttle. But immediately afterwards came Dr. Cartwright to use more yarn and create another famine, for he invented the power-loom that could be driven by the new power—the steam-engine. Crompton's hand spinning mule could not keep pace with the great swallowing power of the new steam loom, and then came Richard Roberts, who coupled up Crompton's mule to the steam-engine, and thus invented what is known as the self-acting mule. He did for the mule what Dr. Cartwright did for Kay's loom, thus enabling the steam-engine of James Watt to be used for spinning and weaving. It is the last of the four great Inventors of textile machinery, Richard Roberts, the outline of whose life and inventions I propose to sketch to night.\*

To understand the peculiar genius of Richard Roberts it is necessary to recall the circumstances of the times out of which he came and in which he lived. He was born at the close of the last century, when there was coming over England one of those great waves of progress which have from time to time served to lift this country into the position it now holds before the world. Those who lived and laboured just as the wave began to rise, found themselves in the presence of a power so subtle that none were able to comprehend it in all its possibilities. It was not until some years later—not, indeed, until towards the end of the generation, that the full significance of this new force came to be apprehended, appreciated, and applied. And among the first whose sagacity taught them what steam-power really meant, was

\* I have for some few years past been engaged in collecting material for a life of Richard Roberts, which I hope before long to publish, and I take this opportunity of soliciting aid from those members of the Club who may be able to contribute information about the old Inventor.

Richard Roberts. Steam had been applied in various ways before he came actively upon the scene. First, there had been the use of pit-coal for smelting iron, then came the opening of canals, and, in 1769, James Watt took out his first patent for steam-engines, and so along these broad lines our natural progress lay—the improvement of iron manufacture, internal communication, and the application of steam. There was no longer a limited supply, but a superabundance of power, and the great problem was how to utilize it. But English commercial enterprise suffered a serious check in the long and disastrous wars that followed. When this obstacle was removed, however, by the peace of 1815, there was such a revival and expansion of trade as had never been experienced before. All the energy that had been lavished on the war was now turned in another direction. The more active natures among the population made their way to the great industrial centres, of which Manchester was the acknowledged capital. Alongside this rich development of trade, the means of internal transport and foreign communication proved miserably inadequate, and while the Government improved the condition of the roads, many thoughts were directed towards the solution of the problem how to make locomotives travel on them. The necessity of the case brought its own solution; George Stephenson cut the Gordian knot by placing his engine on the railway at Killingworth coal-pit.

In other directions the spirit of invention was abroad and busily at work, and particularly in relation to textile manufactures. It will be interesting to note how inventions in this direction proceed contemporaneously with that in others, and how at length both mingled. In 1733 James Kay invented the fly-shuttle. He had “a great many more inventions,” he says, but he did not bring them forward in consequence of the bad treatment that he had from woollen and cotton factories. In the same year, after three years’ labour, James Wyatt spun “the first thread of cotton ever produced without the intervention of human fingers,” in a small building near Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham, he having copied Lewis Paul’s patent. Later on, at Wyatt’s death, Richard Arkwright, then a traveller dealing in false hair and hair dye, got hold of the details of Wyatt’s contrivance, and employed a Warrington watchmaker to construct, under his instruction, a spinning

machine.\* Arkwright, whatever may be said about his claims to honour as an inventor, certainly possessed that energy in enterprise and those business qualifications in which his predecessors had been lacking. Before his scheme was generally accepted, James Hargreaves invented his spinning-jenny, which found more favour than Arkwright's more complicated machinery, and the manufacturers of Lancashire purchased permission to use it for £4,000.

Samuel Crompton came upon the scene in 1753, and sixteen years afterwards, while using the spinning-jenny, he heard of Arkwright's drawing machine, and set to work to combine the two, and ultimately succeeded so well that in 1811 over forty-two millions of spindles were in operation worked by mules. Dr. Cartwright, the Kentish clergyman, followed with his steam power-looms, which were subsequently improved by Horrocks, of Stockport, in 1813. In 1785 Watt's steam-engine was applied to textile manufacture, and the use of this marvellous power was seen at once. Rapidly, more rapidly than they could be executed, orders flowed in upon Boulton and Watt. The impetus thus given to cotton manufacture is seen most distinctly in the number and nature of the patents for improvements in cotton-spinning and allied processes in the first quarter of the present century. In 1800 there was only one patent registered, viz., by J. S. Wood, for doubling. In 1803 there were two for spinning and reeling, and preparing and dressing cotton warps. In the following year there were five improvements patented, and in the next two years only three, while in 1807 there were five, four of which were in spinning. Down to 1815 there were fifteen. In the next five years there were ten, while in 1823 alone there were the same number. In 1824 there were six, and in 1825 there were again fifteen. In these latter years we first come upon Richard Roberts

\* I believe Richard Arkwright is the only man on record whose patent has been annulled by Act of Parliament. In one patent specification he seems to have written a history of the textile inventions of the previous twenty years, and to have patented it, omitting, of course, names and dates and all evidence of sources. He certainly founded the factory system by applying to it the division of labour, and such merit as that deserves should be accredited to him. But it is a different thing to the possession of original inventive and mechanical genius which has been popularly but erroneously ascribed to him.

as a patentee and as a man of some note, at any rate in Manchester, and we may well take a new departure now and trace his life up to this period.

Richard Roberts was born in the year 1789, at Carreghova, in the parish of Llanymynech, North Wales, situated about six miles from Oswestry and the same distance from Welshpool. His father, old Roberts, was a shoemaker, an intelligent man. Tradition says that he was a severe, not to say tyrannical, father, but there is no reason to believe that he entirely neglected his son's education; for though it may be true that young Roberts never attended school in his life, there are no grounds for supposing that his father did not teach him what he could. Roberts as a boy was employed in mines and stone quarries in the neighbourhood, and at one time pulled a boat on a canal. At still another period he was engaged to a gentleman who had a pole-lathe. Richard frequently worked at this, and acquired considerable skill as a wood turner. It seems that as a boy his first display of a mechanical bent of mind was indicated by his making for his mother a spinning-wheel. It created such astonishment among the villagers at Llanymynech as to induce some of them to start a subscription, with a view of presenting him with a tool chest. With these tools he made another spinning-wheel, which old folks in the neighbourhood yet talk about as a wonderful work of art. It was inlaid with many woods, and was a beautiful piece of work. This one was raffled at the Cross Guns, and is yet, I am told, in possession of a family in the neighbourhood. At the lead mines near his birthplace there were a number of Boulton and Watt's engines at work, and it may fairly be supposed that a lad of such a mechanical turn would be familiar with them. Hence it would be here, in this remote village, that the man whose inventive genius was to shed such large benefit upon the world would have his faculties first stirred; just as it happened to George Stephenson in the North.

At length the village which had given him birth afforded no longer the requisite scope for his energies, and he proceeded to the famous Bradley Ironworks, near Bilston, and worked for Mr. John Wilkinson. His new master was a man of great mechanical skill. He was the first who could bore an engine cylinder with anything like accuracy, and when he did accomplish



this, he relieved James Watt of his chief difficulty. Roberts's occupation with Mr. Wilkinson was that of a patternmaker, at which he was very skilful and precise. Wilkinson was a man of great individuality. He made the first iron boat; in the year 1787 he fixed the first steam-engine in France, had the first steam-bellows for smelting, and was called the Father of the Iron Trade. It cannot be doubted that Roberts would gain much valuable experience here, as well as at the Horsley Iron-works, where he moved to next. From this latter place he removed to his native village, in consequence of having been drawn for the militia. He had to depart thence, however, to avoid arrest as a deserter, and this time he went to Liverpool, where he obtained employment as a cabinetmaker. Very soon afterwards we find him in Manchester. He arrived in the town one miserably wet night, and made his way into the White Lion Inn, then situated in Deansgate.\* He had no more money in his pocket than would suffice to pay for a glass of beer, which would entitle him to a seat. He inquired of the landlord whether he knew of anyone who wanted a man, and that worthy replied that there would be an old gentleman in during the evening who might be able to do something for him. Presently the old gentleman in question appeared, and to him Roberts addressed himself, and the result was that he was engaged. His new master was a turner, and at that time executed the best work for the cabinetmakers of the district. His shop was in Blackfriars-street, Salford. The old turner, when he met Roberts, required a man to turn a fly-wheel, and it says something for the indomitable energy of Roberts that he, without hesitation, undertook to do the work. The landlord of the White Lion appeared so satisfied with the bargain, that he offered the new workman lodgings for a few nights "on trust." On the following Monday morning the workman for whom the lathe had to be turned did not appear, not having recovered from the effects of Saturday's dissipation. It seems that there was a very pressing order for bed-posts in course of execution, and the old master made an

\* The White Lion has been pulled down. Its site was right opposite the Barton Arcade. Twenty years ago it was the favourite resort of engineers and boilermakers on market days. Many would pay their accounts and give quotations there; indeed, it was a kind of Engineering Exchange.

attempt to go on with the work himself; but his sight was not good, and he failed. This failure was the young man's opportunity, and he seized it. He undertook himself to do the work, and acquitted himself with such credit as to obtain the post of chief turner. The dread of being taken and made to serve in the militia once again interrupted his labours, and this time he determined to go to London. He found two companions in the persons of Lewis and Murgatroyd, and the trio walked the whole distance. There was a mutual understanding between them that whoever first obtained employment should divide his earnings with the others. Roberts secured an engagement at Maudsley's works. Maudsley was the founder of the eminent firm of engineers and shipbuilders, and there can be no doubt that here Roberts' mechanical skill and genius would have ample opportunity for development. Maudsley was a remarkable man in many respects. At one time he was foreman with Bramah, the inventor of the hydraulic press and certain improvements in locks. Bramah refused to pay his foreman more than thirty shillings per week, and he left and started in business for himself. He subsequently attained celebrity as the manufacturer of blocks invented by Brunel for the Royal Navy. His work was always beautifully executed. Maudsley, moreover, was the inventor of the slide rest for lathes, so that it would have been wonderful indeed if the talent of Roberts had not received a great impetus from his contact with such a man. It is certain that this was the school in which the young man received much of his best instruction, and not Roberts alone; for it is not a little remarkable that many other men who have become famous in the mechanical world emanated from the same works, among whom mention may be made of Whitworth, Nasmyth, Lewis, and Muir. Roberts did not stay very long in London. Manchester seemed to be the centre of attraction for all mechanicians at this time, and Roberts floated with the stream towards Cottonopolis. His companions, Lewis and Murgatroyd, joined him again when he established a business in Manchester, in the year 1816. Lewis, however, started on his own account subsequently, and built the large works in Stanley-street, Salford, where he carried on an extensive business until his death, when the place was sold. Roberts, too, went steadily to work. The field was wide, and the time rich in opportunity.

When Roberts started in business in Manchester, Stephenson was busy in the north ; Murdoch was introducing coal gas in the south ; Sir Humphry Davy was at work in his laboratory ; Mr., afterwards Sir Francis, Ronalds's electric telegraph had been rejected by the War Office ;\* steamboats were being made ; the Comet was plying between Glasgow and Greenock ; Lardner was trying to prove that it was foolish to imagine that a steamboat could be made to cross the Atlantic ; the *Quarterly Review* was demonstrating that a man who should travel on a railway faster than nine miles per hour might as well get straddle-legged on a Congreve rocket ; and a noble lord laid down the principle that to go at a great speed with our back to the wind would cause the lungs to collapse, and that to face the wind while going at a high speed would occasion such a pressure as to make a man into a wind-bag, and "choke him beyond a doubt." We know now where the wind-bags were.

In these stirring times Roberts was busy in Water-street, Manchester, where he did mechanical work and "screw-cutting on reasonable terms." His fly-wheel was in the cellar, and his lathe upstairs in a bedroom. The strap passed through the living room of the ground floor, and the power that turned the fly-wheel was Roberts's first wife. His unusual skill soon became known, and his fame increased. Practically, he invented to order, for the spinners and weavers, anxious for mechanical contrivances whereby they might be more independent of manual labour, frequently sought his help. His business so much increased that it was necessary to remove to larger and more convenient premises, and we next find him working over some stables, approached by a Jacob's ladder, in Newmarket Buildings, opposite the site now occupied by the premises of the *Examiner and Times*.

We next find Roberts in connection with gas lighting. Murdoch had fitted up Boulton and Watt's works at Soho, and thence he went direct to Salford to fit up Messrs. Philip and Lee's mill with the new light. The mill stood where the bonding-houses now

\* The following is a copy of the official note : "Mr. Barrow presents his compliments to Mr. Ronalds, and acquaints him, with reference to his note of the 3rd inst., that telegraphs of any kind are now wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one now in use will be adopted. Colonial Office, 5th August, 1816."

stand, in Chapel-street. After this he proceeded to erect gas-works for Manchester, and the town commissioners requested Roberts to invent a gas meter, and he did so. Mr. Clegg, of Oldham, is always mentioned as the inventor of the wet gas meter; and all I know of the subject is that it is mentioned in the records of the period that Roberts invented a meter for the town authorities. The invention of the slide lathe at this period was a great service to mechanics and engineers. Some of the first made by Roberts are still at work in Manchester; and I have heard toolmakers say that for some sorts of work they are even superior to modern tools. The carriage of the lathe, instead of being at the top of the bed, was placed on the front, hanging from a V-slide. The centres of the fast-and-loose headstocks were placed forward from the bed, towards the workman, and the consequence was that a lathe having nine-inch centres will take in a roller eighteen inches in diameter, which, of course, is not the case with the ordinary lathe now made, as the thickness of the carriage only permits smaller diameters to be turned.\* The slide lathe was closely followed by a prolific birth of other useful tools, amongst the more important being the slotting machine, which had automatic motion, and could be made to manipulate the article to be stamped or slotted with great rapidity, inasmuch as the bed was so adjusted as to be able to move in any conceivable direction. Another remarkable invention was the planing machine. The title of Roberts to be considered as the inventor of the planing machine has been very warmly contested; but, perhaps, on the whole, it may be said that by a singular coincidence the same happy thought occurred both to Roberts and to Fox of Derby, and that the machine was simultaneously invented by both of them. There was at the time a very urgent necessity for something of the kind to meet the growing demand of the engineers; for the old method of chipping and filing was every day demonstrating its total inefficiency. Roberts was often, however, heard to express his astonishment that, notwithstanding the fact that the planing machine was not patented by him, it was at work in Manchester for fourteen or fifteen years before it became customary for engineers to have them in their own shops. As

\* One of these lathes is now at work at Messrs. Beyer, Peacock, and Co.'s works at Gorton.

usual, necessity compelled the invention of the planing machine. Roberts made copying presses for the stationers, and one man of great strength who chipped and filed the tops and bottoms of the presses earned a great deal of money, which enabled him to have leisure, which he devoted to beer. As Roberts became disgusted with the man's irregularities, he endeavoured to make a machine do the chipper's work; the result was the invention of the planing machine, which, I have been told, was somewhat like an old mangle. One of that sort that required the hand-wheel to be turned in the opposite direction when it had made one stroke. The usual practice was for all but the very largest firms to send their castings to be planed to a shop where "planing and screw-cutting" were done. I recollect well one of these ancient men, known to mechanics by the name of "Old Pedley." He was at one time in the employ of Sharp and Roberts; but, having accumulated sufficient capital to buy a machine, he began business near Ardwick Green. His machine secured him a comfortable living, though it was driven by a winch-handle, and his charge was but a halfpenny a square inch. The great importance of this invention will be seen the moment the slightest comparison is made between the results of the new and old method. With one of William Muir's small machines, when I was an apprentice, I found it possible to plane a square foot in about twenty minutes, at a total cost, say, of sixpence; while to chip and file the same surface would occupy two days, and cost something like twelve shillings.

When in but a small way of business Roberts was an active promoter of the first Mechanics' Institution in Manchester, and he was also one of the first members of the New Corporation of Manchester, and served as Town Councillor for some years. He was, with Dr. Dalton and others, an active member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

The first patent taken out by Roberts was in 1822, and it was for machinery for weaving plain or figured cloths, which might be used in conjunction with looms then in use; and also for certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving plain or coloured cloths, and in the method of working looms either by hand, by steam, or other power. But here perhaps it may be mentioned there was a good deal of hand and "other power" in use at that time; for in 1790 not a single steam-engine

existed in Manchester, while in 1824 there were two hundred. Besides this, not a single loom was driven by steam power in 1814; but ten years later, so rapid was its application, more than thirty thousand looms were actively at work, whose motive power was steam.

In the year 1823, the firm of Sharp and Roberts, Atlas Works, was established as locomotive builders, toolmakers, and general machinists, to which was added the manufacture of turret clocks. Mr. Thomas Sharp was boroughreeve of Manchester and evidently a man of wealth and position. Those who are familiar with Manchester records will recollect that as boroughreeve he was compelled, in the year 1819, to caution that political mountebank, Cobbett, who had arrived from America with the bones of that much-traduced thinker, Tom Paine, in a coffin. It was feared that the presence of the bones might have caused tumult, and when Cobbett was coming on the road from Liverpool messengers conveyed the worthy boroughreeve's advice, which was strengthened by the wise counsels from the good boroughreeve of Salford. It also appears that Cobbett intended to take the bones to Bolton, and the town crier having announced that fact, the poor man was sentenced to ten weeks' imprisonment. The influence of the caution caused Cobbett to hesitate at Chat Moss, and to leave the main road at Irlam and go thence to London. Mr. Sharp had heard of Roberts, and had requested his assistance in the development of a reed-making machine that had been introduced by an American. Roberts could not make the machine work perfectly, but said he could invent another that would. This so pleased Sharp that he made Roberts an offer of a partnership. The capital introduced by Sharp gave full employment to the inventive faculties of Roberts, and then commenced the production of tools and locomotives, wheel-cutting engines, and turret clocks,\* the mere description of which, with their various improvements, would fill volumes. His partnership with Thomas Sharp was terminated by the death of the senior partner in 1843, and from that date Roberts carried on business at the Globe Works, Faulkner-street, as Richard Roberts and Co., and shortly afterwards

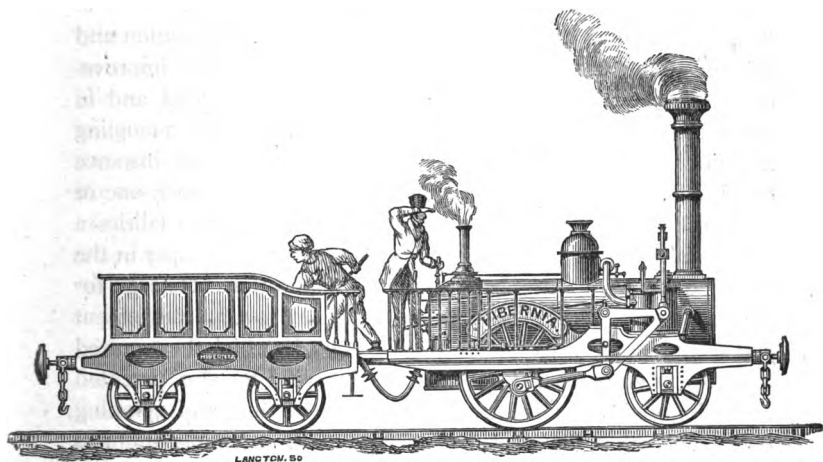
\* The first turret clock designed by Roberts is fixed over the Atlas Works, in Bridgewater Street, Manchester. It was made in 1825. St. Ann's Church clock, Manchester, and many others in the district, were made by him.

as Roberts, Fothergill, and Dobinson. This partnership ended in 1849, and he carried on business as Richard Roberts and Co. again until 1852, when he gave up business as machine maker and started as consulting engineer in Brown-street, Manchester, and afterwards at 10, Adams-street, Adelphi, where he got rid of all the money he had saved by experimenting in steamships.

In 1823, Roberts patented some improvements in steam-engines, and also in the mechanism through which the elastic force of steam was made to give impulse to and regulate the speed of locomotive carriages. These improvements were of considerable value, and consisted, in the first place, in a new form and arrangement of the working valves to allow of the entrance and escape of the steam to and from the working cylinder. Roberts saw that, supposing the steam to continue to be generated of nearly uniform density, the quantity of imparted force would be measured by the length of intervals of time during which the steam flowed uninterruptedly from the boiler into the working cylinder. For the perfect regulation of these intervals of steam supply, then, it was necessary to possess the power of cutting off the steam at any moment of the stroke, leaving the subsequent action to the expansive force of the portion of steam already admitted. This required power Roberts supplied by making one arm of the intervening lever in the working gear of the induction valve changeable at any moment. Although, as his old friend the late Mr. Bennett Woodcroft, of the Patent Office, says, Richard Roberts was the very first to take a patent out for a mode of working steam "expansively," he cannot be considered the inventor of the idea, but only claimed the method of doing it. In the next place, he invented a self-acting regulator, consisting of a hollow metallic float, while he also improved the mechanism through which the elastic force of steam was made to give impulse to and regulate the speed of locomotive carriages, so as to allow a difference of rotatory velocity in the bearing-wheels of a locomotive carriage whilst both such wheels were being driven by a motive power common to them both. The object was to accommodate their relative velocities to the case of the path not being right-lined. The principle of the contrivance was the driving of two bearing-wheels independent of each other's action on one axle, by a carrier common to both, which could accommodate

its action on the two wheels to any difference of rotatory velocity which they might be required occasionally to perform.

The locomotive received a great amount of attention from Richard Roberts, and many important improvements in it were introduced by him which cannot now be mentioned in detail. The drawing of the first locomotive made in Manchester has been photographed by kind permission of Mr. John Robinson, the present managing director of Sharp, Stewart, and Co.



The first locomotive made in Manchester was made by the firm for the Dublin and Kingston Railway. The locomotives afterwards made by Roberts had a great influence generally in improving their design, stability, and economical working, so much so, that even at the present day, although it has undergone so many changes, the firm but graceful outlines still bear the impress of the genius of the old mechanic.

In connection with these improvements in locomotives Roberts patented a new mode of constructing the bearing-wheels, and also a steam cylinder and piston as applied to produce pressure on the lever of a brake to retard motion. In other words, he invented a steam brake. In 1834 Sharp and Roberts conjointly patented certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, silk, flax, &c., consisting in a peculiar construction of the parts of a throstle-frame for spinning and doubling;



in the adaptation of upright drums, for driving the warves or whirls of both the spindles and the flyers by distinct bands in a throstle-frame; in the modes of mounting and driving the bobbins and the flyers in a throstle, for the purpose of causing them to revolve with distinct and dissimilar speeds; and in the adaptation of a spiral guide sliding round a circular head, the guide being intended to act as a flyer in a throstle-frame constructed to suit it. In the same year the partners took out a patent for machinery for grinding corn, &c. The next patent of Roberts's is in 1844, and is for improvements in preparation and spinning machines; while three years later he patented improvements in machinery for punching and perforating metal, and in the same year some improvements in beetling and mangling machinery. The nature of his improvements in this instance consisted in the construction of a beetle or machine with one or more grooved or indented rollers for giving to woven fabrics a glossy finish similar to that then produced by the stamper in the machine known as the beetle; in the application of steam for giving pressure of the rollers; and in an improved arrangement and combination of parts of a roller-mangle, by which the required pressure is given to the fabric. In this year he also patented some improvements in machinery for preparing and spinning cotton and other fibrous substances, which were simply attempts still further to perfect his mule.

I must not omit to mention one of his great inventions which has not been alluded to, and in sufficient manner, by those who have written about the Menai tubular bridge. A tubular bridge, it will be obvious, consists of a number of plates exact duplicates of each other. Now the holes in the iron plates, when punched by an ordinary punching machine, do not always come opposite the holes of the plates to which they have to be riveted, and thus want of accuracy is often resented in a somewhat barbarous manner by a rimer which is inserted to make the way for the rivet, the result being either a hole much too large for the rivet, or a hole of such a shape as to require the insertion of the rivet in a diagonal manner, and very often resulting in great weakness and sometimes fracture of the margins of the plates, and altogether an improper finish. Roberts was requested to design a machine for punching the plates of the Menai bridge, which he

called the Jacquard punching machine. This machine, it may be said, printed holes to any pattern in the iron. The plates were punched with such perfection as to be exact duplicates of each other. Plates could be placed on each other and stacked, and bars of iron could be threaded through, so equally apart were the holes. The same machine punched the plates for the bridge erected over the St. Lawrence; and also for bridges of the Victor Emmanuel railway in Italy.

In 1848 he patented improvements applicable to clocks and other timekeepers, in the machinery for winding clocks and hoisting weights, and for effecting telegraphic communication between distant clocks and places otherwise than by electromagnetism. This specification is a most elaborate production, and is equalled by one in which, in 1850, Roberts specifies and claims to have invented certain improvements in the manufacture of plain and figured fabrics—such as plushes, velvets, carpets, &c.—which are woven on wires to form loops that were subsequently cut to form the pile. In the following year his genius had taken another turn, and we find him inventing and patenting improvements in machinery for regulating and measuring the flow of fluids; for pumping, forcing, agitating, and evaporating fluids, and for obtaining motive power therefrom. From this Roberts proceeds to the perfecting of improvements in twin-screw steamboats, and generally in the constructing and propelling of vessels, which improvements he specified as exactly thirty-three in number. They related, among other things, to the construction of vessels with a passage outside the shrouds, and mode of constructing vessels so as to admit light in almost every part through openings made in the decks; the use of compartments between the chimney and its casing for ventilating purposes; the construction of hollow beams for supporting floors and ventilating apartments; the mode of constructing the bottom of vessels with cells; the improved mode of constructing as well as of casting, heaving, and fishing of anchors; the application of self-acting watertight doors to the bulk-heads; the construction of lifeboats, mechanism for lowering and raising ships' boats, and to the improved construction and application of shields to ships of war. In 1853 Roberts patented some improvements which he had effected in the construction of

casks and other vessels. 1854 was a very prolific year, for no less than five of his specifications bear that date. The first consisted of improvements in machinery for cutting paper, pasteboard, leather, cloth, and other materials. The second consisted of improvements in machinery for the preparation of fibrous substances; the third was for improvements in machinery for punching, drilling, and riveting; the fourth was for machinery for preparing and spinning fibrous substances; and the fifth related to the preparation of fibrous materials solely. In 1856 Roberts seems to have turned his attention to omnibuses, for he patented certain improvements in that year which, to detail, would be simply to describe the modern omnibus. But perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of the scope of Roberts's singular genius may be found in that, in 1858, he patented improvements in mechanism for engraving in line paintings and other designs, on flat and curved surfaces of metal, paper, and other materials. In 1860, about which time he removed to London, he, by himself in the first instance, and conjointly with Captain Symonds in the latter, took out two patents. The first was for improvements in punching machines; the second for improvements in marine steam-engines and in auxiliary machinery.

Richard Roberts's greatest achievement, however, was the self-acting mule. It may be interesting, after the lapse of half a century, and since so many improvements have been made in the self-acting mule, to place on record in this place the precise character of the improvements which Roberts claimed as his. In 1825, starting with the mule then in common use, Roberts claims as his sole invention such part of his improved mule as put down the faller by the agency of a rim when turning back for the purpose of backing off, and which was effected by communicating to the rim a motion the reverse of which it possessed when giving twist to the yarn. He also claims the mode of putting down the faller by a lever; the mode of regulating the motion of the faller, and the mode of forming the cop by causing an arm or lever connected with the faller to pass longitudinally over, under, or along the surface of the shaper; the mode of changing and reversing, by means of cams, springs (or weights), and contact wheels, and the motions of the wheels, pulleys, and shafts used in twisting and backing off and for driving in and

out. In 1830 he patented, as before stated, his invention for the making of this machinery self-acting, and in 1847 he specified certain improvements upon those set forth in 1825. The first of them was to remedy the evils experienced in passing the driving-strap from the loose to the fast pulley and *vice versa* by substituting a "friction cone" for the fast pulley. The second consisted of means for taking out and putting up the carriage, and for working and winding an arm by toothed gear instead of by bands, scrolls, and pulleys; while the third consisted in arranging the parts of the mechanism so as to admit of the quadrant and winding-in arm being worked on a shaft, and so rendered much firmer than when on a stud. The fourth improvement consisted in the means employed to liberate the cam shaft, by which greater precision was ensured than was attained with the "long lever;" while the fifth consisted in unlatching the faller and disengaging the winding-on movements at the end of each stretch by the action of the cam shaft, whilst effecting the necessary changes for recommending the next stretch, by which means snarls were almost entirely avoided.

It might fairly be said of Richard Roberts that he invented to order. People went to him and asked him for machinery to do work then done by hand, and he seems to have set himself to fulfil the order. This may be seen in the way in which it came to pass that he invented the self-acting mule. The steam looms which were being worked consumed the production of Crompton's hand mule faster than the workmen could produce it. High wages were paid to spinners, who worked fewer hours for increased pay, as the colliers did during the late coal famine. The workmen feeling their power struck for still higher wages, and stopped the mills, for they commanded the whole trade, and had accumulated a considerable fund in their trade society. Weavers, dyers, finishers, bleachers, and all dependent on "twist," were thrown out of employment by the autocrats of the trade, who earned as much money in three days as sufficed to keep them in comparative luxury for a whole week. Capitalists suffered by the continual disturbances of the turn-outs, and as famine in Egypt led to the invention of the pump, so had necessity led to the invention of the self-acting mule. Several of the leading spinners appealed to Roberts in their dilemma, but he was busy with the locomotive

then being made by his firm. Busy as he was, he at first declined to listen to the appeals made to him, but at length directed a Crompton's hand-mule to be erected in the works that he might familiarize himself with its motions, and study how to construct one that should work automatically. The result we know. The new machine was immediately adopted by the Lancashire spinners; and in 1834 more than sixty mills, employing nearly four hundred thousand spindles, had the invention at work. In 1831, Mr. Knowles, of the Oxford Road Twist Company, Manchester, patented an improvement in mules which embodied the chief features of the Roberts "headstock;" but the Company acknowledged Mr. Roberts's prior claim, and agreed to pay royalty on all mules made by them.

There are in existence several models of inventions by Richard Roberts presented by him to the Peel Park Museum, Salford. Amongst them are some powerful electro-magnets, which, even at this day, as at a recent meeting of telegraph engineers, have given rise to a very interesting discussion. One of these magnets, a four-inch one, will sustain a load of 1,400lb. The radiograph was another contrivance, invented by Roberts to illustrate certain discussions at the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. This machine enables the spokes to be counted, although driven at a very high velocity. A polished cast-iron sphere is also exhibited, which was made to illustrate M. Léon Foucault's remarkable pendulum experiment. The centrifugal railway was constructed by Roberts to illustrate centrifugal force. Mr. Roberts constructed this in order that the pupils of the Manchester Mechanics' Institution might have the laws of centrifugal force explained to them. This centrifugal railway is a very ingenious contrivance. It is fitted with little carriages, which may be filled with water, and which, going on a railway at high speed, actually go round and round, upside down, of course, as they form the circle, without spilling the water. One of these railways was constructed on a large scale from Roberts's model, and exhibited at the Hall of Science, Manchester, which building was until recently known as the Campfield Free Library.

At one time Roberts commenced a crusade against the shape of waggon wheels, and a model is exhibited at Peel Park Museum of a road waggon, the axles of which are adjustable to a con-

siderable angle from the horizontal. This model is intended to show that increase of draught, wear and tear, and destruction of roads are the consequences of depressing the ends of carriage axles. There is also a model shown of a proto-motive clock, which consists of a dial at the end of a gutta-percha tube, which may be a thousand feet long. The aim is to demonstrate that a number of such dials, in different situations, and so attached, may be made, by means of a column of air at natural pressure, to indicate the same time as a clock with which they may all be connected, the major clock in this case being at one central station, and giving a puff of air, say, every half minute. But, following up this idea, what is to prevent our stationing a huge air-compressor away in the country and forcing the fresh and balmy air into the crowded courts and alleys of great cities? The air-compressor might be placed where "ozone" is in abundance, and there receive its supply. The compression would be such as to put as much into a few inches as would fill a room when it came out of the exhaust pipe. The air, of course, would do work, if required, such as turning sewing machines and similar domestic mechanism.

Roberts, in order that he might have a proper basis for the construction of the pendulums of clocks and the balance wheels of watches, made experiments on the expansion of glass, wood, and other materials. He was led to these on finding the popular tables of the relative expansion of bodies by heat very incorrect. He made a stove, in which he could heat the rods and bars experimented upon to 130° Fahr. These rods he wrapped in listing, to prevent sudden change. They were then laid rapidly upon supports along a handrail laid in a sloping direction, on the outside of the building, one end being on a fixed stay. A screw, adapted to the 0·001 of an inch, was brought to bear on the upper end of the rod; and the time occupied in making this experiment never exceeded forty seconds. After the rods and bars cooled, the contraction was determined by turning the screw. By this means, Roberts exhibited tables that differed exceedingly from those in common use.

The late Emperor Napoleon consulted Roberts about armour-clads and turret ships, and I remember seeing drawings of these before they were submitted to the Emperor, who received Roberts in person. He was also consulted by the Russian Government,

and invited to St. Petersburg by the Emperor Nicholas, to take up his residence there. During the American war of secession he designed the twin screw blockade runner, the *Flora*, and other vessels, which by means of independent screws could turn in her own length; this vessel was very successful and evaded all attempts at capture.

Roberts died on the 11th of March, 1864, at the age of seventy-five, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Many of his brother engineers and his old workmen were present at the funeral, and the pall-bearers were Benjamin Fothergill, John Ramsbottom, W. Heywood, Mr. Anderson, my father (John Bailey), and Alderman Fletcher, of Salford. His daughter, married to Mr. Paul Lubbold, of London, died about three years after her father. Mr. Lubbold has placed a marble bust of the great inventor and a medallion portrait of his wife over their graves, which are side by side in the cemetery.

Roberts's chief power lay, I should say, in his marvellous memory and his large capacity for combining forces. In his way through life, nothing bearing on the application of steam or machinery escaped his attention, and he was thus enabled to bring to bear a wide experience and a vast array of well-digested facts. He was of somewhat eccentric habits. Nevertheless, he had a genial soul, and in his days of prosperity he did not neglect those belonging to him. His integrity was conspicuous. He abhorred a lie. Scientific witnesses often have bad characters, but his was well known for truthfulness. This was publicly acknowledged by both Lord Campbell and Lord Brougham, who, on several occasions, stated they could always believe what he said. Richard Roberts loved his work for its own sake. Pecuniary reward with him was the least and last consideration. He was kind to children—probably too kind, for he spoilt his own. He would spend hours in teaching a lad how to file flat and square. His eye was perfect in its education, for my father tells me that he could file a cube of metal true on all its sides without the aid of a "square" or "straight edge." His manners were somewhat rough, especially to armchair engineers. He took no trouble to reduce absurdities to metaphorical language; his energetic words always were bare and undraped. If he thought a man a fool, he would say so. His humour in the shop could

generally be indicated by sound as well as demeanour, for his great face, which was the face of a starved granite lion, was very expressive, and his tune was always whistled. He would sometimes stand behind a man who was spoiling a good sixteen-inch file by rubbing it bright for two inches in the middle, and doing that like a cockboat in a storm. Roberts, carefully looking at the back of the man who thought he was a fitter, would put his hands in his breeches pockets and whistle the Dead March. This was equal to notice that the man's "number was stopped," in other words, that he was discharged. When he was pleased with a man, he would whistle a lively jig or song tune.

Richard Roberts was poor when he died, and some of the mechanical papers said it was to our shame as a nation that it was so. Let justice be done, however, to those who only too late became aware of his straitened circumstances. I called upon him in London in 1861 and in 1862, and it was with some difficulty that I obtained some idea of his circumstances; but the moment it became known that he was in need a strong committee was formed, which consisted of Lord Brougham, Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, Sir W. Fairbairn, Sir Joseph Whitworth, John Cheetham, Matthew Curtis, Charles Beyer, Edmund Ashworth, C. P. Stewart, John Ramsbottom, John Platt. Mr. David Chadwick, M.P., was, I believe, honorary secretary, and I remember the subscription list was headed by most of the gentlemen I have named with sums of £50 each. The amount promised was handsome, and in the midst of this handsome recognition, but before he could partake of it, he was taken away from us.

I have endeavoured to give some account of a man who has had an immense influence on our prosperity and comfort; a man who will be classed in future records as one of the most remarkable men of this century, crowded as its history will be with the names of great benefactors. His genius and the supremacy of his intellect caused all those contemporaries who knew him to bow to him as a great master. His old workmen always spoke of his ability with great reverence; for to them even he was a continual and fascinating surprise. He differed from the ordinary inventors whose names figure in the records of human progress, who were triumphant in some special department only after suffering and long-life devotion, for his imagination was so rich



in constructive skill that he was enabled to perfect inventions in weeks which would probably have occupied other men years of labour. Of such men it may be affirmed that the rich imagination, the facility of using the mind's eye, the power "to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," produces either a poet, a sculptor, or an inventor. It is said that it took about twelve weeks only for him to produce the first self-acting mule. The contractors for the Britannia Tubular Bridge wanted a machine to punch the plates, and he forthwith invented the Jacquard punching machine. The reed-making machine he invented to order; and probably the most extraordinary exhibition of his wonderful versatility may be seen in the way which, at sixty years of age, he went to London from Manchester, an inland town, and invented successful blockade runners of great speed, and introduced improvements in steamboats and war ships of such a nature as to astonish and delight men who had devoted all their lives to that particular branch of engineering. His designs always gave evidence of his love of the beautiful. He hated a sharp corner and uncouth design with as much cordiality as Dr. Johnson hated punsters and Scotchmen. His locomotives, his turret clocks, his self-acting mule, his steamships, his slide lathe, his carpet loom, his slotting machine, all show his power of design in their graceful proportions. In all this he has taught engineers that metal in the right place always produces the most agreeable contour; that strength and beauty always are in harmony. If Ruskin were sufficient of an economist to understand values, and had sufficient breadth of mind to know that there are other tools in the world than the ploughshare, he would have loved Richard Roberts.

I venture to claim for this great man that, although our records are crowded with the names of eminent engineers, he is the greatest mechanical inventor of the nineteenth century. I cannot but feel that justice has not been done to the memory of one whose whole life was spent in conferring benefits on the race. We have not yet here in Manchester, where he laboured for us all, any outward symbol of our gratitude and admiration. In St. Paul's Cathedral is this inscription, dedicated to its architect: "If you seek for his monument, look around." And, following this sentiment, it is by no means a bold statement to

make when I say that it is impossible to look at a locomotive or to go into any cotton mill or machine works in the world without finding records and evidences of the prodigious and beneficial influence and power of Richard Roberts. This city of Manchester we are proud of; our very prosperity and existence is the result of original power and moral bravery; it is not only the metropolis of engineering, but it is also fast becoming the handsomest city in the north of England. The canopy of smoke which our prodigality and ignorance permits to smear and deface our architecture, will vanish at the command of the coming chemist. Shall our city be adorned with a monument to commemorate the genius and record our sense of the benefits received from the works of the old mechanician, whose deeds I have attempted to record?

The following is a fac-simile of Roberts's advertisement, as it appeared in the first number of the *Manchester Guardian*, May 5, 1821, which was then printed by his friend, Mr. Jeremiah Garnett :—



RICHARD ROBERTS,

*Lathe, Screw, Screw-Engine, Screw Stock, &c., &c.,  
Manufacturer,*

**R**ESPECTFULLY informs COTTON-SPINNERS, IRON-FOUNDERS, MACHINE-MAKERS, and MECHANICS in general, that he has CUTTING-ENGINES at work on his NEW and IMPROVED principle, which are so constructed as to be capable of producing ANY number of Teeth required: they will cut BEVEL, SPUR, or WORM Gear, of any size and pitch not exceeding 30 inches diameter, in WOOD, BRASS, CAST-IRON, WROUGHT-IRON, or STEEL, and the TEETH will NOT REQUIRE FILEING UP; DIVISION-PLATES, QUADRANTS, &c., accurately divided, or additional Numbers put on *Old Plates*.

N.B. R. R. cuts, on his *Improved Screw Engine*, SCREWS of ALL Sorts, Pitches, or sizes, with the greatest accuracy.

Manufactory, New Market Buildings, Pool Fold;  
House, 5, Water-street, Manchester.



"IS IT A GILL?"

## OUR ARTISTS AT THE MANCHESTER ACADEMY.

BY GEOFFREY MELBROOK.

I WAS once present at a certain four-handed game of billiards which happened to become somewhat memorable in our Club-circle—memorable, not in consequence of the skill of the players or the magnitude of the issue, but because each man who held a cue was something of a wit, and chanced, at the time, to be brimming over with good stories. How varied and how pungent these stories were will be imagined when I say that the tellers of them may be set down as a knight of the Scottish

border, an Irish professor, an English man of letters, and an apostle of Semitic culture. At first one smart thing followed close upon another; then they began to come two at once, and *cannoned* like the balls on the table; finally, each man kept his own story running, and brought it up in detachments, between the strokes of the game, with ever-increasing point and gusto, until the oddity and humour of the situation resulted in unendurable laughter, and, to save ourselves from convulsion, the game and its accompaniment were both incontinentally stopped.

I was reminded of this incident by thinking of the complex and yet delightful kind of entertainment afforded us at that *conversazione* which has now for some years preceded the exhibition of the Manchester Academy of Art. From the moment when you make your bow to the venerable President—looking, in his velvet cap, like some ancient Venetian—to the time when you hear the harsh clang of the bell, you get no rest or pause, for one good thing trips up the heels of another with bewildering rapidity. There is the fragmentary contemplation of art in all its various forms; the passing reminiscence of some well-remembered scene; the beauty of the living face; the charm of costumes artfully as well as artistically arranged; snatches of anecdote, morsels of criticism, the kindly greeting of old friends, and the pleasant introduction to new ones. It is all enjoyable, but it is irretrievably mixed.

It was not possible on the last of these occasions to have been long in the rooms of the Royal Institution without finding that the Manchester Literary Club was present in considerable force. Fifteen members of that fraternity were among the exhibitors, and they had nearly a hundred pictures on the walls; so that here, again, there was occupation, in itself delightful enough, and yet necessarily of a somewhat confused character. You could not look at the picture without thinking of the man—"who, and what he was;" nor at the "transitory Being," without reverting to his more permanent work.

As I tried to thread my way through the human labyrinth of the First Room I overheard our friend the Critic declaiming against landscape: "What is the use of painting all these things? Stick to the figure—in that direction only lies the end of all noble art. You cannot paint a mountain when the air is clear, for then the

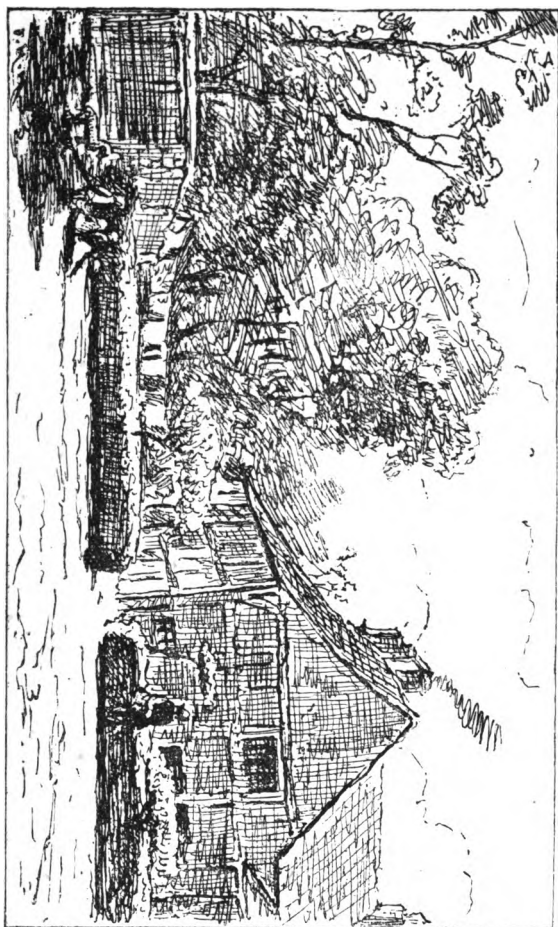
detail is endless ; nor in a mist, for then the subtleties of effect are beyond your reach. You cannot paint water as it moves ; nor a tree clothed with its myriad leaves ; nor even the anatomy of its branches in the bareness of winter."

"Nor, for that matter," said I, catching at a word, "the anatomy of the figure. Why should we indulge in these distinctions, and narrow the limits of appreciation ? The artist has but one field of work ; that field is Nature ; and Nature, in the most philosophical sense, includes Man. As to difficulty, the material is always difficult, and can only be brought into subjection by two things—imagination and industry. A landscape painter may well feel his heart sink when he looks at the infinite complexity of that which he seeks to portray ; but not less will the figure-painter, who understands the depth and meaning of humanity, quail before the work which he also has set himself to do. If I grant to you that no man living can adequately paint a Spring wood with the setting sun behind it, I must also ask you who can show us the light of love kindling behind the lashes of an eye, or the blush as it comes and goes on the cheek of a maiden ?"

I had to hold the Critic tightly by one arm while I poured this little speech into his ear. If I had not done so the stream would have borne him away ; and, by the time I had finished, there were half-a-dozen friends waiting to exchange salutations. When these were over we found that we were opposite Houghton Hague's *Keeper's Cottage*—a piece of honest, homely, Lancashire work, faithfully rendered and without idealization. The same scene would have tempted Edwin Waugh or Benjamin Brierley to have described it, in the same way, with their pens.

"And what is there in it when it is done ?" asks the Critic.

"Well, for me, the final test of a picture is its suggestiveness. That hollowing roof and those leaning timbers at the corner of the gable speak to me of two hundred years of quiet rural life. Behind that leaded casement, in dawn and in twilight, generations of keepers have been born and have died. And then there is the wood. Its beginning is only indicated ; but that is enough ; and I know what pleasant walks may be got under the old trees and among the long ferns. I almost think I could find the moist places where the wood-sorrel and the wind-flower would be found in bloom."



THE KEEPER'S COTTAGE.  
(By J. Houghton Hague.)









WAITING FOR LOW TIDE.

(By J. H. E. Partington.)

At this point I heard someone repeating after me the words "wood-sorrel" and "wind-flower." Turning round I saw the genial eyes of the Doctor beaming upon me through his spectacles. His head only was visible, and was much nearer than his body; but, giving him a hand, I pulled him into harbour.

"Wood-sorrel and wind-flower," he said; "when I heard the words I judged that Master Melbrook was not very much removed from me. And the 'wind-flower,' what is that? I do not remember."

"Oh, the wood-anemone—*anemone nemorosa*, if we must be scientific; *l'herbe au vent* the French call it. I suppose it gets its name because it comes in the tempestuous part of Spring. It is one of those early blossoms which, like Shakspeare's daffodils, take the winds of March with beauty. The flower stalks are thin and pendulous; and the delicate little corolla, white above and purple beneath, may often be seen shaking in a wind that brings with it snow or hail. But we must move on. Here is Mr. Partington's picture—*Waiting for Low Tide*."

I said "his picture" because it was the largest and most important of Mr. Partington's works in the exhibition. In looking at it I was greeting an old friend, for had I not stood before the canvas in a certain field by the seaside on one of the sweetest days of last Spring, and seen parts of it grow under the cunning hand of the painter? What I like most in this picture is its open-air look. It is a representation of homely life, done in the honest daylight. There is no affectation of rusticity, neither has any Arcadian gloss been thrown over the native roughness of the original.

"I like that face," I said to the Doctor; "it is comely without being beautiful;

Blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,  
And labour;

yet withal right pleasant to look upon. Whenever I see a woman of this sort I think of what Sir Thomas Overbury says of *The Fair and Happy Milk Maid*: 'She is so far from making herself beautiful by Art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and condition;'

and lastly, 'she makes her hand hard with labour and her heart soft with pity.' "

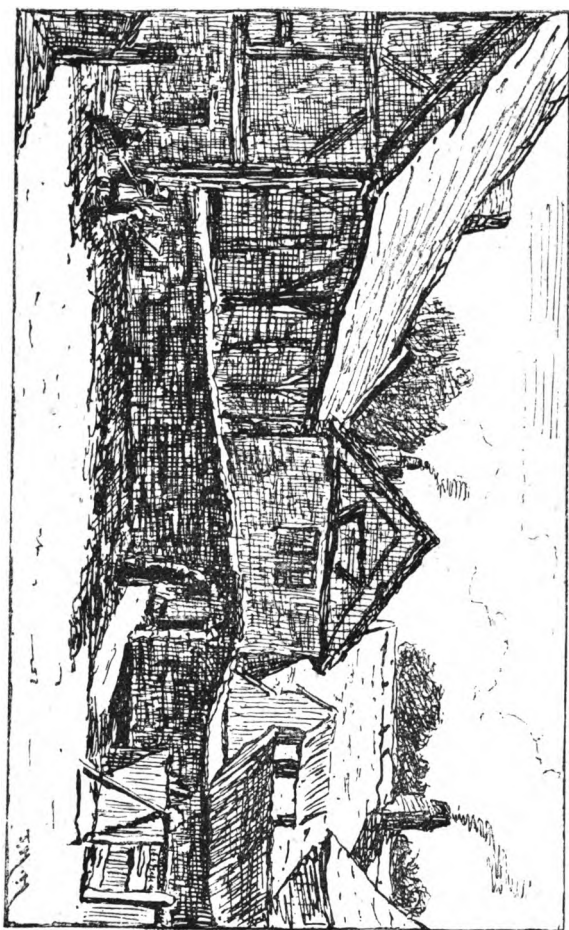
"That is a good piece of old-fashioned English," said the Doctor. "I must make acquaintance with Sir Thomas Overbury. But what are these scrubby trees blown and twisted back by the wind?"

"Ah, that is something," I said, which "you ought to see. They are budding willow-bushes; and, though not graceful in form, they are, at this time of the year, altogether lovely in colour—and the painter has caught it—a soft light brown with a dash of pink in it, harmonizing perfectly with the Spring sky. In that part of the parish of North Meols where this picture was painted they are everywhere about, bending back from the sea in groves and in hedgerows. It is quite a painter's country, full of fine figures, and of costumes quaint as those of Brittany. It is a part of Lancashire little known even by the thousands who throng to Southport, and are then but some two or three miles away from it."

In Houghton Hague's *Our Village* we are still in Lancashire. These old houses, rendered again with strict adherence to the unvarnished fact, are in Chadderton Fold. It is what we see in our northern villages, and it pleases the northern eye, though it may look cold and mean by comparison, for instance, with one of Birket Foster's hamlets in Surrey. The children are happy here, at any rate, as that little triumphal procession in the left-hand corner of the picture testifies.

From Lancashire to Wales is a natural transition—a transition which for us can hardly come too often. It is our land of romance. Cumbria can give to us Manchester people lakes and mountains as exquisite as any in the world; but Cambria furnishes, in addition, the mediæval ruin and the pre-historic legend. It is no wonder that Conway should be so often painted. It is unique. Probably there is not in Europe a more finely-situated specimen of an ancient town. It composes well from at least a dozen points; and what those points are no one knows better than George Hayes. As I stood looking at this picture of his, I heard someone say:—

"At his old work again, painting Conway. I would back him to do it with his eyes shut."



OUR VILLAGE.

(By J. Houghton Hague.)

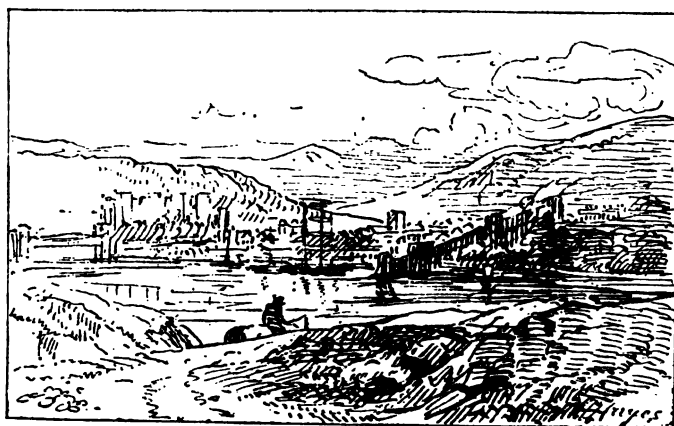


This was Erasmus, who was speaking to his friend Master More, and the latter answered :—

“Yes, better than some people we know with both their eyes open. Old George has so breathed Conway into himself that if his hand were idle and held a pencil, it would fall to sketching those round towers without the owner knowing what it was about.”

“Where is the picture taken from ?” said Erasmus.

“From Tywyn,” replied More, “and when the tide is in, you get from that little shore the noblest view of all. You have the



CONWAY.

(By George Hayes.)

blue river in front rounding itself like a lake ; the mountains retreating grandly behind ; and, in the middle distance, the castle, and the town, and the town-wall, fitting into and filling up, as if they had been made for the purpose, every undulation of the hill-slope on which they stand.”

But at this point the Childe of the Fluttering Hand, the painter himself, came “trickling” forward.

“What do you know about ‘middle distance?’” he asked ; “Stand away from the picture.”

And then his ten fingers began to move in soft and cabalistic circles all over the canvas. Every digit seemed to have a tongue of its own, and spoke of tone and feeling, breadth and quality, and

chiaro-oscuro in such an eloquent way that, before he had even begun the spoken criticism of his own work, we felt that we knew all about it. We had been told that the low tower of the church, and not the castle itself, was the key of the situation; we knew what the craft in the river had got to do with the mountain outlines; and were even aware of the esoteric connexion existing between the strip of yellow sand in front and the purple cloud which hangs over the distant pass.

As soon as we could disengage ourselves we went forward to a picture which was evidently attracting considerable attention—Joseph Knight's landscape, *The Moon's First Quarter*. Here we were joined by Morland, the editor. Although the chatter went on ceaselessly all round, we remained for a long time silent, and then Morland said, "It is a genuine fight with Nature."

"Yes, and she has been compelled," I answered, "to yield up her secret. The subject is one of immense difficulty, and the effect aimed at is of so subtle a kind that it is almost beyond the reach of art. Daylight and darkness are hard enough to render; twilight is harder still; but the twilight of the moon, which is what we have here, is hardest of all."

"And you must sympathize if you are to apprehend," said Morland. "I have been trying to stand *in* the picture, if I may so say it, and, as I did so, I felt its truth growing slowly upon me as if I had been opening my eyes to it."

Before we leave this picture I should like to urge that the moon itself might be touched with a little more delicacy. It is of all ponderable objects the most ethereal, and needs to be embodied with the lightest and most airy touch. The artist who wishes to give us studies of moonlight should turn for suggestion and illustration to the pages of Shelley. It is only to be expected that he who is our most spiritual poet—spiritual in the intellectual sense—should have given us the most frequent pictures of moonlight. We find them in nearly all his principal poems, and in many of his minor ones. In *Queen Mab* we have the "waning moon" as an image of Death; the "broad and yellow moon;" and again :—

Heaven's ebon vault,  
Studded with stars unutterably bright,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls.



THE MOON'S FIRST QUARTER.

(By Joseph Knight.)





In *Alastor* :—

The cold white light of morning, the blue moon  
Low in the west.

In *The Revolt of Islam* :—

The moon was hanging low  
Over the Asian mountains, and outspread  
The plain, the City, and the Camp below.

In the *Prometheus Unbound* there is a wonderfully vivid and picturesque dialogue between the Moon and the Earth, which is too long for quotation. And then, among other innumerable passages, there is that weird fragment :—

Like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gawzy veil,  
Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
The moon arose upon the murky earth,  
A white and shapeless mass.

And lastly there is the well-known stanza in the *Ode to the Skylark* :—

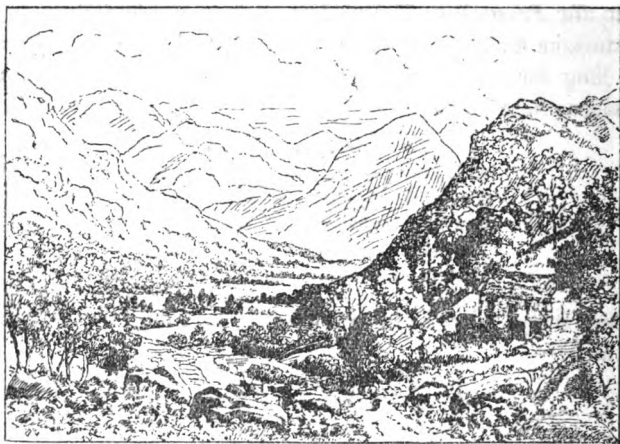
All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

We seem to touch the earth again as we return to our proper business in the contemplation of Ward Heys' picture of the *Head of Borrowdale*. And a lovely plot of earth it is. We all know it—a well-watered garden of trees and flowers hemmed in by wild and craggy hills. It is this contrast which makes the beauty of Borrowdale. You sit down on some green bank, where a busy stream sings or tinkles at your feet ; or on a gray boulder, beneath which a deep pool sleeps in silence, and, looking through the hazel bushes which are thick overhead, you see the great mountains purple with heather, and almost leaning over you. Mr. Heys' picture gives a good idea of these two features in the scene—the broken foreground, rich with hints of sylvan or pastoral life, backed by the grand and simple mountain lines. These mountain lines are given with great truth. They are so exact, indeed, that one may point out precise localities on the picture.

As I was looking at this work, that perfervid Scot, Wullie Hamilton, shouldered up to me and said :—

“Have we ever been there, Geoffrey?”

“Of course we have. Surely you have not forgotten that memorable day when we left Grasmere in the early morning, while the sky was yet cool and gray; climbed by Sour-Milk Ghyll



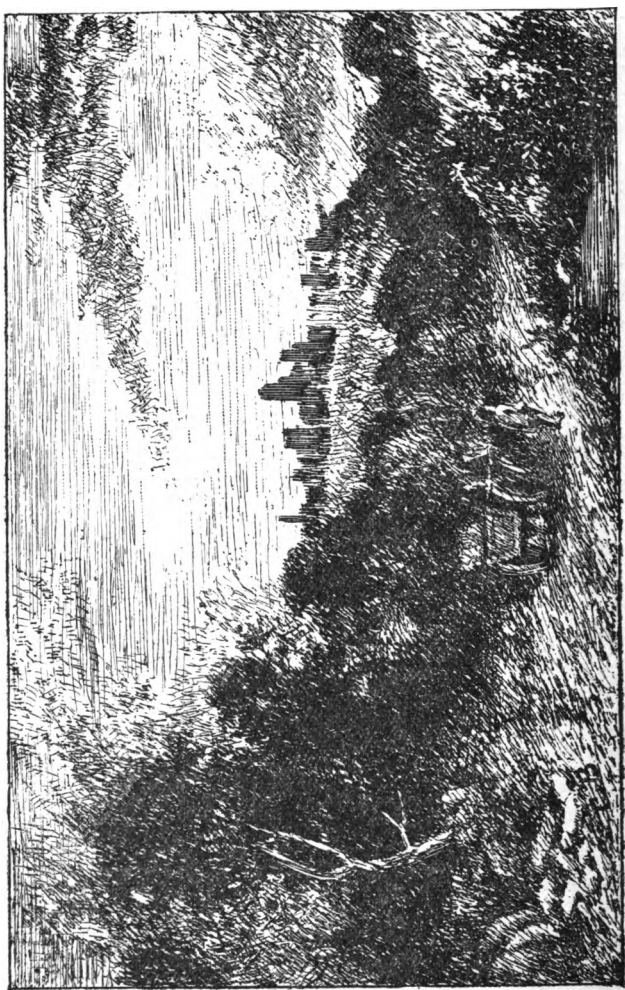
THE HEAD OF BORROWDALE.

(By Ward Heya.)

into Easedale, and then above the lonely tarn, which at that time was blue and silent, unmoved by wind or bird or fish; then higher still, till the tarn became a tiny pool; and over the trackless moorland, from which all the great hills were visible, and Windermere, and the sea. And then, down precipitously, just in the left-hand corner of the picture—there, where the ground is steepest. And you know what followed.”

“To be sure I do. The ground became ‘spongy-wet,’ and then turned into a net-work of little streams flowing under treacherous herbage; and you slipped, and I slipped; and you rolled, and I rolled, over and over each other, till we were both *soused* again and again with water, and became indifferent to further pluvial eventualities.”





HALTON CASTLE.

(By Christopher Blacklock.)

"And what then," said Hibernicus the Parson, who had just come up.

"Oh, having reached the bottom, we were attempting to cross the stream, and Geoffrey, making an adventurous leap from one stone to another, stumbled, floundered, tried to regain his footing, and finally lay down in the water, a saddened and a saturated man. As I drew him to the bank, limp and hopeless, I heard him murmuring to himself something out o' the Psalms o' David."

"I know the words," said the Parson, "the Psalmist is always handy for a situation of dolour:—'*Salvum, salvum* : I stick fast : I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me.' That's something like it."

"This is all very well," I said, "but what about your own *duds*, Wullie?"

At this point the Scot, affecting to have an interest in Houghton Hague's striking little sketch of a *Swedish Shepherd*, on the ground that his aunt had once been in Sweden, rushed off, catalogue in hand, to find it, and left me to tell the story to the Parson.

"Well," said he, "what happened?"

"Oh, Wullie, having an objection to fundamental damp, but not fearing cold, took off his breeks, and hung them on a rowan tree to dry. Then, for a good half-hour, Borrowdale saw a memorable sight—the Scot stalking the mountain-side in a costume of great freedom and simplicity—in the garb of the ancient Gael, in fact, only his kilt was not plaided, but pure white."

"Well," said the Parson, "I've often heard him say that life's troubles were best encountered with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches. He had them on him that day at any rate. But surely, Melbrook, you were boys then?"

"Indeed we were; and yet, my good friend, it is but two or three years ago."

Mr. Blacklock's *Halton Castle*, to which we now turn, was on the other side of the room, and though hung very high, its colour was bright enough to make the picture tell. The members of the Club will prize this picture as a memorial of a pleasant ramble in the Summer of last year, a record of which will be found at the end of the volume. The painter has perpetuated for us with

great success the transitory splendour of a sunset which we all paused to look at from the shadow of a bowery lane, but which without this remembrance we should soon forget. The materials for this picture were good, and they have been skilfully used, the luminous depth of the sky behind the towers of the castle being admirably suggested.

Mr. J. H. Davies had but one picture in the exhibition, and here it is. The scene is on the southern side of Manchester, and is of the kind which we associate with the adjoining county of Cheshire rather than with Lancashire. Rural picturesqueness in the latter county is usually gaunt and rude; in the former it is low-lying, snug, and warm. The note of this picture is *repose*; and, although there are no figures, the interest is human. This is more frequently the case, even with pure landscape, than we are in the habit of thinking. The lowly cottage behind the hedge is somebody's home. The smoke wavers from the chimney; and under the thatch the whole drama of life proceeds. It is evening now: the sun is setting, the day is ended, the harvest has been gathered, and labour is over. By-and-by the twilight will fall on the little nest, and its inhabitants will refresh themselves with sleep.

In the Second Room we are among the Water Colours, and we pause first before Mr. Partington's *Wearied*. It is not a pleasant subject: the face of the poor wayfarer is hard in line and sallow in colour; the shawl and the dress are mean and faded; only in the handkerchief round the neck is there a bit of bright colour; but, for all that, we are attracted, even fascinated, because the pencil has told its story with truth. Sorrow has fallen on these two—the mother and the babe. The way behind them has been full of weariness: before them it is without hope. We sometimes hear that modern life is lacking in fruitful subjects. On the contrary, we should think that a painter of right sympathies, who has got the habit of looking into the faces of men and women, must be perplexed by the multitude of subjects which even a single walk in city or in country will present to him.

Our next picture introduces a locality dear to all of us—the valley of the Wharfe. Mr. Heys has been working in the neighbourhood of that delightful river for some time past, and has brought back with him a considerable number of sketches, many



MY COTTAGE HOME.

(By J. H. Davies.)









**WEARIED.**

(By J. H. E. Partington.)

of which were in the exhibition. He has here given us one of the shallower reaches of the river, with no accessories but



THE VALLEY OF THE WHARFE

(By Ward Heys.)

the trees, and a glimpse of soft moorland. We are reminded of Wordsworth's line in the opening of *The White Doe of Rylstone* :—

Along the banks of crystal Wharfe.

Here we know that the water is crystal—clear and silvery as it breaks over the stones ; or, under the low bank, reflects the broken images of the trees. . Elsewhere the river has another character—that which Turner painted, and, for his own fine purpose, exaggerated. “He goes down to the shingly shore,” says Ruskin, in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*, “for the Abbey is but the child of the Wharfe ; it is the river, the great cause of the Abbey, which shall be his main subject ; only the extremity of the ruin itself is seen between the stems of the ash trees ; but the waves of the Wharfe are studied with a care which renders this drawing unique among Turner's works, for its expression of the eddies of a slow mountain stream, and of their pausing in treacherous depth beneath the hollowed rocks.”

Mr. Partington's picture of low life outside the *Swan with Two Necks* is a piece of good art, though appealing to a popular senti-

ment. A sketch from it will be found as a vignette at the head of this article. The colour of the drawing is admirable, and the realization of character perfect within its limits. A companion picture to this might be found in Waugh's *Besom Ben*. The hero of the story is standing with his donkey in front of the Beehive before he departs for his moorland home in "Spoddenlond," and he says, "‘Wo, owd lad! just an odd gill wi’ Billy, an’ then we’n be off whoam, like redshanks. . . . Aw’ve three-an’-ninepence hawp’ny laft i’ brass, beside stuff. Well; come. Fol der diddle ido! That’s noan sich an ill do for a besom-maker! Aw think it’ll ston a gill. Come, Dimple,’ said he, laying hold of the donkey’s bridle, ‘an odd tot, owd brid; an’ then, heigh-up for Lobden moorside!’”



THE CURFEW.

(By Christopher Blacklock.)

*The Curfew tolls the Knell of Parting Day*, by Mr. Blacklock<sup>o</sup> is a rich little poem in colour, reminding one of some of Somerset's work. The subject is again, as in the *Halton Castle*, a sunset; and, though the light is vivid, there is a dreamy softness spread over the scene. It is a little too early for the Curfew. The trees, and the gray church tower, and the circling birds, are yet tolerably distinct; but in a few minutes the colour will have gone from the sky, the birds will be at rest, and the proper scene of Gray's *Elegy* will have been realized.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Mr. Heys' drawing of *Bolton Abbey* gives us the same reach of the Wharfe as in the picture previously noticed, only it is taken



BOLTON ABBEY.

(By Ward Heys.)

from the opposite bank of the river. I think David Cox painted the Abbey from pretty nearly the same point; and no wonder, for the landscape is perfect. Here is everything that we want—the river, the woodland path curving with the stream, broad masses of foliage, the rolling hills, and, enshrined in the midst of it all,

Bolton's old monastic tower.

There is not a harsh or unpleasant line in the whole of this picture; and, while the Abbey is not vulgarly conspicuous, we feel that everything else is intended to lead up to it. Under one of those trees, by the water's edge, is just the place where one would like to dream away unnumbered hours and bring back in imagination the well-known scene of the poem already alluded to:—

The bells ring loud with gladsome power;  
 The sun shines bright; the fields are gay  
 With people in their best array

Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,  
Along the banks of crystal Wharfe,  
Through the vale retired and lowly,  
Trooping to that summons holy.  
And, up among the moorlands, see  
What sprinklings of blithe company :  
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,  
That down the steep hills force their way,  
Like cattle through the budded brooms ;  
Path, or no path, what care they ?  
And thus in joyous mood they hie  
To Bolton's mouldering Priory.

We come now to the Third Room, in which a few specimens of Club-work remain to be noticed. And, first, here is another picture of Mr. Blacklock's *Rustic Bridge near Bettws-y-Coed*. Just an obscure corner in the great temple, and nothing more—a nook into which any quiet worshipper of Nature would gladly steal for an hour when the noon was hottest. The materials are simple, but faithfully rendered. I think I could find the very



RUSTIC BRIDGE NEAR BETTWS-Y-COED.

(By Christopher Blacklock.)

spot, about a mile out of Bettws, a little off the old road that runs to Llanrwst. The dark woods of Gwyder are not far off, and the little stream which brawls among the boulders will soon find its way into the Conway river.

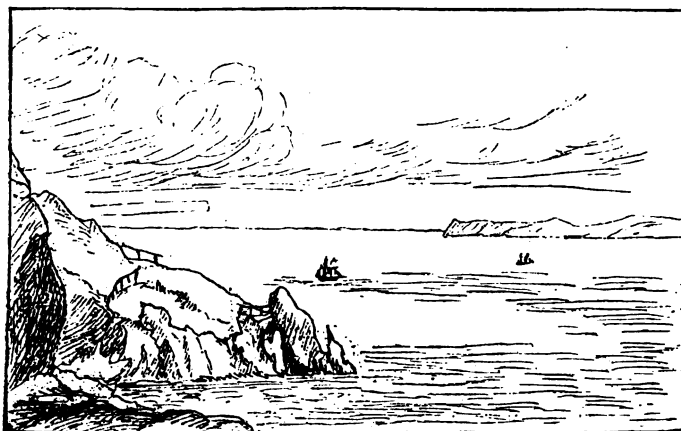


FATHER CHRISTMAS.

(By J. Houghton Hague.)

In *Father Christmas* most of us will recognize, although under sundry disguises, the well-known face and figure of good Master Felix, who for many years past has done the mumming for us on those memorable Christmas nights when the Club, after listening to the time-honoured and fervid oration of ancient Charles, unbends itself and welcomes, with a shout and a clinking of glasses, the entrance of the "merry brown bowl."

After a glance at Mr. Nicholson's little sketch of the summer sea, and of islands basking in the sunlight far away in the West, we come near home again, and back



NEAR TORQUAY.

(By Albert Nicholson.)

to a familiar locality, in Mr. Heys' *Bolton Bridge*—our last picture.



What strikes one first in this scene, as in all the others taken on the Wharfe, is its entirely English character. It could not be



BOLTON BRIDGE.

(By Ward Heys.)

mistaken for any other country in the world. Nowhere else do we see the same quiet wealth of beauty; unexciting, full of repose; loveliness without surprises, tenderness without caprice. The men who faithfully and lovingly paint such scenes confer a boon on the future. Surely those who come after us will want to be shown what their England was like in the old days, when there were still broad woods, and unpolluted streams, and deep meadows embroidered with the blue and gold of our English wild-flowers.

After the lights had been turned down and while the crowd was dispersing, I found myself with the Critic in the Council Chamber.

"Isn't it demoralizing?" he said.

"Isn't what demoralizing?"

"Oh, this intolerable mixture! Some degrees of goodness and all degrees of badness side by side, and not one in a hundred of them *wick*. Give me *wick* things about me or none. I am weary of it. We make the walls of our Academies into vast hoardings,

on which we placard in colours the decadence of British Art. The inane trifle is the prevailing mode. We have almost lost even the tradition of greatness."

"Soft," I said, "you take these things too seriously. We are not always in the 'Ercles' vein.' If, as I have observed, suggestiveness is the final test of a picture, the first test is, not what we call greatness, but truth and beauty—that truth which is beauty, that beauty which is truth: this is all we need to ask or know. As a question of art I never say to myself, is this a great picture; but, is it a true one. The same test applies to literature. The shortest lyric of the poet, the slightest outline or sketch of the painter, if they are true, either literally or imaginatively, and are also beautiful, give pleasure and enter into the sacred domain of art: without these qualities they are for ever shut out. Look here, I will give you examples ——"

"For heaven's sake, break off," said the Critic, growing restless. "Break off, or you will preach me into an orgasm; and it is all useless, you know, for at bottom, I suspect, if we were to define our terms, we both mean the same thing, or ought to do, which is much the same. And besides, here is the janitor coming to shut the doors. He frowns upon us, and so does the Apollo. Let us begone."

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NOTE.—In addition to the pictures noted and illustrated here, there were, of course, many others by the same artists; and also much excellent work by William Meredith, William Percy, Richard Gay Somerset, George Sheffield, J. W. Swinnerton, and Henry Watkinson.



SWEDISH SHEPHERD.

(By J. Houghton Hague.)



## Proceedings.

### SHORT COMMUNICATIONS, ABSTRACTS OF PAPERS, AND DISCUSSIONS.

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#### VISIT TO WARRINGTON FREE LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY.

##### HALTON CASTLE AND LIBRARY.

The only excursion of the Club during the summer recess took place on Saturday, May 25, 1878, when a party of forty-five members and ladies visited Warrington in the morning and went forward to Halton Castle in the afternoon. At Warrington an hour and a half were spent in the Museum, Art Gallery, and Free Library, under the guidance of Dr. Kendrick and the curator and librarian, Mr. Charles Madeley. The Museum, besides being attractively and methodically arranged, and in a way which eminently adapts it for educational purposes, is not too crowded. The visitor can spend his time there without being oppressed by the feeling that he has to wade through a chaos of miscellaneous and unclassified objects, the multitudinous nature of which almost inevitably involves the certainty of mental indigestion. The collection of seals, coins, medals, and brasses is remarkably varied and complete, the English coins comprising almost every known mintage from Alfred's time, and even earlier, down to the present period, as well as a very large number of tradesmen's copper tokens formerly in use in more than a hundred towns and villages in Great Britain and Ireland. The coinage of foreign countries is almost equally well represented. In local antiquities the Museum is very rich. The Art Gallery, which, like the rest of the institution, is under the charge of the Corporation, was opened in October last. Its nucleus was a collection of forty-six pictures, painted or collected by the late Thomas Robson, artist, of

Warrington, which were presented to the town by his younger brothers, John and William Robson. Some are original, but the greater part are copies of oil paintings by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, Lawrence, Titian, Teniers, Vandyke, Frank Bol, Ruysdael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Poussin, Cuyp, Claude, Correggio, and Murillo. A few modern works have been presented to the town by other donors, and there are some portraits of local worthies. Although the collection promises well for the future, it has at present a scanty appearance, and the visitors were not surprised to learn that the Museum outrivalled it in popular appreciation and attractiveness. The Free Library was next visited. Here attention was mainly directed to the special collection of books and pamphlets printed and published in Warrington, which is unusually complete, and has recently received a large and valuable accession of about two hundred volumes from Dr. Kendrick. During the latter half of the last century the Warrington press of William Eyres and his successors became celebrated for the number and merit of its issues, as it gave to the world the works of John Howard, the prison philanthropist; the Aikins, Ferriar, Priestley, Gilbert Wakefield, and others, as well as the first volumes of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Among Dr. Kendrick's donations are eleven chap-books, all printed by Eyres, "for the travelling stationers," and it appears that the handsome competency acquired by the founders of the firm was earned by the production and sale of these and similar illiterate and puerile story-books, and not by such beautiful specimens of typography as Aikin's *Tacitus* and Howard's *Prisons and Lazarettos*. Warrington has a notable history extending over a long period, and in its Library and Museum it has accumulated materials which, for excellence and completeness, are surpassed by few towns in the country, and are not even rivalled by any other place in the county. On the way to the station the party passed through the public park, formerly the Warrington seat of Lord Winmarleigh (then Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P.). Halton was reached from Norton Station. The ruins of the castle are slowly disappearing, but the eminence upon which they stand overlooks a vast extent of country, and will always have its attractions independent of the history and antiquarian interest of the site. The windings of the Mersey may be traced for many miles; half a dozen villages and hamlets and a wide extent of country lie like a map beneath the eye of the spectator; and further away the view is bounded on the south by the striking contour of the Overton Hills as seen from this point, on the west by the Welsh mountains, and on the north-east by the range of which Rivington Pike is the chief object. After tea in the Castle Hotel, two brief papers were read: one by Mr. Charles Hadfield on the history of the castle, and another by Mr. J. H. Nodal on Sir John

Cheshire's Library at Halton, which is housed within a stone's throw of the castle, and is believed to be the first free village library founded in England.

Mr. CHARLES HADFIELD said: The rock on which the castle stands, or stood—this Halton, or the Height—is surrounded by townships named after the cardinal points—Norton, Easton, Weston, and Sutton—as indicating their relative positions to the central and commanding natural fortress we now occupy. No military fortress, however, was known at Halton before the Normans came; but on the neighbouring castle rock at Runcorn, Elfida, a daughter of King Alfred, built a stronghold by which the Danish pirates in those days, sailing swiftly past the silent shore where now stands roaring Liverpool, landed for booty in the valley below and around us. But the primitive scuffle between the piratical Danes and the river police of Elfida were but small affairs. The gentleman we call the Conqueror was a pirate of more comprehensive enterprise. Just eight hundred and eight years since William gave the entire county of Chester to one Hugh Lupus, a fellow Norman, “to hold of him as freely by the sword as he himself held the realm of England by the crown.” This Lupus divided the gift into eight or more baronies, which he bestowed on brother soldiers upon the like condition of supporting him with the sword as he was to support the original appropriator. The lucky fellow who was called the first Baron of Halton was named Robert Nigel, and as he meant to keep what he had got, he built a castle on the spot on which we stand. Mr. Beamont is of opinion that of the original structure not one stone now stands upon another. This pious founder of Halton Castle is said to have won for Hugh Lupus the Castle of Rhiddlan, in Wales, in 1098. Many barons followed, distinguishing themselves variously as Crusaders, as signers of the Charta at Runnymede, as soldiers in Scotland and France. In 1360 John of Gaunt was Lord of Halton. Time-honoured Lancaster died in 1398, and his son Henry Bolingbroke became fifteenth and last Baron of Halton. When Henry became King of England the Barony of Halton ceased to exist. For some time it was held in stewardship. The castle seems to have made no mark during the Wars of the Roses. Sir John Savage, who fought at Bosworth in 1485, mustered the Cheshire men under the walls of Halton. Members of various Cheshire families were in succession seneschals of the place. In the year 1579—now three centuries since—“that once proud castle,” says Mr. Beamont, “long the head of a barony and the chief abode of the Constables of Chester, which had given thrones to its possessors, declined from its palmy state, and was transformed into a prison for recusants under the governorship of Sir John Savage. In 1608 the steward of Halton certified that the records of the manor from the time

of Edward III. were remaining in his custody at Halton. Mr. Beamont fears that these records are still there, and suggests their removal to a place of safe custody. Later still another king visited Halton. In 1617 King James I., having slept the previous night at Bewsey, Warrington, the house of Sir Thomas Ireland, arrived at Halton on the 21st, and having hunted and killed a buck in the park, proceeded thence to Rock Savage, the seat of Sir Thomas Savage, of which scarcely a trace remains. Halton was garrisoned for King Charles by Earl Rivers during the civil war between the king and the Parliament, and Captain Walter Primrose was the governor. This same Earl Rivers died at Frodsham Castle in 1654. The Parliamentary troops defeated the garrison in July, 1644, and took possession of the castle. Shortly afterwards the last scene of all that ends the strange eventful history of men and castles was enacted here. The castle, says Mr. Beamont, was dismantled and reduced to a ruin.

Mr. J. H. NODAL, in a brief paper on John Chesshyre's Library, said: The little village library of Halton is, in its way, a curiosity. To have been established when it was sufficiently remarkable, but to have been placed where it is augurs either a great change in the social conditions of the neighbourhood, or want of sagacity in the adaptation of means to ends. It was founded expressly for the use of men of letters and divines, but it was placed in a situation where men of letters were non-existent, and where divines were and still are few. One cannot help wondering what motives actuated Sir John Chesshyre in planting this little collection of books in a remote and rural corner of the country, and in providing for the free use of the volumes by learned men "desiring the same" in a district so far removed from literary and intellectual influences, and beyond the reach of an educated community. The founder was John Chesshyre, afterwards Sir John Chesshyre, king's sergeant-at-law. He was born in 1661, at Halewood, the seat of the Chesshyre family, a stone mansion on the south-east of Halton, now the property of Sir Richard Brooke, and which in 1817 was used as a boarding school and is now a farmhouse. John Chesshyre was called to the bar in 1689, being then twenty-eight years of age, and in 1714, at the age of fifty-three, he was made king's sergeant and knighted. From 1719 to 1725 his fee-book shows that he was in the receipt, year by year, of nearly £3,250, a very large income for a lawyer at that time. At the age of sixty-three he contracted his practice and his income to £1,320 a year. He died in London, suddenly, as he was getting into his coach, at the age of seventy-seven, on the 15th of May, 1738. The library at Halton was established by him five years previously, in 1733, "pro communi literatorum usu," as the inscription over the door of the building declares. In the rules, drawn up by himself or by his direction, it is pro-

vided that "for the improvement of learning, and that learned men may be encouraged to advance their knowledge by a friendly communication in their studies and labours, it is desired and intended that any divine or divines of the Church of England, or other gentlemen or persons desiring the same, and particularly that William Chesshyre of Halwood, near Halton, and his heirs, and the owner and inheritor of Halwood for the time being and his successors, may, on application to and with the consent of the curate for the time being, at any reasonable and convenient time or times, on every Tuesday and Thursday in the year, in the daytime have access and resort to the said library." At one of the sittings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Free Public Libraries in 1849, the existence of the Halton Library was disclosed by Mr. J. F. Marsh, then town clerk of Warrington. Speaking of it as the first free village library established in England, Mr. Marsh said that although free access was granted to men of letters, it was scarcely used at all; in fact, its existence was scarcely known, and the population showed no inclination to rescue it from oblivion and apply it to public use. The library then contained four hundred and twenty-two volumes, nearly all in folio; the works being chiefly theological or works of ecclesiastical and general history, of the time of the foundation and earlier. The Vicar of Halton is the keeper of the collection. The annual income is £12. There is a catalogue printed on vellum. Few books have been added since the original bequest, and no use is made of the collection except by the library keeper and visitors. The trustee is Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton Priory, Halton; and his powers, as declared by the trust, are "to see that the books are 'stored' in the library, in safe custody, and not prostituted to common use." Rules which were deemed wise and desirable in the first half of the last century are certainly antiquated now. Still the collection is not one adapted to popular use. It is a fair question whether the books, many of which were valuable, might not be sold in London, Liverpool, or Manchester, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of such a collection of standard modern works as were suited to the residents of Halton, Norton, and the neighbouring hamlets.

A visit was subsequently paid to the library. It is in a building of its own, containing one fair-sized room, and the books are ranged in presses round the walls. The Rev. Mr. Lockwood, vicar of Halton, and keeper of the library, received the visitors, and at the close of the inspection a vote of thanks was tendered to him for his courtesies and attention. The party reached Manchester on their return about ten o'clock.



## JOHN BYROM'S "CARELESS CONTENT."

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1878.—MR. EDWIN WAUGH read a brief paper on the "Careless Content" of Dr. John Byrom, written in Manchester about the beginning of the last century, and strongly illustrative of one of the minor graces of literary composition—the art of alliteration. The first and last stanzas (there are twelve in all) are as follows:—

I am content, I do not care,  
 Wag as it will the world for me;  
 When fuss and fret was all my fare,  
 It got no ground as I did see:  
 So when away my caring went,  
 I counted cost, and was content.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
 Mood it, and brood it, in your breast;  
 Or if you ween, for worldly stirs,  
 That man does right to mar his rest;  
 Let me be deft and debonair,  
 I am content, I do not care.

This poem, said Mr. Waugh, is almost unique in the easy flow of its alliteration, or rather in the graceful use of what has been happily called "apt alliteration's artful aid." And yet if this were its sole excellence, it would indeed be only a feeble reason for its resurrection; but, apart from its alliterative character, the poem contains many quaint features of a nobler tone which make it worthy of better attention than this short notice. Any wide and thoughtful reader of English literature will have noticed how this small art of alliteration plays through the whole course of English composition—sometimes almost unconsciously, and scarcely discernible—sometimes trickling, like a frolicsome under-song, carefully subdued to the general temper of the theme—sometimes flooding the whole subject, like a pantomimic deluge—according to each writer's power and disposition. The books of the Early English Text Society abound in curious examples of alliterative composition, both in prose and verse, culled from the misty field of ancient British literature. In those wild times our early writers, both Celtic and Anglo-Saxon, seem to have taken an especial delight in an art which, like barbaric ornaments in dress, tickled the untutored fancy of their rude audience. Hence it comes that, in those early compositions, the art of alliteration seems to be so often the "leading feature," so to speak, to the evident detriment of the story, whose still small voice is only faintly heard under this incessant chime of sounds. In the limits of this short paper, it would be impossible to give any adequate examples from this wide field of ancient wild flowers; but the

curious student of our early literature will find great store of interesting matter there, almost unknown to the outer world. As knowledge and culture advanced, the art of alliteration began to be more sparsely used, and more carefully subdued to the general purpose of the writer's work. And yet we find it whispering, here and there, in the works of all our great writers. Even Shakspeare, whose masterly hand ran through the whole gamut of literary excellence, "from the lowest note to the top of its compass," condescends, now and then, to play upon this small pipe, with artful artlessness. Coming nearer to our own time, I find that the art of alliteration runs through the whole course of Dryden's translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, and certainly, in the hands of "Glorious John," it seems to lend itself very happily to the heroic temper of that noble epic. The boldness of the theme, and the freedom and magnificence of the verse, seem to carry this small ornamentation naturally through the busy current of the story, like the fluttering plume in a chieftain's helmet. Pope, too, dallies daintily with this little literary lute, here and there, as in the following lines:—

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong ;  
In the bright muse, though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;  
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;  
And praise the easy vigour of a line  
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.  
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.  
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar :  
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
The line, too, labours, and the words more slow :  
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Mr. Waugh then read Byrom's poem, and concluded by quoting the late John Harland's comment upon it in his collection of the Ballads and Songs of Lancashire. It would be difficult to find in the whole range of lyric literature a composition containing so many singular qualities. In character and sentiment it is at once vigorous and laconic ; in style, antique and quaint, resembling not only Sidney, but, in parts, Suckling, Withers, and even

George Herbert; in diction, proverbial and colloquial, yet never vulgar; while it is one of the most happily constructed pieces of alliterative poetry to be found in the English language. Three distinct forms of this alliteration may be seen in it—the first letters of words throughout a line, or sometimes the like sounds of different letters; this kind, mingled with syllabic alliteration, as—

The point impartially I poise;

and lastly, what may be called alliterative antithesis, as in—

Physic and food, in sour and sweet.  
For chance or change, of peace or pain.  
For lack or glut, for loss or gain.  
For shining wealth, or scaring woe.

#### WOOD ENGRAVING.

OCTOBER 14, 1878.—The meeting was mainly devoted to the art of wood engraving, upon which subject Mr. Robert Langton read a paper. The tables and some screens were covered with a profusion of wood-engraving specimens, as well as of wood-blocks in various stages of progress. Mr. F. J. Shields sent a fine series of Durer's woodcuts, formerly the property of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. William Abercrombie showed the only engraving ever executed by William Blake, from designs by himself. The feoffees of the Chetham Library lent the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, 1493, and the *Adventures of Sir Theurdank* (Nuremberg, 1517) illustrated by Hans Schanfflein, a pupil of Durer's. Bates's *Mysteries of Art and Nature*, 1631, a quarto volume with woodcuts by the younger Switzer, was lent by the Mechanics' Institution. Mr. Robert Crozier, president of the Manchester Academy of Art, and Mr. Langton himself were large contributors, and altogether the collection was one of exceptional value and interest.

Mr. LANGTON traced the history of wood engraving from its origin in China down to recent times. There was, he said, a general concurrence of opinion among writers on the origin of printing and its sister art of engraving that China was the birth-place of both of them. Wood engraving seems to have originated in the peculiar construction of the Chinese language, in writing which they do not describe words by letters, but each word is indicated by a distinct character. The number of these characters is so great that it would perhaps be impossible for them to print their books with movable types. The work to be printed is, therefore, written carefully on a semi-transparent paper, which is glued face downwards upon a block of hard wood. Then, with fine carving tools, the engraver cuts away all the spaces, leaving the characters alone standing, and the page of the book is ready

for printing. The printer then inks his page with a brush and a thin distemper ink, and the impression is worked off precisely in the same way as we burnish what are called India proofs, only in the case of the Chinese printer the impression is rapidly taken with a sweep or two of the brush. An expert Chinese workman will make as many as three thousand impressions a day. Nothing definite is known as to the introduction of wood engraving into Europe, but it was first practised in Italy. The earliest woodcut bearing a date is the St. Christopher, 1423, now in the possession of Earl Spencer. The first printed Bible is known as the Guttenburg Bible, 1455. Albert Durer (born 1471; died 1528) gave a great impetus to the art of engraving on wood, and from this time both printing and wood engraving spread rapidly all over Europe. Before the end of the fifteenth century William Caxton was printing illustrated works in Westminster Abbey. The illustrations to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, printed by Caxton, are believed to be the earliest woodcuts executed in England. Mr. Langton then noticed in succession the works of Hans Holbein, Jobst Ammon (born at Zurich, 1539), John Day, Christopher Switzer (father and son, both resident in England), Papillon (France), John Baptist Jackson, Thomas Bewick, Charlton Nesbit, Luke Clennell, William Harvey, Robert Branston, John Thompson, and John Jackson. "If I were asked," said Mr. Langton, "who was, on the whole, the greatest engraver on wood England has produced, I should say John Thompson. The wonderful cleanness and delicacy of his lines have never been excelled. Next to him, in his own particular manner as a neat and careful engraver, should, I think, be placed John Jackson, the co-author with Chatto of the *History of Wood Engraving* published in 1838." Of living English masters, the greatest perhaps was Mr. W. J. Linton. Mr. Langton described the different ways of cutting blocks and the various woods used, boxwood holding the highest place, and concluded amidst applause.

It was incidentally stated in the course of the evening that a third edition of Jackson and Chatto's *History of Wood Engraving* was in preparation, bringing the examples down to the present date, and that as Mr. Langton had been invited to contribute a specimen of his work, Manchester would be represented in the new edition.

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 ORATORY AND ORIGINALITY.

OCTOBER 21, 1878.—MR. W. H. J. TRAICE read a short communication on Oratory and Originality, in which he dealt with the subject of plagiarism in public speaking. The subject had been suggested by the recent death of an eminent public speaker,

who had a remarkably receptive memory, who was able to give the very words as well as the thoughts of an author, and to assimilate them so completely that the whole speech was accepted as original. In fact, his verbal memory was so quick to seize and so tenacious to hold whatever he heard or read that perhaps he did not always know precisely whether he was using his own language or that of some writer or preacher. It is difficult to say how far such a speaker is amenable to the charge of plagiarism, in the same way as a writer would be. Looking at the matter as a question of gratification to the hearer, and in a country where public speaking enters so largely into the national organization, he (Mr. Traice) was almost ready to condone any piracy that gave the people pleasant addresses, "delivered with good emphasis and discretion," in place of the bald disjointed talk they are often doomed to listen to. Applied to another kind of address, that from the pulpit, how often has the question been raised as to whether the preacher might not do without concealment what he often does furtively—preach sermons not of his own preparing. One of the pleasantest passages in the *Spectator* is that in which Sir Roger de Coverley confides to the *Spectator* his arrangements with his chaplain on this point of clerical duty. Sir Roger said that when he required a chaplain, thirty years before, "he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather for plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons that have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit." "As Sir Roger (says the *Spectator*) was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Sanderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors or who published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated in this manner is like a composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor." Addison adds this general approval of the practice: "I could heartily wish that more of our

country clergy would follow this example, and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by great masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people."

An animated and interesting conversation followed, in which Mr. Edwin Waugh, Mr. Glossop, Mr. Joseph Johnson (Douglas), and Mr. George Milner participated. There was a general concurrence of opinion in favour of Addison's recommendation about preachers and sermons, and as regards public speakers the feeling was that the reproduction of other men's thoughts would often be advantageous and acceptable, but that the source should always be acknowledged.

## SCOTTISH MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

NOVEMBER 11, 1878.—MR. WILLIAM LAWSON read a paper on Scottish Marriages, dealing in particular with some old wedding customs which have passed or are passing away. The ceremony of marriage in Scotland differs in no material respect from that in England, except that it is not performed in church and the ring is dispensed with, although worn by the lady afterwards. Marriage is not a religious rite in Scotland, the law recognizing it as a civil contract, which can be performed by a magistrate. It is now, however, the almost universal practice to have the ceremony conducted by the minister of the parish or of the congregation to which the parties belong. The custom of hand-fasting was formerly common in Scotland. At the annual fairs unmarried persons of both sexes would choose a companion, according to their liking, with whom they were to live till that time next year. This was called hand-fasting, or hand-in-fist. If pleased with each other at the end of a year they continued together for life; if not they separated, and were free to make another choice as at first. The fruit of the connection, if any, was always attached to the disaffected person. Pledging by pieces of silver was also common between lovers, as evidenced by the fine old song of "Logie o' Buchan":—

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,  
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;  
He had but ae saxpence—he brak it in twa,  
And he ga'ed me the half o't when he ga'ed awa'.

The "Black-foot," a species of match-maker, was an indispensable adjunct to a love affair among the peasantry in former times, and he was most essential in cases where secrecy was desired. Feet

washing on the night previous to the wedding was another old observance. The friends of the bride and bridegroom respectively administered the ablution, which was made the occasion of much diversion. Riding the bruse, a race performed on horseback, generally by some of the younger part of the company who conduct the bride from her own home to that of the bridegroom, is not yet exploded at country weddings. The winner of the race is said to gain the "bruse," doubtless from "brose," broth or kail. The concluding dance at weddings was invariably Bab at the Bowster, or the cushion-dance. Flinging the stocking was greatly practised amongst the peasantry, and is scarcely yet obsolete. It was the custom for the friends to see the bride and bridegroom bedded, when the bride threw her stocking amongst the assembled guests, and it was the belief that he or she whom the stocking struck would be sure to be married within a year.

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THE NUDE IN ART.

NOVEMBER 11, 1878.—Mr. W. H. J. TRAICE, in a communication on the Nude in Art, said it had been suggested by Mr. P. H. Rathbone's paper, read before the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, and the recent controversy in Liverpool on Alma Tadema's picture of the *Sculptor's Model*. Mr. Rathbone maintained it as necessary for the future of English morality, as well as of English art, that the right of the nude to a place in our galleries should be boldly asserted, but that it must be the nude as represented by thoroughly trained artists. To the artist, Mr. Traice contended, a knowledge of the nude human figure was indispensable. But because the undraped human figure is an object which it is right and necessary that an artist should study, it does not follow that he is bound to represent it on canvas. Whatever may have been the case with the ancient Greeks, it should be remembered that with us the employment pictorially of the nude neither embodies anything in our ordinary or extraordinary course of life. Absolute nudity in public is not only unknown, it is an offence against public morals. The only instances are in sea-bathing, and even here we are taking all the pains we can to make the bather a draped figure. It is a sound doctrine that the artist is, in the field which he selects, the representative of the age in which he lives; he typifies in his work not the form merely but also the spirit of the time. For this reason it is doubtful whether the use of the nude in art is likely to attain excellence with us, except as illustrated by a few rarely-gifted men. Classic subjects are usually treated in a cold, conventional style, which betrays the absence of any sympathy between the painter

and his subject. As regards Mr. Rathbone's contention he (Mr. Traice) had failed to discover that any great impulse to morality is likely to be given by the cleverest painting of the nude. Still, when men like Leighton, Poynter, Alma Tadema, and Millais feel impelled to delineate on canvas some old poetic legend, no matter whether the figures be draped or nude, he is a churl or a fool, probably both, who does not accept the work with gratitude, and strive to enjoy it with the artist's own fervour. On the other hand, when all that can be said for an example in the nude is that it is good in drawing and flesh painting, there is no reason for its exhibition. This remark applies to many of Etty's works. They illustrate technical skill and little else. Any work in which the nakedness of the figure is that which engages the attention is an artistic mistake.

Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK said the real test was the motive of the artist. Where this was evidently impure it was to be condemned.

Dr. SAMELSON said that in really great works of art, as in Rembrandt's *Anatomist*, the nudity was entirely forgotten in the admiration of the picture in its entirety.

Mr. J. W. SWINNERTON (sculptor) said the objection made to the nude was its supposed bad influence on morals. He knew of no instance where any evil had resulted. The half-draped figure had been far more suggestive of evil thoughts. The line should be drawn at obscenity.

Mr. GEORGE MILNER agreed with the remark that the whole question might be put in the small compass of intention, and he thought that this should be applied equally to the draped figure as to the nude. He urged that the presentation of the nude might have an important educational influence on the young in a moral direction, because he considered that prurience in those matters usually dwelt with ignorance rather than with knowledge. If, therefore, they educated their youngest children to regard the nude as something in which there existed no evil, the better it would be for those children when they became men and women.

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#### JOURNALISM.

NOVEMBER 25, 1878.—Mr. HENRY FRANKS read a paper on Journalism. It was customary, he said, to make a distinction between literature and journalism, but the reason for this was not obvious. In England and in this century there is scarcely a great literary man whose reputation will survive the hundred years that follow his death, who has not at some period of his life been a journalist. Carlyle, Macaulay, Dickens, and Thackeray were all



newspaper men. The truth is that English journalism, above any other institution, has enlisted in its service the best representative men of the whole kingdom. And of late years, since the Crimean war, journalism seems also to have attracted the heroic side of the national character, and now the great papers have their staff of war correspondents, who are only distinguished from their military companions by the greater coolness and daring which they display under fire. Rather more English newspaper correspondents died upon the field of battle during the Franco-German war than either German or French staff officers; and recently, in a skirmish between Greeks and Turks, the only man killed was Mr. Ogle, the correspondent of the *Times*. Newspapers to-day in England probably have more influence over the minds, and, therefore, over the conduct of men than all the other educational agencies put together—pulpit, platform, or Parliament—and there is no denying the fact that they have become so thoroughly incorporated and interwoven with social life, that it is simply impossible to imagine a state of things without them. Try to imagine a week's existence without a newspaper. Trade would be paralyzed; no one would know the value of his property; conversation would be abolished; no one would have anything to talk about; servants and employers, each wanting what the other could give, would not know where to find one another; no one would know whether his friends were dead or alive; in less than three months the country would be thrown back three hundred years, and above all things in the panic of ignorance, a strong feeling of distrust would be aroused against the Government of the day. "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a Government," said Thomas Jefferson, the American President, "than live in a country with a Government and without newspapers." After a description of the internal working of a newspaper office, and a portraiture of the ideal journalist, Mr. Franks raised the question whether newspapers, that is, journalists, form public opinion, or only give expression to it. By public opinion, he meant the agreement of the majority upon any given question, no matter how that agreement has come about. It was necessary to say this because there are vast numbers of so-called educated people who read nothing but newspapers, who never think for themselves, who, as F. D. Maurice finely puts it, feel that "thinking is an idle waste of thought;" who have been described by George Eliot as "the people who get their science done by Faraday, and their religion by the superior clergy;" and yet who would resent the notion that they were completely and necessarily under the tyranny of the newspaper and the periodical press. About a year ago the Bishop of Manchester, who is himself so much like a daily newspaper without an editor, delivered an address in Edinburgh on

Responsibility in the Formation of Opinion, in which he spoke rather shabbily about the press. He said that newspapers expressed not their own opinions, but the opinions which were expected from them, and yet he asked his audience: "Are we not far too much under the influence of newspapers?" He thought there was here an entire confusion of ideas as to the genesis of public opinion, for the difference between a leading article and the intelligent conversation of politicians or others on the same side, was that the conversation was irresponsible, whilst the leading article was written under a keen sense of responsibility, and was the fruit of long and laborious intellectual discipline. It seemed to him that newspapers led public opinion in so far as they were generally in advance of it. Mr. Franks next discussed the relative advantages of the anonymous and the signed system in journalism, and declared himself in favour of the anonymous system, although to the journalist individually it generally involved a grievous sacrifice. The remainder of the paper dealt with the relative merits and excellencies of London and provincial journalism, and sketched the history of the three Manchester daily morning papers.

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THE ANNALS OF TACITUS AND POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

DECEMBER 2, 1878.—Mr. HENRY H. HOWORTH, F.S.A., in a short communication, announced his discovery of a passage in the *Annals of Fulda* which, in his opinion, conclusively showed the groundlessness of the recent attempt to prove the *Annals of Tacitus* to be the forgery of Poggio Bracciolini. He said: The chief authority for the history of the earlier Roman empire is Tacitus, by whom four works are generally supposed to be extant, namely, the *Annals*, the *Histories*, the *Germania*, and the *Life of Agricola*. Recently Mr. Ross, in a perversely ingenious book, has endeavoured to throw doubt on the authenticity of the *Annals*, and to make out they were composed by Poggio Bracciolini, a famous Latin scholar, who lived at the Court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and who, in fact, first published the first six books of the *Annals*. Poggio claims to have found this work at the monastery of Fulda. In recently examining the Fulda *Annals* for another purpose, I met with a passage which seems to put Poggio's statement beyond the reach of doubt. The portion of those *Annals* from 838 to 863 was composed by Ruodolfus, described as a monk of the abbey, an historiographer and poet, and very skilled in all the arts. Under the year 852, while relating the life of Louis the German, the grandson of Charlemagne, he speaks of a place called Mimida (the modern Minden),

and says it was situated on a river which Cornelius Tacitus, the chronicler of Roman affairs in those parts, called the Visurgis, but which was then known as the Wisaraha. That is, the river Weser. On turning to the works of Tacitus, I find he mentions the Visurgis five times only, all five being in the first two books of the Annals, namely, in the seventieth chapter of the First Book, and the ninth, eleventh, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters of the Second Book. Remembering the extreme scarcity of the works of Tacitus in mediæval times, and the occurrence of the Annals nowhere else than in the copy asserted by Poggio to have been found by him at Fulda, it is more than satisfactory to find a monk and chronicler of Fulda quoting this very work in the year 852, and while it puts the good faith of Poggio beyond dispute, it also completely destroys the ingenious fabric of Mr. Ross.

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WILLIAM RYLEY, LANCASTER HERALD, AND HIS SON.

DECEMBER 23, 1878.—Mr. JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY, F.S.A., read a biographical notice of William Ryley, Lancaster Herald, who was most assiduous in his profession as herald, and as Keeper of the Records at the Tower at a time when Hugh Peters proposed to burn them. Mr. Bailey's paper was based mainly on inedited materials, and included many particulars relating to the College of Arms during the Interregnum. Ryley, who is notable as having aided the researches of Milton, Dodsworth, and Fuller, has been overlooked by Lancashire annalists, although it is certain from his own relation, recorded by Fuller, that he belonged to that county. His ancestors were of East Lancashire; one of the connexions of the family, Hugh Ryley, steward to Bishop Jewell, closed the eyes of that prelate September 22, 1571. William Ryley, the father of Lancaster Herald, entered the Tower as Clerk of Records about 1620; ten years later he became Rouge Rose; and he died *circa* 1634. His son William became Bluemantle Pursuivant in the year 1633, up to which time he had for about fifteen years been educated by his father in Heraldry and Records. By virtue of his office Lancaster took the Visitations of Oxford and Bucks in 1634. In 1641 he became Lancaster Herald; and, in his official capacity, his signature is found attached to many public documents, among them to the funeral certificate of Alice, Countess of Derby. In the Civil War he halted between the two parties. For the King he secretly made a collection of the cornets (flags) and colours used in the Parliamentary service, and sent them to his Majesty in a fair book. Sir John Prestwich, of Hulme, compiled a similar work. For the Parliament Ryley was ordered to register all ensigns and

cornets taken at Naseby. He quarrelled with his brother officers, and was violently persecuted full ten years. Dodsworth styled him "an arrant rascal." On the occasion of the death of the Earl of Essex Ryley was made Norroy, in order more fittingly to celebrate the funeral. This office he afterwards described as one of quality, though not of profit, amounting but to the "degree of a solicitor." In 1645 he penned his first petition for the arrears of salary, and said that he had seven small children. In 1648 he petitioned Parliament for seven years' remuneration for his services among the Records. The public good, he justly observed, lay nowhere more eminently than in the public Records—a sentiment which deserved the £200 given to him for present subsistence. In 1654 his salary was fixed at £200 per annum; and he was ordered thenceforth to take only two shillings and sixpence for every search in lieu of ten shillings as heretofore, and to employ his time in making a perfect calendar of the Records. The latter was a business, according to Prynne, that wanted Argus's hundred eyes, Briareus's hundred hands, and Nestor's century of years. Meanwhile Ryley prepared many patents of arms for his countrymen. The Protector Richard made him Clarencieux, but he lost his offices at the Restoration, when he and his son became clerks to Prynne, who was made Keeper. The latter animadverted upon the "negligence, nescience, or slothfulness" of their former keepers, and described the records as being "in one confused chaos, under corroding, putrefying cobwebs, dust, filth, in the darkest corner of Cæsar's chapel in the White Tower." Ryley, who was made Registrar of Heralds' College at the Restoration, took the Visitation of Middlesex in 1664; and in the same year Pepys, after relating the particulars of the quarrel between the House of Commons and Prynne, says that he "saw old Ryley, the herald, and spoke to his son," the conversation showing that both clerks were on bad terms with Prynne. The Ryleys were joint authors of the *Placita Parliamentaria*, 1661, folio. This work, which has two most excellent indexes, was dedicated to the Earl of Clarendon, and was recommended by Sir Heneage Finch, a connexion of the younger Ryley's wife, Elizabeth Chester. Lord Hale had a high opinion of this work. The elder Ryley died in 1667, and was buried in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey. His son William, the third in succession of that name, was, according to his own account, of Christ Church, Oxford, and was bred a gentleman. He afterwards entered the Inner Temple. The remaining years of his life, as viewed through his own petitions, were full of trouble arising from poverty. Shortly before his death, which took place at his residence at Acton, Middlesex, November, 1675, he was afflicted with dropsy, consumption, "and severall other distempers; so that many of the College of Physicians declare there is but little hope of my recovery." In his

last petition he begged a friend to take care that the collection of his dear deceased father's labours of above forty-seven years, and his own of twenty-six years, with his printed books, might be sold to the best advantage for his own widow and children, he then not having wherewithal to be buried. His remains were interred in the Tower Church of St. Peter ad Vincula. Devotion to their profession was the praiseworthy feature of the lives of the Ryleys, and the pleasure they derived from their antiquarian pursuits showed that such studies were, as Warton has said, "strewn with flowers."

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WIT AND HUMOUR.

JANUARY 20, 1879.—The Rev. W. A. O'CONOR read a paper on Wit and Humour. The occupations of life, he said, may be divided into work and play. Play is the imitation of work. If there were no work, modes of amusement could scarcely be imagined. Our gambols are limited by the tether that confines our grazing. The games of children are copied from the serious occupations of their elders. Play is a protest against the insufficiency of merely human engagements, and in consequence an element of latent derision enters into it. Like children, "we snatch a fearful joy." Our playground is within the school precincts, and we give a zest to our pleasure by chalking the schoolmaster's profile behind the door. In the course of their earthly discontent men are prone to confound work and play, carrying both to excess. They habitually make love and money with too much avidity. Law, religion, and public opinion were introduced as restraints. The instant an increased seriousness appeared, man's capacity for play and parody became enlarged. The most awful sanction that religion uses, damnation, need only be flippantly repeated to excite a laugh. Marriage is the legitimate forest of innumerable jokes. Law and lawyers are an endless source of satire. The cause is still found in the insufficiency and pretentiousness of the things ridiculed. Damnation instead of a divine law was made a priest's bugbear. Marriage claiming a heavenly origin, was seen to be of the earth earthy. Public opinion had degenerated into Mrs. Grundy. Cant, counterfeit, and grave imposture are the objects of the ludicrous sense. "All things are vanity" is the major premise of humour. Regarding the growth of humour historically, we see a protest against the claims to infallibility and eternity which mortal institutions solemnly prefer, increasing in intensity in proportion as those claims are more seriously insisted on, partially suppressing itself under an apprehension of irreverence, uttering itself for the same reason in the form of riddles, and finding vent through crannies of varied emotion. Wit is said by,

Locke to put ideas together, judgment to distinguish them, and it is inferred that men of judgment are rarely men of wit or humour. This is confounding faculties with men, or supposing that each man has only one faculty. He who puts ideas together must first have exercised judgment in discriminating them. The fact is that men of a profound judgment, if they turn their minds to humour, are profound humourists, while men who do not think or feel deeply are shallow humourists. The latter aim at exciting laughter. The former amuse and surprise us into a troubled emotion of which laughter is only a casual expression. Democritus laughed at the lives of men. Heraclitus wept at them. Dean Swift was indignant at them. Ridicule, pity, and indignation are different modifications of humour. A smile, a tear, and a frown are accidental expressions of the same primary emotion. A drunken man, or a man beating his wife, or profaning names that ought to be sacred, will make us sad, or merry, or angry according to our mood or character. If we compare one of Theodore Hook's practical jokes with Hood's poor needlewoman "sewing at once with needle and thread a shroud as well as a shirt," and with Swift's "modest proposal on behalf of the children of poor people in Ireland," we shall have appropriate illustrations of the three-fold character of humour. Society may be looked at as contemptible, as suffering, or as wronged. Hook looked at it as contemptible, Hood as suffering, Swift as wronged. The province of humour is the practical. It deals with characters and actions. Wit deals with propositions, and plays on words. Wit therefore is the instrument of humour. There are high forms of wit in which it becomes identified with pure truth and common sense, and then it loses the companionship of humour. It resumes this companionship when it provokes a contrast with the hypocrisies of life or flashes light on some hidden affectation. It is most effective in defence or retaliation. Antithetical maxims have the form of wit but they stir no emotion. They are self-contained and self-balanced, and the mind reflects their equipoise. When the sparkle that the collision of ideas emits reveals a contrasted background, the sense of humour is aroused. We are lulled by level reasoning. It was the halting gait of Vulcan that aroused the unextinguishable laughter of the gods. The reason why men dread ridicule so much is that it mocks their claims by appealing to the universal hollowness and pretence. It is hard to protect ourselves from a charge that is made against humanity. The very gravity that appertains to virtue gives a handle to ridicule, because all hypocrisy is grave. The more respectable a name is the more easily is it exposed to laughter. "What is your name?" said a watchman to Sheridan lying drunk in the gutter; "William Wilberforce," Sheridan answered with all the gravity and emphasis he could muster. The sight of a human

being in an easy and unsuspecting attitude is a temptation to the infliction of some sudden pain. - So the repose of philosophy and the pre-occupation of virtue often present an inviting target for the arrows of wit. When the average man is ridiculed he is overwhelmed with confusion, because he knows that he is part of the general sham. The good man is shocked at the injustice when he is identified with the common herd, by endeavouring to escape from whom he has rendered himself an easier prey, just as the bather clambering up the bank is easily thrust back, while the swimmer in mid-stream is safe from molestation. As rest follows toil so humour should come after sobriety. Unbroken mirth is as wearisome as unbroken toil. Who could read a jest book through continuously? A piece of humour after a period of seriousness has the appearance of spontaneity, and there is always pungency in an impromptu. Unearned rest is unjust and unsatisfying and so is unearned mirth. It is not laughter, but the laughter of fools, that is madness; and it is not the house of feasting, but the house of endless feasting, that is worse than the house of mourning. In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread, applies not to bread alone, but to everything by which man lives. The worth of all joy is that we have done something to procure it. Laughter is sweetened by our having had our share in the seriousness of life; and wit has its best relish for him who has won an appetite for it by the sweat of his brain.

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THE CURSOR MUNDI AND LANCASHIRE.

OCTOBER 28, 1878.—Mr. H. H. HOWORTH, F.S.A., exhibited the fifth part of the *Cursor Mundi*, now being published by the Early English Text Society, under the editorial care of Dr. Richard Morris, and called attention to the connection of one of the versions of this poem with the literary history of the county. The *Cursor Mundi* was a lengthy poem giving a mediæval idea of history sacred and profane, and at the end of the Fairfax text of it, a MS. now in the Bodleian Library, there was this inscription: "*Stokynbrig scripsit istum librum Willelmo Kernour de Lancastre.*" The date of the MS. was about the end of the fourteenth or early part of the fifteenth century, and it was therefore a little later in date than the *Gest Historiale* translated from the *Historia Troiana* of Guido Colonna, which Mr. Axon had shown to be written for one of the Chethams of Nuthurst. It was possible that the committee for the preparation of the Lancashire Glossary might find some good material in the *Cursor Mundi*.

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## POETS AND POETRY OF YOUNG IRELAND.

MARCH 17, 1879.—Mr. M. J. LYONS read a paper on the Poets and Poetry of Young Ireland. Disclaiming any political intention, he said his sole object was to invite attention to the merits of a group of poets who are little known on this side of the water, or known only in an unfavourable sense, because their poetry was mainly written to idealize rebellion and to make treason tuneful. Millions of men, however, highly prized this poetry. A book he had on the table before him, the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, had gone through no fewer than thirty-nine editions, and it was surely no unfitting duty on the part of a literary club to endeavour to assess the merits and value of a section of literature which was so highly appreciated by the Irish people. Even if it was without intrinsic worth—which was not the case in this instance—the national poetry of a people is always worthy of preservation and study. Mr. Lyons then reviewed the life and works of Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee (who afterwards became prime minister of Canada), James Clarence Mangan, and Richard Dalton Williams, among the deceased members of the Young Ireland party of 1848; and of Samuel Ferguson (now Sir Samuel), Dennis Florence McCarthy, and Charles Gavan Duffy. With Thomas Davis, he reminded the club, he had dealt last session. The account was illustrated by the reading of numerous examples.

The Rev. W. A. O'CONOR pointed out the curious fact that the names of the majority of eminent Irish statesmen, men of letters, and poets ended in "n" or "m," as Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, Griffin, Banim, Carleton, Mangan, Maginn, and many others. He believed it to be a fact that no Normans in England, and no Milesians in Ireland, had ever attained to intellectual or literary eminence; and he thought it quite possible that the Normans and the Milesians were of the same race. Long before the English conquered Ireland and began their reign there, the native Irish had been ground down and oppressed by their Milesian rulers, and he attributed the profound melancholy which characterized the Irish muse to that protracted Milanesean oppression, and not to the subsequent English government.

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## THE FIVE OF SPADES AND THE CHURCH OF ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

BY JOHN EGLINGTON BAILEY, F.S.A.

[Read February 17, 1879.]

On the old tower of the church of Ashton-under-Lyne there was formerly an old inscription, which incidentally testifies to the popularity of cards in England at a period when the notices of that fascinating means of diversion are both few and of doubtful import. Cards were given to Europe by the Saracens at the end of the fourteenth century, and the knowledge of their use extended itself from France to Greece. The French clergy were so engrossed by the pastime that the Synod of Langres, 1404, forbade it as unclerical. At Bologna, in 1420, St. Bernardin of Sienna preached with such effect against the gambling which was indulged in that his hearers made on the spot a large bonfire with packs of cards taken out of their pockets. Under the word *Καρτα*, Du Cange quotes extracts from two Greek writers which show that cards were popular in Greece before 1498. Chaucer, who died in 1400, and who indirectly depicted much of the every-day life of his countrymen, does not once mention cards. But they begin to be noticed about the time of Edward IV. and Henry VI. The former king prohibited the importation of "cards for playing," in order to protect the English manufacture of them. An old ale-wife or brewer, in one of the Chester plays or mysteries, is introduced in a scene in Hell, when one of the devils thus addresses her:—

Welcome, deare darlinge, to endless bale,  
 Usinge *cardes*, dice, and cuppes smale  
 With many false other, to sell thy ale;  
 Now thou shalte have a feaste.

A more interesting notice of cards occurs in the *Paston Letters*, where Margery Paston, writing on "Crestemes Evyn" of the year 1484, tells her husband that she had sent their eldest son to Lady Morley (the widow of William Lovel, Lord Morley), "to have knolage wat sports wer husyd [used] in her hows in Kyrstemesse next folloyng aftyr the decysse of my lord, her husbond [who died 26 July, 1476]; and sche sayd that ther wer non dysgysyngs [guisings], ner harpyng, ner lutyng, ner syngyn, ner non lowde dysports; but pleyng at the tabyllys, and schesse, and cards: sweche dysports sche gaue her folkys leve to play and non odyr." The lady adds that the youth did his errand right well, and that she sent the like message by a younger son to Lady Stapleton, whose lord had died in 1466. "Sche seyd according to my Lady

Morlees seying in that, and as sche hadde seyn husyd in places of worschip [*i.e.*, of distinction : good families] ther as [= where] sche hath beyn." This letter opens up an interesting view of the amusements which at the time were introduced into the houses of the nobility and gentry during Christmas-tide. At that festival cards from the first formed one of the chief amusements. Henry VII., who was a great card-player, forbad cards to be used except during the Christmas holidays. Their ancient association with Christmas is seen in the kindness of Sir Roger de Coverley, who was in the habit of sending round to each of his cottagers "a string of hogs' puddings and a pack of cards," that good old squire being doubtless of the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who, with a deeper human insight than St. Bernardin and Henry VII., could see the usefulness of such a pastime : "It generates kindness and consolidates society."

The inscription I have alluded to takes us back to the reign of of an earlier English king than those named—Henry V., who reigned 1413–1422. In his time, it seems, viz., in 1413, the steeple of Ashton Church was a-building ; when a certain butcher, Alexander Hyll, playing at noddie with a companion, doubtless in the neighbourhood of the church, swore that if the dealer turned up *the five of spades* he would build a foot of the steeple. The very card was turned up ! Hyll, like a good Catholic, performed his promise, and had his name carved, a butcher's cleaver being put before *Alexander*, and the five of spades before *Hyll*. A new tower was erected in 1516, when the church was enlarged ; but the stone containing the curious inscription was somewhere retained, for it was visible in the time of Roger Dodsworth, the industrious Yorkshire antiquary, and the projector and co-worker with Dugdale of the *Monasticon*. Dodsworth, being at Ashton on the 2nd of April, 1639, copied the inscription, stating that it was on the church steeple. He wrote down the tradition, adding that its truth was attested by Henry Ffairfax, then rector there, second son of Thomas Fairfax, Baron de Cameron (Dodsworth's MSS. in Bibl. Bodl., vol. 155, fol. 116). The eldest son of Lord Fairfax was Ferdinando, the celebrated general of the Commonwealth and the generous patron of Dodsworth. Henry, the younger son, at whose rectory-house Dodsworth was entertained on the occasion of his Lancashire visit, is described by Oley (in his preface to George Herbert's *Country Parson*) as "a regular and sober fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, and afterwards rector of Bolton Percy in Yorkshire." He held, besides, the rectory of Ashton from, at least, 1623 till 1645, when he was forcibly ejected ; and that of Newton Kyme. He was a correspondent of Daniel King, author of *The Vale Royal*, for he had antiquarian tastes like his brother. He died at Bolton Percy, 6th April, 1665. The tower of Ashton Church, as Vicar Fairfax

knew it, was taken down and rebuilt in 1818, by which time all recollection of that ancient piece of cartomancy in connection with the steeple had passed out of mind. Let it be hoped that while the tradition was lively pleasanter things were said of Hyll, when the five of spades was thrown upon the card tables of Ashton, than assailed the name of Dalrymple when the nine of diamonds—the curse of Scotland—came under the view of Tory Scotchmen. We may bestow on Hyll the card-player's epitaph :—

His card is cut—long days he shuffled through  
The game of life—he dealt as others do :  
Though he by honours tells not its amount.  
When the last trump is played his tricks will count.

“Noddy” is, of course, the very attractive game of “cribbage.” A great aunt of mine still living at Ashbourne, with whom I used to play when a boy, always called it by that name. It is one of the Court games, *temp.* James I., noticed by Sir John Harington :—

Now noddy followed next, as well it might,  
Although it should have gone before of right ;  
At which I say I name not any body,  
One never had the knave, yet laid for noddy.

The same is also alluded to in a satirical poem, 1594, entitled *Batt upon Batt* :—

Shew me a man can turn up Noddy still,  
And deal himself three fives too, when he will ;  
Conclude with one and thirty, and a pair,  
Never fail ten in Hock, and yet play fair  
If Batt be not that night, I lose my aim.

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## A SALFORD WATERLOO HERO.

BY WILLIAM HINDSHAW.

[Read March 31, 1879.]

Most of us are acquainted, through the medium of a fine engraving by Ryall, with Ansdell's picture of one of the many heroic incidents which occurred on the fateful field of Waterloo, “The Fight for the Standard.” It seems to be little known that the hero of this and many other striking episodes of soldier life spent his latter, though not last, years in Salford ; and that in Salford his bones lie buried. The event which excited the admiration of the whole British Army, and which led to his being raised from the rank of sergeant in the Greys to that of commissioned officer, and to the possession of £100 a year for life, was the capture of one of the two imperial eagles seized at

Waterloo. His own account of the incident is simple enough, and it bears, in the absence of verbal garniture, or rhetorical flourish or boast, the stamp of true and sterling probity, and simple sense of duty and devotedness to the service into which he had enlisted:—"It was in the first charge that I took the eagle from the enemy. The Frenchman and I had a hard contest for it. He thrust for my groin; I parried it off and cut him through the head." The circumstances are more graphically detailed by an eye-witness (Colonel Smith) in the columns of the *United Service Gazette* of May 15, 1852; from which it appears that it occurred in the desultory fighting which ensued after one of the most brilliant and decisive charges of the day, in which two French columns ten thousand strong were utterly dispersed, contests between groups and single combatants covering the slopes. The struggle for the eagle was a severe one. It belonged to the 45th Regiment, and bore on its reverse a record of its presentation by Napoleon. It had figured at the victories of Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, and others; and we may infer was entrusted to the hands of one of the bravest of the brave. Mounted on his big horse, Ewart rushed at his adversary, and wrestling with his strong left hand the coveted symbol from its custodian, he parried with the sword in his right the thrust aimed by the Frenchman at his groin, and by a succeeding cut nearly severed the head of the combatant from his body. He in turn was immediately assailed by a Polish Lancer who, essaying to recover the trophy, hurled his lance at the victor. Ewart skilfully cast aside the weapon, and with an upward stroke cleft his head. Next a foot soldier tried his prowess, and first firing his musket, rushed at him with his bayonet. It required but little effort on Ewart's part to dispose of this adversary. General Ponsonby, who witnessed the desperate valour of Ewart, called out to him, "My brave fellow, take that to the rear; you have done enough till you get quit of it." On the entry of the British troops into Brussels after the battle, Ewart bore his trophy, and attracting universal attention, was everywhere saluted with applause. He was promoted in the following February to an ensigncy in the 3rd Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served twenty-four years.

On leaving the army he resided at Tranmere, and subsequently at Ulverston, whence he came to Salford. His residence was in Hampson Street, on the southern side, about one hundred yards from Oldfield Road. He employed himself while in Salford in teaching the use of that implement which, in his valorous and skilful hands, had won him his well-merited distinction. His latest days, in the down-hill of life, were spent with his faithful wife Maggie, the constant companion of all his fortunes, in a comfortable cottage, in a country lane, opposite Dayhulme Hall.

I was fortunate enough, on Saturday last, to discover his tomb in the graveyard of the New Jerusalem Temple, in Bolton Street. The stone is numbered 312, and it bears this inscription: "In memory of Ensign Charles Ewart, who died March 23rd, 1846, aged 77 years."

The wife of such a heroic adventurer was not without her own adventures. On the eve of Waterloo, in the terrible *melée* so graphically described by Byron, she was hastily picked up by Colonel Anson, who highly esteemed her brave husband, and insisted upon her riding behind him in the old pillion fashion. Sam Slick says "Women never forget the fixins," so with natural modesty she set about squaring her curt-tailed petticoats so as to form the nearest approximation to the lengthened superfluity of a riding-habit, any consideration for which the impetuous soldier, in strong soldier language, condemned in the urgency of the case, and galloping off with her he deposited her in a place of comparative safety. The day after the battle she spent seeking among the dead for the body of her husband, of whom living she could hear no tidings. She witnessed there the cruel rapacity of the human cormorants, who, rifling the dead for plunder, often extinguished by a cruel tap the little spark of life remaining in the wounded. After her ineffectual search she sought quarters for the night, and obtained them in the house of a blacksmith. A group of bespattered and grimy warriors in the course of the evening entered the premises with their horses, which they had brought to be shod. No notice was taken of them until the voice of one was heard above the rest giving orders. Starting up, Mrs. Ewart said to a companion in adversity, "I'm sure that's Ewart's voice." Ewart saw her as she advanced, and calling out "Maggie! Maggie!" rushed to the embrace her outspread arms offered.

Among the chosen companions of Ewart while resident in Salford were Mr. R. P. Livingstone, subsequently Mayor of Salford; Mr. Ralph Robinson, now of Higher Broughton—to whose courtesy I am chiefly indebted for my information; Deputy-constable Diggles, and some other large-hearted fellows. Held in high esteem by all who knew him, though three decades had elapsed since his exploits at Waterloo made him famous, his brother officers of the garrison here who were thrown into contact with him presented him with a valuable silver cup, bearing an inscription expressive of their admiration of his character. He had arranged with the worthies I have referred to, to hansom the cup at a supper in the Nelson Inn, Chapel Street. A messenger was dispatched for the goblet, which was to receive its first charge of wine at this convivial gathering, and the party were preparing to sit down, when the appalling information was brought that it was missing. The party, of course, broke up; and never did Deputy-constable Diggles perform his administrative functions with such

determined energy as he did in his attempt to discover the precious article so inopportunately purloined. Nothing connected with it was ever seen but the empty case which had contained it, and that was found in a clay pit, over which now stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Salford, or further known but what was confessed by a miscreant, transported for another crime, that it was sent to Liverpool and melted before the hour appointed for the banquet.

Mr. Ewart, a Scotchman by birth, hailing from the Ayrshire that sent Burns into the world, was of a genial kindly disposition, by no means garrulous in his old age, and always reluctant to refer to his own valorous exploits, with perhaps one exception, and it was his only boast. A little before noon of the memorable 18th, the Scots Greys were ordered to charge a distant body of infantry. The order was obeyed with the alacrity which eminently characterized the Greys, and which made Napoleon often exclaim, "Ah, qu' ils sont terribles ces chevaux gris!" The column was two deep. Ewart was in front of Cornet Kinchant, and on approaching the enemy, he singled out a French officer, whom he quickly disarmed, and was about to cut down, when he cried out, "Mercy! mercy! Angleterre," at the same time dropping his sabre and intimating his surrender. Hearing his cry Kinchant called upon Ewart to spare his life, and secure him as a prisoner. Ewart did not relish this interruption to his work, but, of course, submitted to orders, and proceeded to do the more effective work of the moment, when hearing a pistol shot behind him, and suspecting treachery, he turned round and saw poor Kinchant falling backwards over his horse, apparently lifeless, and the villain whose life he had interceded for trying to hide a pistol under his coat. Boiling with indignation at the dastardly act, Ewart instantly wheeled round and made for the scoundrel, who again appealed for mercy. Ewart's answer was, "Ask mercy of God, for de'il a bit of mercy you will get at my hands," and with one fell swoop of his terrible sword he severed his head from his body. Of this act of stern justice Ewart was ever afterwards supremely proud.

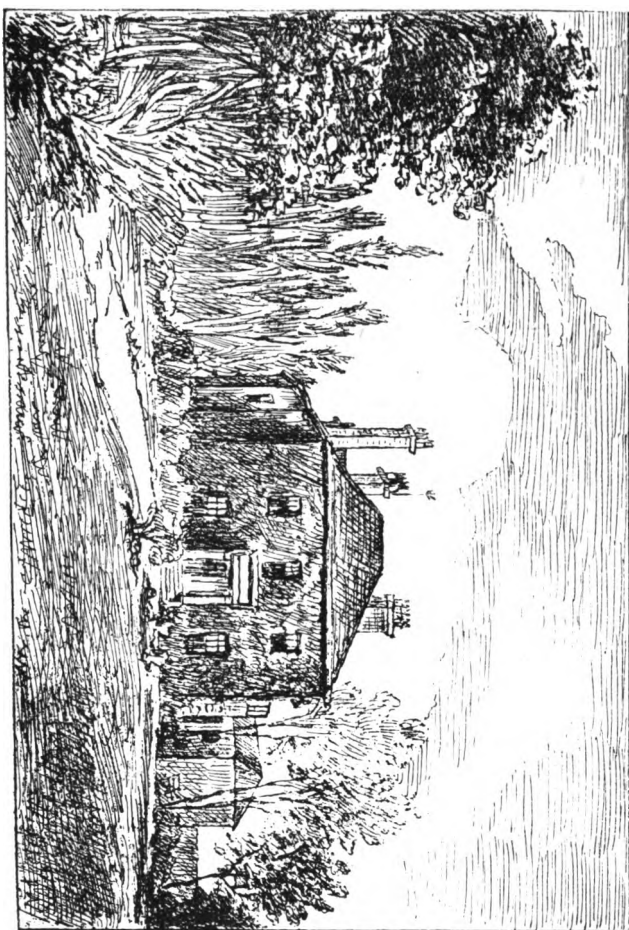
Ewart's faithful Maggie survived him a few years, dozing out her days in her Cheshire cottage, and enjoying half the pension conferred on her husband. She now sleeps in the quiet churchyard of Urmston. The eagle of Ewart's fame may be seen in the museum of Chelsea Hospital. The sword that "did the deed" was in the possession of Mr. Eden, of Lytham; his watch, which by intercepting a bullet had presumably saved the hero's life, was presented to the Peel Park Museum by Mayor R. P. Livingstone, to whom Ewart had given it.

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## THOMAS DE QUINCEY: HIS FATHER AND HIS BIRTHPLACE.

MARCH 31, 1879.—MR. W. E. A. AXON read a short note, in which he endeavoured to identify the work written by the father of Thomas de Quincey, and which has so far eluded the inquiries of the bibliographers. Following up a suggestion made by Mr. James Crossley in *Notes and Queries* that some contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1774 signed "T. Q." might be the "work," Mr. Axon showed that these letters had afterwards been printed in a separate form. De Quincey had described his father's book from recollection, and with some exaggeration due to treacherous memory, but his account of it tallied in part at least with a *Short Tour in the Midland Counties of England*, published in 1775, and of which there is a copy in the Manchester Public Library. Some extracts were cited to show the quality of the work, especially the author's strictures on the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which showed that under the stimulus of wounded pride the writer could be vigorous and trenchant. In general, however, the matter-of-fact style of this work of Thomas Quincey the father—if it be his—contrasts very strangely with the brilliant power and erratic force of the writings of Thomas de Quincey the son.

MR. JOHN EVANS read a short paper on De Quincey's Birthplace. The church of St. Anne, in this city, he said, contains two very interesting memorials of De Quincey. The following is an extract taken from the register of baptisms solemnized in St. Anne's Church for the year 1785, from which it is noteworthy that "De Quincey" was registered in his true and simple surname of "Quincey:"—"September 23: Thomas, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Quincey." No residence or place of birth is given. Mr. Bardsley says, in his *Memorials of St. Anne's*, that his "parents dwelt in the parish before they removed to Greenheys." This seems to be an additional error to those which have prevailed regarding the real birthplace of De Quincey, which have been perpetuated by all his biographers, and even on his tombstone in Edinburgh. At the time of his son's birth Thomas Quincey resided in Moss Side, doubtless in the immediate neighbourhood of the site on which he built, in 1791, the house known as "Greenhay," which gave the name to the locality now known as Greenheys. Another and more reasonable statement is that Mrs. Quincey, being upon a visit at the house of some friends in Princess Street, now known as the "Prince's Tavern," then a "fashionable" residence, was prematurely confined, and her son Thomas was born in the house in question. Of course this event would necessitate the residence of the Quinceys for a



**GREENHAY:**

**THE EARLY RESIDENCE OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY IN MANCHESTER.**

(Drawn by George Evans, from an oil painting by Carre.)





time at least in the parish of St. Anne's, and cause the baptism of their son to be solemnized in St. Anne's Church some six weeks after his birth. Some doubts have been expressed about the house (the Prince's Tavern) being in existence when De Quincey was born, but most are agreed that it has been built over one hundred years, during fully eighty of which it has been used as a tavern. At the time of De Quincey's birth this house formed the junction of what were then called Redcross Street (this was a continuance to Cross Street from the corner of South King Street into what was called "Longworth's Folly") and "Tasle Street," which ran into "Sounding Alley." The next opening was Tasle Alley, followed by that of Brasenose Street. From a deed dated 1749, belonging to Mr. Gill, of the firm of Messrs. Radford, Gill, and Radford, it appears the plot of land on which the house now stands was called Tasle Croft, and was the property of Samuel Clowes. From another document in Messrs. Radford and Gill's keeping, that of the will of Samuel Clowes's son, bearing date 2nd November, 1797, he demises this house and property to William Dinwiddie, as in the occupancy of Thomas Swan, a "liquor merchant." The father of this Samuel Clowes, grandfather of the late Rev. John Clowes, Fellow of the Collegiate Church, was undoubtedly the original owner of the house now known as the Prince's Tavern, which would be his dwelling-house previous to his removal to Broughton Hall, as in 1772 he appears from Mrs. Raffald's Directory as "Samuel Clowes, Esq., Ridgefield." Mr. Dinwiddie, of the firm of Dinwiddie, Kennedy, and Dinwiddie, came into possession of the house later on, as he appears in the directory of 1794 as "merchant and cotton manufacturer, 4, Redcross Street"—part of the building being in Redcross Street, which we now call Cross Street. From these documents it may be inferred that Samuel Clowes would be the occupant of the house at the time De Quincey was born, in 1785. In the churchyard of St. Anne's, at the east end, four stones from the vestry door, adjoining the graves of the two first rectors, Nathaniel Bann and Joseph Hoole, is another memorial of the Quincey family, being the gravestone of the distinguished essayist's father and two sisters. It bears the following inscriptions:—"Thomas Quincey, merchant, who died July 18, 1793, aged 40 years. Also of Jane Quincey, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Quincey, born September 18, 1786, died March, 1790. Also of Elizabeth Quincey, their daughter, who died June 2, 1792, aged 9 years."

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## MANCHESTER THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

## PART III.

MARCH 10, 1879.—MR. JOHN EVANS read the third of a series of papers giving his personal recollections of the stage in Manchester, which began in 1841. The present embraced a period extending from 1847 until the end of 1849. In sketching the history of those identified with the Manchester stage, he remarked that few had held a warmer place in the hearts of those who knew him than that extraordinary combination of uncouth speech yet genial heart—of brusque manners yet devoted earnestness—the scene painter, artist, and Royal Scottish Academician, Sam Bough, whose death was recorded on the 19th November, last year, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. Born in Carlisle, and starting as a lawyer's clerk, he followed a perfectly Bohemian life until 1844, when he found himself in Manchester, and engaged by Mr. Knowles as a scene painter at the Theatre Royal. Whatever may have been his former successes, there is no doubt the starting point of Bough's future successful career as an artist was on the Manchester stage, or from its "sets" and flats. Soon after the opening of the present Theatre Royal a grand quarrel took place between Mr. Knowles and the scene painter. Bough left the theatre, and Mr. George Jackson, then of Brazenose Street, and assistant to Mr. George Wallis in the School of Art, took him by the hand. Mr. Jackson, having a proscenium and scenery to fix for a play at the Grammar School, gave Sam "shop room" in which to paint the scenery and sidewings. When these were completed, Mr. Jackson, with some trouble, prevailed on Bough to produce a water-colour drawing, and send it to the Autumn Exhibition at the Royal Institution in 1847. The drawing, *Asham Mill*, was produced, framed by Mr. Jackson, sent to the Institution, sold immediately, and took the Heywood silver medal. After painting for the theatres in Glasgow and Edinburgh, he eventually settled down in the latter city, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1857, and an Academician in 1875. Passing in review the managerial career of John Sloan, at the "old Queen's," which, whether it was Shakspeare, English opera, or the most realistic melodrama, invariably "spelt ruin" for the manager, whose career was finished in Manchester by a fire and bankruptcy, and who, after migrating to America, returned to Liverpool, where he died in 1861, at forty-nine years of age, Mr. Evans proceeded to note the first appearance of Mr. Barry Sullivan at the Theatre Royal, which took place on the 9th October, 1847, in the character of Stukely in the *Gamester*, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean playing Mr. and Mrs. Beverley. Mr. Sullivan at once became a leading favourite, and continued

principal stock actor at the Royal until a quarrel with Mr. H. J. Wallack, the manager, in March, 1849, led to his secession from the theatre. The stock company at the Royal during this period was most efficient, and the managerial staff complete; Wallack as manager, Chambers as treasurer, and Doyne as prompter were each "the right man in the right place." During 1848 Mr. Macready gave his characteristic performance of James V. of Scotland, in White's admirable play *The King of the Commons*, which was followed by another new creation by the great tragedian, that of Melantius in *The Maid's Tragedy*. One of the most successful burlesques ever produced, Planche's *Invisible Prince*, was first performed this year (1848) at the Royal; and with such artistes as Basil Baker, Miss Kenneth, and Miss Travers, and some sparkling music tastefully arranged by the late Mr. C. A. Seymour, it enjoyed a long and popular run. In support of the fund being raised to purchase Shakspeare's birth-place, Manchester witnessed (on the 3rd June, 1848) another of those unique performances so intimately associated with the names of Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon. The pieces given were the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Animal Magnetism*. The cast of the former was as follows: Sir John Falstaff, Mr. Mark Lemon; Fenton, Mr. Charles Romer; Shallow, Mr. Charles Dickens; Slender, Mr. John Leech; Mr. Ford, Mr. John Forster; Mr. Page, Mr. Frank Stone; Sir Hugh Evans, Mr. G., H. Lewes; Dr. Caius, Mr. Dudley Costello; Host of the Garter, Mr. Fred. Dickens; Bardolph, Mr. Cole; Pistol, Mr. George Cruikshank; Nym, Mr. Augustus Dickens; Simple, Mr. Augustus Egg; Mrs. Page, Miss Kenworthy; Mrs. Ford, Miss Emmeline Montague; Anne Page, Miss Anne Romer; Dame Quickly, Mrs. Cowden Clarke. Owing to a domestic bereavement Mr. Leech's part was undertaken by the late Mr. Compton. In the farce, Dickens appeared as the Doctor, Lemon as La Fleur, Cruikshank as Jeffrey, Lewes as the Marquis, Miss Romer as Constance, and Miss Montague as Lisette. The appearance of Robert Houdin, the most wonderful conjuror of "all time," an event which is chronicled by the conjuror in his own *Memoirs* with charming accuracy, and the advent of that gifted votary of Momus, the circus clown, W. F. Wallett, were next passed in review, followed by a passing notice of Miss Anderton's first appearance at the Royal, with Mr. Edmund Glover and Mr. Butler Wentworth. During 1848 a Manchester Shakspearean Society was formed under the presidency of John Bolton Rogerson,—George Wallis, A. G. Henderson, David Holt, and others being among the members. In 1849 Hudson, the only legitimate successor to Tyrone Power, made his first appearance on the Manchester boards; and the same year was remarkable for the *debut* of one of the most brilliant critics and original thinkers of the present

century—George Henry Lewes—at the Royal as Shylock, which took place on the 10th of March. Later on he appeared as Don Gomez in a tragedy—*The Noble Heart*—from his own pen, and which was first performed in Manchester. Mr. Evans brought his reminiscences to a close by noting the great farewell performances of Macready, which took place in October, 1849; and concluded by remarking that during the years he had reviewed it had been the good fortune of the people of Manchester to possess a superior stock company, capable of rendering Shakspearean tragedy or sterling comedy probably better than any provincial company in England, the want of which was at the present time much to be deplored.

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CELTIC SONG.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

[Extracts from a Paper read Monday, March 24, 1879.]

My subject is an exceedingly wide one, and to do justice to it, in all its historical and literary aspects, would require a dozen essays, not a single one, besides pre-supposing a knowledge of Celtic story and customs which has yet to become the pursuit of Englishmen. I shall have succeeded abundantly to-night if, by quotation from bardic fragments and modern Celtic songs (of course, in translation), I can obtain your acknowledgment that our Irish National Airs, with their passion and pathos, their gaiety and gloom, their trust and tenderness, have their counterpart in the poetry of the Celtic people.

Of the bardic poems, and romances interspersed with bardic fragments, I can only speak briefly. Generally, let it be said, that no systematic collection, arrangement, and skilful literary treatment of them has, as yet, been undertaken, though I have reason to believe that the day is not distant when they will be thus accessible to men of letters. The fruitful labours of Professor O'Curry, Dr. O'Donovan, and other Irish antiquaries; the successful translations and adaptations from the Celtic of Sir Samuel Ferguson; the distinct success in America of Robert Dwyre Joyce's Irish epic of *Deirdré* and of Standish O'Grady's prose poem *Ireland in the Heroic Age*,—are sure tokens of a growing interest in the genius of Celtic romance and Celtic song. Mr. O'Grady's treatment of Irish myths is to reduce heroic history to its artistic elements. "Through the loose chaotic mass of bardic song and monkish chronicle" he has "endeavoured to

trace the mental and physical personalities of the Celtic heroes and heroines, and to discover that order of events which best harmonizes with the records of the past." Mr. O'Grady has therefore made a decidedly free application of the poet's licence; but I must say for myself that no translator or adapter of the early Celtic epic goes so home to the heart as does the author of the *Heroic History of Ireland*. But let my hearers judge for themselves. Here followed quotations from "The Death of Oscar," "The Fairy Bride," and "The Fight at the Ford" in *The History of Ireland*, by Standish O'Grady. Mr. O'Grady says:—

The advance of Christianity ruined the bards. The missionaries felt instinctively that the bards were their enemies. The praise of gods and demigods, and of heroes who were favoured and helped by these, was the theme of the bards. The degradation of the bardic class was, therefore, essential to the success of the missionaries.

Mr. O'Grady might have even put the case more strongly, and said that the bards were the teachers of the Celts, and that a struggle between them and the missionaries was not only natural, but far more certain to result in the prostration of pantheistic poetry in Ireland, than the combat between Christianity and the greater pagan literature of Greece and Rome. The status of the Irish bard gradually declined.

The positions of the contending parties had been reversed. The bards now amused only farmers and tradesmen, while the monks crowned kings and trained the minds of princes. The consequence was that secular literature did not flourish, or flourished only in the monasteries where it was not the chief thing, but an ornament of the monastic mind. As we examine the bardic tales we shall see traces of the same transformation. There are clearly marked vestiges of a golden age of bardic composition in the existing tales. In the midst of flat, wordy prose, vulgar in tone and barbarous construction, are embedded perfect gems of bardic verse, clear, noble, and pathetic.

I cannot go so far as Mr. O'Grady in his view of the fall of the Irish bard to so low a level in Christian society. I should be glad at least of his authority for showing that there is no truth in the more probable belief, that when the cleric became complete master, the bard was restored to favour as a musician and poet, though no longer as a teacher, and that before he had sufficiently lost caste amongst the great to make such a restoration of his influence difficult. To this view I think Mr. Bunting's interesting researches into the lives of Irish harpers distinctly point. Convincing proof will be found in his writings that, at any rate, as late as the middle of the last century, the Irish minstrel was—

High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
And poured to lords and ladies gay  
The unpremeditated lay.

The two following lyrics, the first verse in each of which is a translation from the Celtic, will give a fair idea of the poetic spirit of some of the Irish songs of this period :—

## WITH FLUTTERING JOY.

How happy for the little birds  
From tree to tree, away and hither,  
To pour their pretty, warbling words,  
And fly with fluttering joy together !  
But let the sun rejoice the skies,  
Or sullen clouds his glory smother,  
With heavy hearts we still must rise  
Far, far away from one another.

Now leave those foolish, fluttering things,  
O Fortune, Fortune, fond and cruel !  
And fit two pair of trusty wings  
Upon myself and Mary jewel,  
That she and I from earth may start,  
And skim the sky on angel feather,  
Till from mid-heaven, heart to heart  
With fluttering joy we fall together.

## LOVE SONG.

Would I were Erin's apple-blossom o'er you,  
Or Erin's rose in all her beauty blown,  
To drop my richest petals down before you,  
Within the garden where you walk alone !  
In hope you'd turn and pluck a little posy,  
With loving fingers through my foliage pressed,  
And kiss it close and set it blushing rosy,  
To sigh out all its sweetness on your breast !

Would I might take the pigeon's flight towards you,  
And perch beside your window-pane above,  
And murmur how my heart of hearts it hoards you,  
O hundred thousand treasures of my love !  
In hope you'd stretch your slender hand and take me,  
And smooth my wildly fluttering wings to rest,  
And lift me to your loving lips and make me  
My bower of blisses in your loving breast !

The annexed verses are written to the air of a well-known Cork drinking song. The Irish words, "*Beimeadh a gole*" (Let us be drinking) excepted, are not worthy of translation either on literary or moral grounds :—

## PLERACA.

*Beimeadh a gole !*  
Fill up the bowl,  
Let us console  
Dull care with a glass, boys !  
Shall it be wine,  
Fragrant and fine,  
Fresh smuggled from Spain underneath a mattress, boys?

No ! all of those pleasant  
 Casks out of Cadiz  
 Leave as a present,  
 Lads, for the ladies !  
 But for ourselves, sure  
 What should we say  
 But whiskey for éver  
 Till dawning of day.

*Beimeadh a gole !*  
 Wasn't it droll  
 He that first stole  
 Fire from Heaven's grate, boys,  
 Look now, was left,  
 Chained to a cleft,  
 A century, through, for an aigle to ate, boys !  
 St. Pat, though, when stealing  
 Fire from that quarter,  
 Kept it concealing  
 Snug under water ;  
 'Till he'd conveyed it  
 Safe to the ground,  
 Then looked, and, begorra,  
 'Twas *whiskey* he found.

*Beimeadh a gole !*  
 Each with his poll  
 Quite in control,  
 For all its containing ;  
 Smiling we sit,  
 Warming our wit  
 With nectar the Gods might begrudge us the draining.  
 Now, ere we go snoozing  
 Under the clothes,  
 Don't be refusing  
 One health I propose.  
 Here's to the darling,  
 Pale as the dew,  
 That pounds Purple Bacchus  
 And all of his crew.

To my friend, Dr. Joyce, M.R.S.A., the well-known Irish scholar and antiquary, I am indebted for the following brief sketch of one of our most remarkable Irish peasant poets, O'Curnan :—

A MAD LOVE POEM.

Poor O'Curnan's story was tragical enough. Hired by a farmer in Modeligo, who had but one child, a little girl, O'Curnan was given to understand that on her coming to a marriageable age, her hand and the farm together would be bestowed upon him, provided he served faithfully until then. He served seven years, it is said, and, like the patriarch of old, was cheated. Being sent to Cork to sell some loads of corn and buy the wedding dress, etc., the young woman, during his absence, was married to another man who had a fortune. O'Curnan travelled day and night, but a long journey a century ago could not be got over in a hurry. As he approached the home of his betrothed early in the morning, he was met by the wedding party going to their respective homes after the night, and it is said that some of them made him the butt of



their ridicule. Entering the house, and learning how matters stood, he threw into the fire the "favours" he had brought from Cork, as well as his own clothes, and for ever after roamed over the country a madman—but with his poetical powers intact—and always engaged in singing his own misfortunes and the cruelty of his Mary. O'Curnan's story was known to every man and woman in the county of Waterford fifty years ago, and there are persons still living who saw him.

The following poem is my almost literal translation of the best remembered of his lyrics, known as "O'Curnan's Song :"—

O'CURNAN'S SONG.

O Mary bhan a'sthore,  
That through my bosom's core  
Hast pierced me past the Isle of Fódla's healing ;  
By Heaven, 'tis my belief,  
Had you but known my grief,  
Long since to me with succour you'd been stealing.

With tears the night I waste ;  
No food by day I taste,  
But wander weak and silent as a shadow !  
Ah ! if I may not meet  
My Mary fond and sweet,  
Soon dead and cold she'll find her constant laddo.

I know not night from day :  
"Cuckoo !" the thrushes say !  
But how can it be May in dark December ?  
My friends look strange and wild ;  
But hasten, Mary, mild,  
And well my heart its mistress shall remember.

No herb or skill of hand  
My cure can now command,  
From you, O Flower of Love alone I'll seek it ;  
Then hasten, hasten here,  
My own and only dear,  
And in your secret ear I'll softly speak it.

One sweet kiss from your mouth  
Would quench my burning drouth,  
And lift me back to life ; ah ! yield it to me,  
Or make for me my bed  
Among the mouldering dead,  
Where the winding worms may crawl and channel through me.

Ah ! better buried so  
Than like a ghost to go,  
All music, dance, and sport with sighs forsaking ;  
A witless, wandering man  
For the love of Mary bhan,  
With the heart within my bosom slowly breaking.

## ETCHING.

The closing *conversazione* of the session was held on Wednesday, April 23, 1879, the anniversary of Shakspeare's birthday, and was largely attended. The chief feature of the evening was a display of a valuable collection of etchings, which had been lent by the committee of the Manchester Art Museum. It appears that the committee of that institution have in all two hundred and eighty-four works in this interesting branch of art. They have been selected for them by Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, who has added greatly to the value of the specimens by attaching to each a brief descriptive and critical note, pointing out sometimes the method adopted by the etcher, but more frequently indicating the peculiar excellence either of the picture as a whole or of some special feature in it. Thus, the treatment of trees in one, of the rock formations in another, of the sky or clouds in a third, is the subject of Mr. Hamerton's loving and appreciative pen, by which means he teaches the observer where to look for excellence, and how to admire wisely. Of the two hundred and eighty-four works, the property of the Art Museum Committee, only about fifty were shown on this occasion; but the number was more than sufficient, not only to show the superb excellence and fascinating interest of the collection, but to occupy fully the attention of the gathering during the evening. A series of line engravings, after Turner, and a few water-colour drawings, were also hung in the room, or placed on the tables. In the course of the evening, Mr. George Evans, the honorary secretary, read a short paper on Etching.

Mr. EVANS said that when it was arranged that the principal feature of the *réunion* that evening should be the very remarkable and altogether unique collection of etchings, which, through the kindness of the Council of the Manchester Art Museum, adorned the rooms, it was decided that they should be presented to notice in a short introductory paper, which, in default of the willingness of abler hands, it had fallen to his lot to deliver; but that he had been dismayed to find the ground cut from under his feet by the learned, descriptive, and critical notes of that high authority, Mr. Philip Hamerton, which would be found at the corner of each frame. He thought, however, that it might be interesting to some of the ladies present to know a little of the process by which these beautiful works are produced, and he shortly sketched the mode of procedure, which he was enabled to further illustrate by exhibiting an etched plate showing the action of the needle on the grounded copper as just finished by Mr. William Walker, one of the members of the Club. The art of etching was that

of expression, and was essentially "the painters' art," for they had always been the masters of the craft, and in elucidation of its mysteries and praise of its powers the poet once sang as follows :—

Know ye what etching is? It is to ramble  
On copper; in a summer twilight's hour  
To let sweet Fancy fiddle tunelessly.  
It is the whispering from Nature's heart,  
Heard when we wander on the moor, or gaze  
On the sea, on fleecy clouds of heaven, or at  
The rushy lake whereon the wild birds play.  
It is the down of doves, the eagle's claw;  
'Tis Homer in a nutshell, ten commandments  
Writ on a penny's surface; 'tis a wish,  
A sigh, comprised in fine-chiselled odes,  
A tiny image in its bird's-flight caught.  
It is to paint on the soft gold-hued copper  
With sting of wasp and velvet of the wings  
Of butterfly, by sparkling sunbeams glowed.  
Even so, the etcher's needle on its point  
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind  
Reality and fancy did create.

He agreed with the opinion expressed by Mr. Hamerton that in all essential particulars the art of etching is the same to-day as it was in the time of Rembrandt. The scientific and mechanical part of the business has been much improved by recent discoveries, notably by the electrotpe, by means of which a copper plate can now be covered with a delicate coating of steel, and made to yield a very much larger number of impressions than formerly, but the manual difficulties and facilities remain unaltered, and when a plate is finished now it presents exactly the same appearance as one of the old masters. Although the art of etching has existed for hundreds of years and been practised by the greatest painters, it is not yet popularly understood, the word being generally supposed to refer to drawing in pen and ink. Attention has, however, been directed to the subject of late years, and a revival of interest has taken place both in France and England. To this revival Mr. Hamerton has contributed in a marked degree by the establishment of the *Portfolio* and by his other writings on the subject, no less than by his etchings, which have a high degree of excellence. The names, too, of Turner, Ruskin, Horsley, Cope, Creswick, Millais, Samuel Palmer, and others of the English school should not be forgotten in this regard, but it is, perhaps, to the marvellous success achieved by Mr. Francis Seymour Haden, an eminent London surgeon, who possesses that rarest union, scientific attainments and artistic genius, and to the universal acclaim which has greeted his work, that we owe the continuance of the interest at present manifested in the art. The essayist has quoted passages full of truth and suggestion from the lectures on the subject recently delivered by

Mr. Haden at the Royal Institution in London. He agreed with Mr. Hamerton that it is a misfortune that in the small circle that really cares for the art of etching (soon he hoped to be greatly enlarged) a too large proportion are collectors and curiosity-mongers, "connoisseurs" of dearness and variety rather than lovers of art for its own sake. He was afraid, however, that this condition of things does not appertain alone to etching, but is common to all the arts. He quoted from Mr. Hamerton's *Etching and Etchers* several instances of the collector's mania, of which the following are the most remarkable:—A copy of Rembrandt's plate, Christ Healing the Sick, called the Hundred Guilder Print because he sold a copy of it for that sum, was sold in 1755 for eighty-four guilders (£71); in 1798 for £33. 1s. 6d.; in 1809 for £41. 7s. 6d.; shortly afterwards it realized £231. Another impression was bought in 1847 for less than £140, and recently sold to Mr. Palmer for £1,180. A set of Ostade's etchings was sold in 1838 for £105, afterwards for £159. 12s. In 1844 the same set was sold for £309. 15s., and again in 1846 for £500. It is now said to be worth one thousand guineas. He (Mr. Evans) thought that something might be done by the Club to foster the revival and keep alive the interest which is of late awakening to the beauty and capabilities of the art of etching. Many amateurs have attempted etching both in the present and the past, and some have succeeded, notably Mr. Haden, who would, it is stated, never have been an etcher at all but for the accident of being enjoined a long rest from professional work. In this interval of enforced leisure he developed from being a clever amateur to one of the greatest masters of the art. He (Mr. Evans) thought it would be no bad thing if, emulating the etching clubs which for the last forty years have existed in London and done good work, the artists and amateurs of the Manchester Literary Club were to form a similar association, if even no other result followed than the adornment of the annual volume of the Club's proceedings.

The closing suggestion of the Essayist was very favourably received. Later on, the Chairman said he had received the names of several members who were willing to join the proposed Etching Section, and he invited others to send in their adhesion to the honorary secretary.

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## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SECTION.

## THE LIBRARY OF LEIGH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The first monthly meeting of the newly-formed Bibliographical Section was held on Tuesday, October 8, 1878, when a paper was read by Mr. J. EGLINGTON BAILEY, F.S.A., on the Old Library of Leigh Grammar School. He said the collection of books, about six score in number, forming the library of the Grammar School of Leigh, the only relic of this kind in Lancashire, is interesting not only on account of the comparative rarity of the volumes, but also from the many local reminiscences which are contained in them as being once owned, according to the inscriptions in them, by the benefactors, the masters, or the scholars of the school. The books are also of value because they present a view of the kind of literature that served, two hundred years ago, to form part of a schoolmaster's library, and what were the common school books of the boys. As to the original foundation of the school, the Commissioners of 1836 could not discover it. There is reason to believe that its endowment dates from the Commonwealth days. The library was founded by Ralph Pilling, a curious compound of learning and vanity, who was master in 1719, dabbled in physic, and left his collection for the improvement of his successors. The one hundred and twenty books in the library are more or less in a defective condition. They bear traces, in scribbled words, want of covers, and other marks, of having been ill-used by the boys. They are kept in a cupboard in the upper story of the present inconvenient schoolhouse, where the benches were like those in Cowper's school, "though mangled, hacked, and hewed, yet not destroyed." Mr. Bailey enumerated the successive masters of the school, so far as known, and the more noticeable volumes in the library. Historical works are poorly represented. There are twenty-eight books in or relating to the Latin language, and thirteen in Greek and Hebrew. There are three or four editions of the celebrated Colloquies of Erasmus, which most delightful of school books at the time the collection was being got together was losing its position in the literature of schoolboys, and afterwards disappeared altogether. Of late years, however, it has been re-introduced into middle-class schools through the instrumentality of Dr. Lowe's edition. The Leigh library had also copies of the Colloquies of Corderius, which were almost as popular as those of Erasmus, and indeed retained their place in

schools for a longer time. The books on logic, rhetoric, and moral philosophy are ten in number. The largest class falls under the head of theology, and of these there are forty-nine volumes.

After a lengthy conversation, it was resolved to represent to the trustees of the Leigh Grammar School the desirability of immediate steps being taken for the due and adequate preservation of a collection so interesting.

At the second meeting of the section, a communication was read from Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A. (who was unable to be present), reporting the discovery in one of the volumes in the Leigh Grammar School Library, namely, Melancthon's *Solomonis Sententia*, 1525; of an autograph of Archbishop Cranmer, a fac-simile of which was laid upon the table.

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#### THE DISTRIBUTION OF NATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

At the second meeting of the section on Tuesday, November 5, 1878, Mr. WILLIAM E. A. AXON read a paper on the Distribution of Documents printed at the expense of the Nation. Few persons, he said, were aware of the extent to which the nation pays for the production and printing of literary, scientific, and statistical works. Amongst these may be named the Publications of the Record Commission, the State Paper Commission, the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, the Ordnance Survey, the Geological Survey, the British Museum, all the public offices and departments of Government, and the Chronicles of Great Britain, published by authority of the Master of the Rolls. Among the so-called "blue-books" also there are the valuable series of Consular reports on the commercial, social, and industrial aspects of various countries; the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, of the Endowed Schools Commission, the Charity Commission, and the Committee of Council on Education. Are these publications, produced at the cost of the country, made fairly available? The answer is in the negative. No books published within the empire are so badly circulated. Many of them do not come into the book market at all, and their gratuitous circulation is regulated by no discoverable principle, but is apparently guided only by caprice. One department refuses what another department grants; works given to one institution are refused to another of a similar class and character. The beautiful series of Illustrations of the Textile Fabrics of India (a work of great importance to Lancashire) was presented to the Salford Free Library and refused to the Manchester City Library. The *Chronicles* published by the Master of the Rolls were refused

to the City Library, and afterwards presented to the Chetham Library. It would be a wise use of the public money if arrangements were made for making known the works printed at the public expense, for their sale at reasonable prices, and for their presentation to institutions which offer guarantees for their use by the public.

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#### FREE LIBRARIES AND LECTURES ON BOOKS.

Mr. WILLIAM HENRY BAILEY, C.E. (who is a member of the Salford Town Council), read a paper at the third monthly meeting of the section on Tuesday, December 3, on the Value of Public Lectures on Books in Free Libraries. His object, he said, was to direct attention to the free libraries in the large towns with a view to their more beneficial use. Municipal authorities have now taken charge of higher duties than the mere cleansing of streets and sewers; a preacher has been appointed who is called the officer of health, and whose duty it is to point out sources of danger in the houses, to warn the people, to prevent pestilence, and to protect the body against filth. The mind as well as the body is also receiving some consideration; we have free libraries, art galleries, and parks. Working men cannot establish these for themselves, but by enlightened local self-government those representatives who have a high sense of their obligations may do much for them, not by pauperizing charity, but at the cost of the public rates contributed by those who are to receive the benefits. As books increase in numbers, wise selection becomes more difficult. Books are being manufactured by the ton; even the man of culture who may be familiar with the roads and lanes down which to direct his walks is often perplexed at the infinite choice, and much time is lost in making the best selection. Life is short, and that sort of labour, bewildering as it is to the man of letters, is somewhat an appalling maze to the young man who has just mastered the mere rudiments of education. We have in our free libraries the requisite tools of great value. How shall we make them available and more known to those who are anxious and willing to use them? How shall we make the books more accessible, their exact value in relation to each other more apparent? That the free libraries of Manchester and Salford are highly appreciated by the public is evident from the yearly reports issued by the committees, showing that their users number hundreds of thousands. But they are not doing all the valuable work they might do. From the figures given in their last reports by the Free Libraries Committees of Manchester and Salford it appears that in Manchester the number of books borrowed during the year 1876-7 was 513,019, of which 287,722 were novels. The

number of books borrowed from the Salford Free Libraries during the same period was 242,962, no less than 200,308 of these being novels. From these figures it would, therefore, appear that in Manchester considerably more than half of the books read were works of fiction, whilst in Salford the difference between these works and the solid literature reaches the extraordinary proportion of five-sixths. That some good may be derived from the perusal of novels is unquestionable. It is evident that these libraries are not accomplishing that educational mission which is the root idea of their establishment. Among the many ways by which the public value of our libraries may be increased, there is one which would be highly beneficial, and that is the establishment of lectures in connection with them. The books are there on the shelves; they are also catalogued; and the catalogues can be purchased for a small sum. So far, good. But this is by no means all that is necessary. A catalogue, however good it may be, leaves much to be desired, if it is to be made serviceable to the public. It cannot undertake to distinguish the useful from the trashy in books nor group together all that is lying hidden in them on any particular subject. It cannot indicate courses of reading for those who desire to improve themselves in, it may be, a score of different ways. It follows that there is need of some other method of showing to the public of what the library's possessions consist. The best method of doing this would be to make every library a basis for a series of lectures on the books which it contains. These lectures would require a definite subject, but instead of being treatises on that subject they would be authoritative estimations of the exact value and usefulness of every book on the subject which the library possessed. They would point out those books which related its history, origin, growth, and development in modern times; those which would give that general resumé of the subject which every fairly-educated person would be anxious to possess; those which would carry the reader, or the student, on to more advanced and exact knowledge; those which would cast collateral light on the question; those which contained the latest conjecture or discovery; and so on according to the requirements of the subject chosen. We should thus obtain by degrees courses of reading in every branch of literature which, if afterwards inserted as an appendix in the catalogues, would be the most valuable and useful commentary on their contents that could be made. That such lectures might be made highly interesting and of the utmost value needs no demonstration. Something of the sort indicated receives approval in Wolverhampton as well as in Liverpool. In Wolverhampton, a lecturer may have the use of public room, gas, and fire free of cost; classes may be held in which literary and scientific studies may be conducted without charge to the students; fees



siderable nations of the world in almost unbroken chronological order. For the history of England, of Scotland, of France, and of the Low Countries the materials in this respect are singularly complete, and, on the whole, are alike admirable in style and accurate in their representations. Would it not be an achievement of momentous value if we could make this wealth of research and genius, which is shaped in a form so fascinating, available for the sound and fruitful instruction, as it already is in a fragmentary and desultory way, for the entertainment of the people? All that seems to be wanted for the attainment of this end is classification and guidance. Mr. Nodal then applied the method indicated to the history of Lancashire, the outlines of which he sketched in a rapid way, pointing out where and how the writer of fiction founded his materials on the annals of the county and filled in the more prosaic facts of the scholar and the antiquary. The "story of the county as told by the novelists" was divided into five periods. The first, extending to the end of the fifteenth century, has been dealt with by Roby in his *Traditions of Lancashire*, in which that writer had expanded the floating legends of the early history of the district. The second period, which extended from Henry VIII. to James I. (A.D. 1530 to 1620), was remarkable for the dissolution of the monasteries, the persecution of the Catholics (A.D. 1605), the trial and execution of the Pendle witches, and King James's visit to Lancashire. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth had illustrated these episodes in the *Lancashire Witches* and in *Guy Faux*. The third period (the civil war) was illustrated by Ainsworth's *Leaguer of Lathom*. There was no fiction founded on the later portion of the war. The fourth period covered the plot of 1694, the rising in 1715, and the rising in 1745, illustrated in Ainsworth's *Beatrice Tyldesley*, *Preston Fight*, and *Manchester Rebels*. Sir Walter Scott in *Waverley*, chapter 57, just touches upon Prince Charles Edward's invasion of Lancashire in 1745. The fifth period was that of the rise of the cotton, coal, and iron industries (1730 to 1830). Manchester from 1790 to 1825 was represented by Mrs. Linnaeus Banks's *Manchester Man*; Lancashire about 1820 and 1830 by Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* and Miss Martineau's *Manchester Strike*. The social life and manners of Lancashire about the time of the Napoleonic wars were admirably described in Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's *Ribblesdale, or Lancashire Sixty Years Ago*, and in Mr. Philip G. Hamerton's *Wendholme*. No novel has yet been founded upon the earlier and very striking incidents of the cotton industry, but a drama by Mr. Tom Taylor, *Arkwright's Wife*, has been based upon Sir Richard Arkwright's earlier days.

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## THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE "IMITATION OF CHRIST."

Mr. G. W. Napier, of Alderley Edge, read a paper at the fifth meeting of the section, on Monday, February 3, 1879. His subject was the Authorship of *De Imitatione Christi*, and in illustration of it he exhibited his remarkable collection of early and very rare editions of the work, including the first edition printed at Augsburg about the year 1471, a most exquisite specimen of typography and in as perfect a condition as when it left the press four hundred years ago.

Mr. NAPIER said that for diffusion and popularity the *Imitation of Christ* stands alone and unparalleled. As Canon Farrar has said, "Nearest to it is the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but the *Pilgrim's Progress* owes no little of the spell which it has exercised to the potent interest of its allegory, and yet, even with this aid, it has never attained to the same astonishing pre-eminence. The *Imitatione Christi* has been in men's hands for at least four hundred and fifty years, and its editions in various ages, and in various languages, are to be counted by thousands." The authorship of this work is a literary problem which, like that of the Letters of Junius, is constantly presenting itself, and will probably never be satisfactorily settled. Hundreds of volumes have been written about it, and yet it appears as far from solution as ever. Altogether about eleven individuals have been named as the author, but the claims of most are shadowy and unsubstantial, and recent investigators have reduced the number to three, viz., Thomas à Kempis, Jean Charlier de Gerson, of Paris, and John Gerson, abbot of Vercelli. The evidence in regard to the last-named was so miserably weak that the claim may be dismissed at once, for it is doubtful whether such a person ever existed. The real contest is between Thomas à Kempis and Chancellor Gerson. Thomas à Kempis was born at Kempen, diocese of Cologne, 1379, and died at the age of ninety-two in 1471. John Gerson, Chancellor of Paris about 1400, was born in 1363, and lived till 1429. Mr. Napier thought Gerson had the best claim to the ascription of the authorship of the book, and stated that out of twelve of the very early editions exhibited in the room (ranging in date from 1471 to 1509) three ascribe the work to à Kempis, eight to Gerson, and one has no author's name attached. A great number of the early printed Latin editions in the fifteenth century ascribe the book to Gerson, and so do the Italian ones. The earliest English translation—that by Atkinson in 1502—also speaks of it as by the "right worshipfull doctor master John Gerson." This question of the authorship of a book is deemed by some of little importance, but from a literary point discussions

of the kind are full of interest. As Canon Farrar has said: "The desire to discover whose is the voice to which we are listening rises above a mere vain curiosity, because it would be instructive to learn what was the life and what the conditions from which have flowed utterances so sweet and so pure."

After remarks from Mr. Henry H. Howorth, Mr. J. E. Bailey, and the Rev. W. A. O'Connor,

The PRESIDENT (Mr. Nodal) said he did not think the last word had yet been said on this interesting controversy. As far as his own researches had gone, he was unable to concur in the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Napier. The evidence brought forward by Mr. Napier appeared to be founded almost entirely upon the printed editions of the *Imitatione*, whereas the right, or at any rate the approximate solution, would probably be attained (if attained at all) by recourse to the known and still-existing manuscripts. A member of the Society of Jesus, the Rev. Camillo Mella, had published an exhaustive work on the subject, and, to his (the chairman's) mind, the evidence Mella had adduced in favour of John Gersen, the abbot of St. Stephen's, at Vercelli, was simply overwhelming. Mella described nine manuscript copies of the *Imitatione*, all declared by experts to be of a date between 1300 and 1400 (that is at least seventy years before any printed copy), and every one of these bears the name of John Gersen—one of them, the Arona MS., now in the library of Turin University, containing Gersen's name in no fewer than five different places. Nor was the evidence accumulated by Mella concerning printed editions less important. The Venetian edition, printed in 1501, has the following note (in Latin):—"This book was not composed by John Gerson, but by John, Abbot of Vercelli, and exists at the present day in the same abbey, written by his own hand." Twenty-five other important printed editions, issued in Augsburg (1488), Rome, Paris, Turin, Florence, Brussels, Antwerp, and London, between the years 1478 and 1875 (Mella's own edition) bear the name of the Vercellese monk as the author. Altogether the proofs accumulated by Mella seemed to be incontrovertible, and far more conclusive than any yet advanced on behalf of à Kempis or Chancellor Gerson, of Paris. Mr. Nodal added that an excellent summary of Mella's researches would be found in a series of eight papers, which appeared in the *Tablet* in September and October, 1876.

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## THE WEAVER POET OF BOLTON.

Mr. R. CHALLENGER ALCOCK read a paper at the fifth meeting of the section, on Monday, February 3, 1879, on Charles Davlin, known as the weaver poet of Bolton. Davlin was born at Carlisle, in or about the year 1793. He had a hard up-bringing, his father, a hand-loom weaver, being a man of most intemperate habits, and compelling his children to work from their earliest years. At the age of sixteen, Charles enlisted as a marine, and served five years in various of Her Majesty's cruisers; then returned to hand-loom weaving in Carlisle, and eventually settled in Bolton in 1829. His first book (printed in Preston, by Joseph Livesey) was entitled *Gilbart*, "a poem illustrative of the evils of intemperance." It was published in 1838, when Davlin was about forty-five years old. His next small volume of verse was *The Democrat*, "a cursory picture of the present crisis." It was printed in Bolton, and inscribed to Feargus O'Connor. To *The City Muse*, a collection of original verses, printed in Manchester in 1853, but not formally issued until ten years later, Davlin contributed seven pieces, including one of considerable length, entitled *The Spider*. Davlin died in February, 1871, having reached the age of seventy-eight, or perhaps a year or two more. The Free Public Library at Bolton does not contain a copy of any of his writings. Mr. Alcock read some examples of his verse, and spoke highly of Davlin's personal character.





## The Club.

### REPORT OF THE COUNCIL ON THE SEVENTEENTH SESSION.

THE Council congratulate the members on the present satisfactory condition of the Club, both as regards the number of members and the interest shown by them in the objects for which it was established. Notwithstanding the exceptional severity of the season the attendance has been remarkably good. Twenty-four papers and twenty-one short communications, making a total of forty-five subjects, have been introduced to the notice of the members during the session just closed. The following is a list of the short communications :—

|       |     |                                                                                      |
|-------|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1878. |     |                                                                                      |
| Oct.  | 14. | A Trio of Irish Worthies..... W. Hindshaw.                                           |
| "     | 14. | Provincial Books and Metropolitan Biographers .. A. Heywood, jun.                    |
| "     | 21. | In Memoriam (Canon Raines) ..... John Evans.                                         |
| "     | 21. | On a Poem of Tennyson ..... George Milner.                                           |
| "     | 21. | On Byrom's "Careless Content" ..... Edwin Waugh.                                     |
| "     | 21. | On Originality in Oratory and Preaching ..... W. H. J. Traice.                       |
| "     | 28. | Note illustrative of the Lancashire Character .... W. Hindshaw.                      |
| "     | 28. | The <i>Cursor Mundi</i> and Lancashire..... H. H. Howorth, F.S.A.                    |
| Nov.  | 4.  | Druidical Remains at Turton..... Edwark Kirk.                                        |
| "     | 11. | A Note on Thomas de Quincey..... John Mortimer.                                      |
| "     | 11. | On Scotch Marriage Customs..... William Lawson.                                      |
| "     | 11. | The Nude Figure in Art ..... W. H. J. Traice.                                        |
| "     | 18. | On Three Volumes of Local Verse ..... George Milner.                                 |
| Dec.  | 2.  | On the Annals of Tacitus ..... H. H. Howorth, F.S.A.                                 |
| "     | 9.  | On the Growth of the Oak and Holly ..... Thomas Worthington.                         |
| "     | 23. | William Gadsby..... J. C. Lockhart.                                                  |
| 1879. |     |                                                                                      |
| Feb.  | 17. | On the Five of Spades and the Church of Ashton-under-Lyne ..... J. E. Bailey, F.S.A. |
| Mar.  | 10. | On the First Scene in <i>Hamlet</i> ..... F. Hasleham.                               |

1879.

- Mar. 17. On an Antique Sculptured Stone found at the  
Manchester Cathedral ..... Robert Langton.  
" 31. A Salford Waterloo Hero ..... William Hindshaw.

In addition to the above, a letter was read on the 10th February from Mr. William Morris, author of the *Earthly Paradise*, "On the Popularization of Art;" and on the 17th February a letter from Mr. Algernon Swinburne to Mr. Ford Madox Brown "On a Passage in *King Lear*."

The papers read are as follows:—

1878.

- Oct. 14. Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of  
Wood Engraving ..... Robert Langton.  
" 28. The Book of Job in its Poetical Aspect ..... Rev. W. A. O'Connor, B.A.  
Nov. 4. Epitaphs ..... John Page.  
" 18. A Lancashire Cotton Lord ..... Charles Hadfield.  
" 25. Manchester Journalism ..... Henry Franks.  
Dec. 2. Over the Alps by the St. Gothard Pass ..... Charles Hardwick.  
" 9. Memorials of a Manchester Parish Church: St.  
John's, Deansgate ..... John Evans.  
" 16. A Puritan Parson (Rev. Peter Walkden) ..... Edward Kirk.  
" 23. On the Troubles of William Ryley, Lancaster  
Herald ..... J. E. Bailey, F.S.A.

1879.

- Jan. 20. Richard Roberts, the Inventor ..... W. H. Bailey.  
" 27. Wit and Humour ..... Rev. W. A. O'Connor, B.A.  
Feb. 10. Two of Sheridan's Comedies ..... Charles Hadfield.  
" 17. Illustrations of Old English Characters and Customs  
from the *Canterbury Tales* ..... James Crompton.  
" 24. The Ancient Ballad and its Influence on Modern  
Literature ..... George Milner.  
Mar. 10. Manchester Theatrical Reminiscences. Part III. .... John Evans.  
" 17. Poets and Poetry of Young Ireland ..... M. J. Lyons.  
" 24. Celtic Song ..... A. Perceval Graves.  
" 31. The Waste of Intellect as exhibited by the Jews .. Henry Franks.

Biblio-  
graphical  
Section.

The Honorary Secretary of the Bibliographical Section reports as follows:—

The annual report of the Club for the last session contained a suggestion "that the Club might usefully establish a Books and Libraries or Bibliographical Section, to consist of all members who are connected with libraries, are interested in bibliographical pursuits, or are cognizant of the growing importance of their encouragement; and, in addition to these, of librarians in the county and district who may wish to enrol themselves as associates. A bibliographical section on such a plan might serve for the district the purposes which the newly-established Library Association is designed to effect for the whole county." Accordingly, a circular was issued in June enumerating the proposed objects of the section, and calling a meeting of all interested in its organization.

As a result of this meeting it was decided to form a Bibliographical Section, and a committee was elected for its government. The objects of the section were thus defined:—

1. The reading of papers on the public and private libraries of the district, on the relation of books and libraries to studies, and on library management and administration.
2. The compilation of local and special bibliographies.
3. The collection for reference of book-lists, catalogues, and bibliographies, many of which are either too expensive for private and individual purchase, or need for their acquirement the existence of a wide-spread organization and of co-operative effort.
4. The promotion of addresses on systematic reading and methods of study in connection with public free libraries.
5. The promotion of the establishment of free libraries in places where the Act has not yet been adopted.

The rules, which received the sanction of the Council of the Club, state that—

1. The section shall consist—
  - i. Of members of the Club paying a registration fee of one shilling a year.
  - ii. Of librarians and others interested in bibliographical pursuits, who, not being members of the Manchester Literary Club, shall pay a yearly subscription of five shillings, and shall be called associates.

Six meetings of the section have been held, at which the following papers and short communications were read :—

|          |                                                                                               |                      |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1878.    |                                                                                               |                      |
| Oct. 8.  | On the Old Library of Leigh Grammar School, Lancashire                                        | J. E. Bailey, F.S.A. |
| Nov. 5.  | On the Method of Issuing Books from Lending Libraries..                                       | George Hanson.       |
| " 5.     | On the Autograph of Cranmer in a Volume in the Leigh Grammar School Library .....             | J. E. Bailey.        |
| " 5.     | On the Distribution of Publications Printed at the Cost of the Nation .....                   | W. E. A. Axon.       |
| Dec. 3.  | On Lectures in connection with Free Public Libraries ....                                     | W. H. Bailey, C.E.   |
| 1879.    |                                                                                               |                      |
| Jan. 13. | Lancashire in Fiction .....                                                                   | J. H. Nodal.         |
| " 13.    | A Manchester Sermon of the Sixteenth Century .....                                            | Wm. E. A. Axon.      |
| Feb. 3.  | Remarks on <i>Characters of the Neighbourhood</i> , by the Rev. T. Seddon, of Stretford ..... | J. E. Bailey.        |
| " 3.     | Charles Davlin, the "Weaver Poet," of Bolton.....                                             | R. C. Alcock.        |
| " 3.     | The Authorship of <i>De Imitatione Christi</i> .....                                          | G. W. Napier.        |
| Mar. 3.  | John Ruskin : a Bibliographical Biography .....                                               | Wm. E. A. Axon.      |

The reading of Mr. J. E. Bailey's paper on the Leigh Grammar School Library led to the passing of a resolution, which was forwarded to the trustees, expressing a hope that they would take measures for the preservation of this interesting collection. It is understood that such steps either have been or will immediately be taken. At the several meetings rare or interesting books and bibliographical curiosities have been laid upon the tables for inspection. Amongst the latter may be named a Cryptographic Charm, described in Harland's *Folk-lore*, and now the property of the Rochdale Free Library. The thanks of the section are specially due to Mr. G. W. Napier for the exhibition of his collection of early printed editions of the *De Imitatione Christi*,

including the editio princeps printed at Augsburg about 1471; and to Mr. W. A. Turner for his valuable and interesting selection of drawings by Ruskin and early editions of his works. During the session, on November 13, in response to an invitation from Mr. J. E. Bailey, a number of the members of the section visited his house, and had an opportunity of inspecting the bibliographical specialities of his valuable private library.

As regards the preparation of special bibliographies, the Committee have directed their attention to the desirability of arranging for the compilation of Lists of Books by Local Authors or locally-printed in the towns of Lancashire and Cheshire. The first of these appears as an Appendix to Mr. Axon's lecture on "Bolton and its Free Library" (a copy of which will be supplied to all members of the section), and consists of a Catalogue of Books by Bolton Authors. It was prepared, in the first instance, by Mr. James K. Waite, librarian of the Bolton Free Library, and additions to it were made by Mr. C. W. Sutton. Mr. G. A. Hanson, librarian of the Rochdale Free Library, is engaged upon a similar list of Rochdale authors; and Mr. Charles Madeley has undertaken the catalogue for Warrington, of whose public library he is the custodian. Others will be put in hand as opportunities offer.

The Bibliographical Scrap-book of the section will be found worthy of the attention of the members. It already contains much interesting and valuable information, including a list, with notes, of Dr. Kendrick's donation of two hundred volumes of local books to the Warrington Museum and Library; accounts more or less complete of the publications of the Philobiblon, the Spenser, the Holbein, the Early English Text, the New Shakspeare, and the English Dialect Societies, and of the Hunterian Club, as well as of the works embraced in Arber's and E. W. Ashbee's reprints; the Fuller Worthies Library, the Old Book Collector's Miscellany, and of the editorial labours of Richard Herne Shepherd. There is also a catalogue of works on Cryptography, compiled by Mr. J. E. Bailey. These cuttings and gatherings from many and varied sources will prove increasingly valuable with the lapse of years.

The section numbers forty-one, of whom twenty-eight are members of the Club and thirteen associates. The first session has, of course, been in a measure tentative, and if this be borne in mind the amount of work accomplished may well be regarded as satisfactory. As the scope and the objects of the section become better understood it will doubtless receive increased support. The spirit of literary investigation is both broadening and deepening, and hence the importance of bibliography is daily increasing. The multiplication of books and of libraries demands as its necessary complement a more systematic endeavour to show how and



what to read. Students and literary men, on the one hand, desire to know what there is to help them in their special studies in our public libraries. As to books, there is great need at the present time for definite advice and instruction as to systematic reading. The section has been able to do something in this direction in its first session. A wide opportunity for useful exertion remains in this field, and in those portions of the programme of the section which are still undeveloped. Time and enthusiasm alike will be required to carry out successfully the work of the section, but its objects are worthy of the expenditure. Its desire is to systematize the mere *habit* of reading to aid research. The next session of the Bibliographical Section should be one of marked advance in numbers and usefulness.

London and Books issued in the Country. Early in the session Mr. Abel Heywood, jun., read a communication on Country Publications and London Bibliographers, which reported the result of efforts made by the Club, and by himself on behalf of the Club, to secure the registration of books and pamphlets published outside the metropolis, in the English Annual Catalogue of Books and in the literary periodicals. Of two hundred and sixty-seven works published in Lancashire and Cheshire in the course of 1876, only thirty-one are entered in the English Catalogue for that year. Yet the latter professes to be a complete list of all publications issued in Great Britain in the twelvemonth. Of course, it must be, and was known to be, a very imperfect and inadequate record. The British Museum Trustees, in answer to a memorial from the Club, had declined to undertake the compilation and publication of a list, although it had not only the best means at its command, but might materially profit by the undertaking. Mr. Heywood said that as the result of his correspondence with the publishers of the English Catalogue, they had promised to give greater attention to provincial publications and to insert all titles that might be sent to them, and although this was not all that was required, it was a step in the desired direction.

International Literary Association. The attention of the Council was recently called to the first Report of the International Literary Association, founded by resolution of the first International Literary Congress held in Paris on the 17th June, 1878. At this Congress many questions of great importance were discussed; amongst them—copyright and its protection; the condition of authors and the best means for its improvement in all countries. Resolutions were passed asserting that the author's right in his work is a form of property which should be protected by the State; that it is exclusive and ought to be perpetual; and generally formulating the principles which govern the law of copyright, and the

establishing of a society which should have the double character of literary brotherhood and practical utility, to inquire into the means of realizing these views. An Executive Committee was formed, and on the 13th July, 1878, set to work with the following objects, viz. :—

To establish permanent relations between the writers of every country; to afford aid and support to its members; to facilitate the universal diffusion of the literature of all nations; to receive communications relative to questions of literary property; and seek the modification of existing laws in so much as they are opposed to the principles of justice.

The International Literary Association is open to writers of every country, and to all persons who have rendered service to literature. Sympathizing with the objects as expressed above, the Council have sought to be affiliated with the Association on behalf of the Club, and the name of Mr. Milner as the President-elect has been placed on the Committee of the second Congress, which will be held in London on the 9th June, 1879.

The Association invites literary societies and literary men of all countries to appoint delegates to attend the Congress, and also to write to the Association with their views, so as to aid in the preparation of the programme to be submitted, which will have special reference to questions of international literary statistics and to translations. Communications are to be addressed to the General Secretary of the Executive Committee, 14, Rue Leipic, Paris, and letters may be written in all languages.

The following information may be of interest to the members of the Club :—Admission of individuals to the Association is obtained on the nomination of two of its members, after a ballot at which two-thirds of the Committee shall be present. Entrance fee, ten francs; annual subscription, fifteen francs. Literary Societies existing in various countries can claim as of right admission to the Association, as well as the admission of their individual members. The contributions of societies is twenty-five francs per annum; individual subscriptions, ten francs per annum.

**Publications.** The fourth volume of the *Club Papers*—in many respects the most important of the series—was remarkable for a number of illustrations contributed by Messrs. Walter Tomlinson, Elias Bancroft, William Meredith, R. G. Somerset, Christopher Blacklock, Thomas Chadwick, and H. H. Hindshaw, to each of whom the thanks of the Council are especially due for their kindness in thus enriching the volume. It is believed that the volume about to be issued to the members will be no less valuable than its predecessor, either in a literary or artistic sense. In addition to the record of the ordinary work of the session, it will contain a paper on the works of the artist members of the

Club, as seen at the recent exhibition of the Manchester Academy, with illustrative sketches which they have promised to contribute.

**Library.** The Honorary Librarian reports that sixty-four volumes and pamphlets, including three volumes purchased, have been added to the Library during the year, making a total of six hundred and seven books and pamphlets in the Library. They may be grouped as follows:—

|                        |     |     |     |     |
|------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Albums and Scrap-books | ... | ... | ... | 12  |
| Books by Members       | ... | ... | ... | 154 |
| Other Local Books      | ..  | ... | ... | 339 |
| Books of Reference     | ... | ... | ... | 29  |
| Miscellaneous          | ... | ... | ... | 73  |

A list of the donors will be appended to the annual volume. A valuable present has been received from Mr. J. E. Forbes, F.G.S., which the Council desire specially and gratefully to recognize. It consists of the early volumes of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, from the first issued in 1785 (printed at Warrington) to the fifteenth published in 1852. A manuscript catalogue of the Library has been prepared by the Librarian, and during the session many members have availed themselves of their right to borrow books.

**Presentations.** The Council have to thank the following gentlemen, members of the Club, for their various gifts, namely: Mr. J. W. Swinnerton, for a cast from his bust of Mr. Charles Hardwick, which they feel sure will be highly prized, not only as a faithful likeness of one of the founders of the Club, but as a memento of the genius of the sculptor. Mr. William Hindshaw, for a copy of his valuable and interesting *Views of Worsley*. Mr. George Hayes, for two sketches, one of Barton Bridge, the other of the old racecourse at Kersal, which now enrich the album specially prepared to receive the drawings and engravings presented by him some years ago. And to Mr. Charles Hardwick, for certain articles necessary to fitly grace the annual Christmas celebration. Their acknowledgments are also due to the gentlemen who have presented books to the library during the year.

**Conversazioni.** The session of the Club was opened with a conversazione. There was a small but highly interesting collection of works of art, including some characteristic sketches by Mr. John Ruskin, one of them an elaborate drawing of a feather, having on it a commendatory annotation by the artist. Mr. F. J. Shields' series of designs illustrative of various manifestations of Faith were contributed by Mr. Charles Rowley. Mr. Christopher Blacklock sent a charming little oil painting of Halton Castle, near

Runcorn. A picture in oil by Miss E. G. Thomson, representing Ettare, deservedly attracted marked attention during the evening. Mr. Axon contributed some fine photographs from sculpture, and a copy of the recently issued volume of views of old halls in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Two portfolios of the original sketches for this work were lent by Messrs. H. H. Kemp and G. H. Ormerod. The proceedings were of a purely social character, and included readings by Mr. Ben. Brierley, Mr. John Mortimer, Mr. E. Romaine Callender, and Mr. G. Milner, and a selection of vocal and instrumental music by Madame R. Arnold, Miss Hindshaw, and Miss Milner. A closing conversazione was held on April 23rd, 1879, the anniversary of Shakspeare's birthday. An account of this meeting will be found on pages 253-5 of the present volume.

**Excursions.** The only excursion during the recess took place on the last Saturday in May, 1878. The members in the morning visited Warrington, and after lunching with Mr. Charles Hadfield, spent an hour and a half in the Museum, Art Gallery, and Free Library. Proceeding thence to Halton, they inspected the ruins of the castle and the little public library founded by Sir John Chesshyre as long ago as 1733. Papers on the castle and the library were read by Mr. Hadfield and the President.

**Visit of the Council to Bolton.** The Council were invited by the Mayor of Bolton, an old member of the Club, to visit that town, and were conducted by him over Turton Tower, the ancient home of Humphrey Chetham, and afterwards over the fine Town Hall of Bolton, where they were entertained with sumptuous hospitality, the members of the Public Library Committee having been invited to meet them. A few evenings later, in accordance with the Mayor's long expressed wish, Mr. Axon gave a lecture on the books in the Bolton Free Library. This address, probably the first of the kind ever delivered under corporate sanction and arrangement, will be found in the annual volume. It is to be hoped that lectures of this class will become increasingly common, for they undoubtedly stimulate interest in these collections, and pave the way for further effort in the direction of the systematic study.

**Resignation of Hon. Secretary.** A change of importance will be observed in the list of officers. Mr. Axon, who has rendered valuable service to the Club as Honorary Secretary for the last few years, has felt compelled to resign the post in consequence of the pressing demands upon his leisure in other directions, and the Council have appointed Mr. George Evans to succeed him in the office.

**Deaths.**

The Council sorrowfully record the decease of Mr. Alexander Gordon Henderson, Mr. John Higson Haworth, and Mr. William Fletcher, three of the older and once well-known members of the Club, which occurred during the past year. Mr. Haworth acted as Honorary Secretary of the Club for five years. He was a contributor to newspapers and periodicals on many subjects, his treatment of which was distinguished by much studious research and accuracy of statement. Mr. William Fletcher was a writer of great ability and humour. The only book which he published is *Manchester at Work*, a series of articles on the industry of the town and neighbourhood, reprinted from the columns of the *Manchester City News*. But this very inadequately represents the sum, the excellence, or the variety of his literary work. By profession a lawyer, he was over forty before he appeared in print for the first time. This was as a contributor to the *Sphinx*, in the pages of which his pen was most industriously employed until the cessation of that journal in the October of 1871. The very last article in the last volume of the *Sphinx* was written by William Fletcher. Among his most notable contributions were a series on the Deserted Churches of Manchester; another series on "What to Eat and How to Cook it"—a collection of gastronomic essays in which it is hard to say whether common sense or humour were most conspicuous; and the now well-known song of "Sir Joseph the Town Clerk." These, however, form but a tithe of the whole. He was occasionally eloquent, and now and then he showed a vein of pathos, but the prevailing characteristic was his humour, which, in its quaintness and unexpectedness, reminded one of Charles Lamb, of whom he was a loving admirer. Mr. Alexander Gordon Henderson was one of the earliest members of the Club. He was for many years the music-critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, and was the author of a treatise on Bookkeeping and the translator of Victor Cousin's *Lectures on Kant*.

**Membership.**

During the session the Club has lost ten members by resignation and other causes; fourteen new members have been elected; and the muster roll is now one hundred and eighty-five, being the largest it has hitherto reached.



**JOSEPH C. LOCKHART, Treasurer, in Account with the Manchester**  
**Br. Literary Club. Cr.**

|                                        | £   | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| To Balance in hand, April 29, 1878.... | 28  | 8  | 11 |
| „ Subscriptions to April 5, 1879.....  | 138 | 4  | 0  |
| „ Entrance Fees .....                  | 11  | 11 | 0  |
| „ Sale of Publications.....            | 16  | 5  | 6  |

£194 9 5

|                                                   | £  | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| <b>ADMINISTRATION:—</b>                           |    |    |    |
| By Rent.....                                      | 15 | 0  | 0  |
| „ Postage .....                                   | 3  | 6  | 7  |
| „ Printing, including Circulars ..                | 4  | 18 | 0  |
| „ Advertising .....                               | 4  | 6  | 3  |
| „ Expenses of Conversazione ....                  | 5  | 10 | 0  |
| „ „ Christmas Meeting .....                       | 1  | 0  | 0  |
| „ „ Excursion to Halton .....                     | 1  | 13 | 0  |
| „ Secretarial Assistance.....                     | 2  | 10 | 0  |
| „ Subscription to Waugh Copy-<br>right Fund ..... | 2  | 2  | 0  |
| „ Sundries: Auditing Expenses..                   | 0  | 2  | 0  |
| <b>LIBRARY:—</b>                                  |    |    |    |
| By Purchase of Books .....                        | 0  | 11 | 0  |
| „ Binding .....                                   | 0  | 10 | 6  |
| „ Bookcase.....                                   | 8  | 10 | 0  |
| <b>PUBLICATIONS:—</b>                             |    |    |    |
| By <i>Papers</i> , vol. iv.....                   | 78 | 5  | 0  |
| „ Engravings for <i>Papers</i> , vol. iv..        | 4  | 13 | 10 |
| By Balance in hand, April 5, 1879 ....            | 61 | 11 | 3  |

£194 9 5

Examined by us and found to be correct.

G. NESBITT, F.M.I.A., } Auditors.  
C. T. BRYAN, }

| <b>ASSETS.</b>                     | £  | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| Balance in Treasurer's hands ..... | 61 | 11 | 3  |
| Subscriptions since received.....  | 17 | 17 | 0  |
| Entrance Fees since received ..... | 3  | 3  | 0  |
| Subscriptions due .....            | 11 | 11 | 0  |

**PUBLICATIONS IN STOCK:—**

|                                               |    |    |   |
|-----------------------------------------------|----|----|---|
| <i>Papers</i> , vol. i., 27 at 2/- .....      | 2  | 14 | 0 |
| „ „ ii., 27 „ 2/6 .....                       | 3  | 7  | 6 |
| „ „ iii., 64 „ 3/9 .....                      | 12 | 0  | 0 |
| „ „ iv., 63 „ 3/9 .....                       | 11 | 16 | 3 |
| <i>Lancashire Authors</i> , 90 at 5/- .....   | 22 | 10 | 0 |
| <i>Lancashire Bibliography</i> , 90 at 6d. .. | 2  | 5  | 0 |

£148 15 0

| <b>LIABILITIES.</b>                                         | £   | s. | d. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|----|
| Accounts since paid.....                                    | 15  | 17 | 9  |
| Balance of Cash and Stock Assets in<br>favour of Club ..... | 132 | 17 | 3  |

£148 15 0

The other Assets, Books, Furniture, Pictures, &c.,  
are of the estimated value of £120.

**R. C. ALCOCK, Treasurer and Hon. Secretary of Section, in Account with the**  
**Br. Bibliographical Section of the Manchester Literary Club. Cr.**

|                                             | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------------------|---|----|----|
| 1879.<br>March. By Cash from 27 Members.... | 1 | 7  | 0  |
| „ „ „ 12 Associates ..                      | 3 | 0  | 0  |
| „ „ Grant from the Club .....               | 2 | 7  | 7  |

£6 14 7

|                                 | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------|---|----|----|
| 1879.<br>March. Stationery..... | 0 | 15 | 0  |
| „ Postages and Petty Cash.....  | 1 | 14 | 7  |
| „ Printing .....                | 4 | 5  | 0  |

£6 14 7

Manchester, 27th June, 1879,

G. NESBITT, F.M.I.A., } Auditors.  
C. T. BRYAN, }



## DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

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|                                                           |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------|-----|-----|-----|--------------------|-----------|
| ANDREWS, W. (the Author).                                 |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Historic Romance                                          | ...   | ... | ... | ... | <i>Buxton.</i>     | 1878      |
| ANGUS, W. (the Author).                                   |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Purchase in the Church                                    | ...   | ... | ... | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1878      |
| AXON, W. E. A.                                            |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Operatives' Guide to Art Treasures Exhibition             | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1878      |
| BAILEY, J. E. (the Author).                               |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Sir Philip Leycester, of Tabley                           | ...   | ... | ... | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1878      |
| On Mr. Beaumont's History of Winwick                      | ...   | ... | ... | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1878      |
| The Early Memorials of Gorton                             | ...   | ... | ... | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1879      |
| CROFTON, H. T.                                            |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Rawlinson's Report on Township of Moss Side               | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1855      |
| CURZON, F.                                                |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Report of Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes        | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1878      |
| DAWES, WM. (the Author).                                  |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Works of Elijer Goff                                      | ...   | ... | ... | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1878      |
| EVANS, J.                                                 |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Explanation of F. J. Shields' "Triumph of Faith"          | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1878      |
| FORBES, J. E.                                             |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Memoirs of Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, | 1785- |     |     |     |                    |           |
| 1852. Fifteen vols.                                       | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1785-1853 |
| GOODIER, J. (the Author).                                 |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Borrowing Powers of Local Corporations                    | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1878      |
| GREEN, S. S.                                              |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Reports on Free Public Library of Worcester, Mass.        | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1876-77   |
| GREENWOOD, Dr. J. G.                                      |       |     |     |     |                    |           |
| Owens College Calendar, 1878                              | ...   | ... | ... | ... |                    | 1878      |

|                                                                  |           |     |                    |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----|--------------------|------|
| <b>HARDWICK, C.</b>                                              |           |     |                    |      |
| Ripples and Breakers, by Mrs. G. L. Banks                        | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| <b>HINDSHAW, WILLIAM (the Author).</b>                           |           |     |                    |      |
| Worsley : Photographed and Described                             | ...       | ... | ...                | 1874 |
| <b>HISTORIC SOCIETY OF LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.</b>              |           |     |                    |      |
| Transactions of the Society, 1878                                | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| <b>HOLT, ROBERT.</b>                                             |           |     |                    |      |
| Wilkinson's Tour to the British Mountains                        | ...       | ... | ...                | 1824 |
| Rambles of Two Plain Lancashire Men                              | ...       | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> |      |
| Rules of St. Michael's Building Society                          | ...       | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1821 |
| Catalogue of Books on Sale by Robinson and Ellis                 | ...       | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1821 |
| Privilege Pleasures at Kenelwoorth                               | ...       | ... | ...                | 1821 |
| Blount's Academy of Eloquence                                    | ...       | ... | ...                | 1856 |
| Musings in Solitude, by a Minor                                  | ...       | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1843 |
| Visible and Invisible in Libraries                               | ...       | ... | ...                | 1873 |
| River Dove and Human Life Compared                               | ...       | ... | <i>Uttoxeter.</i>  | 1856 |
| Fairbairn's Improvements of Manchester                           | ...       | ... | ...                | 1836 |
| George Eliot in Derbyshire, by G. B. Smith                       | ...       | ... | ...                | 1876 |
| Suter's Worthies of St. Dunstan's                                | ...       | ... | ...                | 1856 |
| Cuttings relating to Old English Popular Literature.             | Collected |     |                    |      |
| by J. O. Halliwell.                                              |           |     |                    |      |
| Louis's Tour in Wales...                                         | ...       | ... | <i>Liverpool.</i>  | 1839 |
| <b>HUME, Rev. A. (the Author).</b>                               |           |     |                    |      |
| Remarks on the Irish Dialect of the English Language             | ...       | ... | <i>Liverpool.</i>  | 1878 |
| <b>INGHAM, ALFRED (the Author).</b>                              |           |     |                    |      |
| History of Altrincham and Bowdón                                 | ...       | ... | <i>Altrincham.</i> | 1879 |
| <b>LIVERPOOL LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.</b>             |           |     |                    |      |
| Proceedings of the Society, 1877-78...                           | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| <b>MANCHESTER FREE LIBRARIES COMMITTEE.</b>                      |           |     |                    |      |
| Twenty-fifth Annual Report                                       | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| <b>MANCHESTER STATISTICAL SOCIETY.</b>                           |           |     |                    |      |
| Transactions of the Society                                      | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| <b>MAYSON, J. S.</b>                                             |           |     |                    |      |
| Historic Conservatism : Address by W. R. Callender               | ...       | ... | ...                | 1867 |
| Trades Unions Defended, by W. R. Callender                       | ...       | ... | ...                | 1870 |
| <b>NEWBIGGING, T. (the Author).</b>                              |           |     |                    |      |
| Science and Practice of the Manufacture and Distribution of Coal |           |     |                    |      |
| Gas. Vol. I. Quarto                                              | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| <b>NODAL, J. H.</b>                                              |           |     |                    |      |
| Kronikle of a King, by Elijer Goff                               | ...       | ... | <i>Manchester.</i> | 1878 |
| Told by the Winter Fire, by E. Waugh                             | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| King Croesus, or Harlequin Town Clerk Irwell and the Thirlmere   |           |     |                    |      |
| Lake                                                             | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| Sale Catalogue of Canon Raines' Library                          | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| City News Notes and Queries. Parts 1-4                           | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |
| Thirlmere Water Scheme, by J. Mansergh                           | ...       | ... | ...                | 1878 |



|                                                               |     |     |     |             |               |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-------------|---------------|
| O'CONOR, Rev. W. A.                                           |     |     |     |             |               |
| Life of Swift, by Sir W. Scott                                | ... | ... | ... | ...         | 1861          |
| PATON, A. P. (the Editor).                                    |     |     |     |             |               |
| The Tragedy of <i>Macbeth</i> (Hamnet edition)                | ... | ... | ... | ...         | 1878          |
| RADFORD, J. (the Compiler).                                   |     |     |     |             |               |
| Catalogue of Knightsbridge Branch of Westminster Free Library |     |     |     |             | 1878          |
| ROSE, J. (the Editor).                                        |     |     |     |             |               |
| Lancashire and Cheshire Historical and Genealogical Notes.    |     |     |     |             |               |
| Parts 1-2                                                     | ... | ... | ... | ...         | Leigh. 1878-9 |
| ROYAL INSTITUTION OF CORNWALL.                                |     |     |     |             |               |
| Journal of the Institution. No. 20                            | ... | ... | ... |             | Truro. 1878   |
| SOTHERAN AND CO.                                              |     |     |     |             |               |
| Catalogue of Books for the Library                            | ... | ... | ... | ...         | 1877          |
| SOWERBUTTS, ELI.                                              |     |     |     |             |               |
| Six Months' Tour through the North of England, by Arthur      |     |     |     |             |               |
| Young. Three vols.                                            | ... | ... | ... | ...         | 1770          |
| Chartist Poems, by Ernest Jones                               | ... | ... | ... | ...         | 1846          |
| Lord Lindsay : a poem, by Ernest Jones                        | ... | ... | ... | ...         | 1846          |
| Ernest Jones : Who is he? What has he done?                   |     |     |     |             |               |
| In Memoriam : Ernest Jones                                    | ... | ... | ... | Manchester. | 1879          |
| Memorial of the late John Crompton                            | ... | ... | ... | Manchester. | 1857          |

## PURCHASES BY THE CLUB.

|                                                           |     |     |     |          |      |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----------|------|
| Axon's Handbook of the Public Libraries of Manchester and |     |     |     |          |      |
| Salford                                                   | ... | ... | ... | ...      | 1877 |
| Wilkinson's Parochial Church of Burnley                   | ... | ... | ... | Burnley. | 1856 |





## Members.

---

- ABERCROMBIE, William, Mansfield Chambers, St. Ann's Square.  
ALCOCK, R. Challenger, 6, May-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
ALLEN, Alfred, 318, South Cross Lane, Salford.  
ALLEN, F. Howard, Oak Cottage, Timperley.  
ANGELL, John, Ducie Grove, Oxford Road, Manchester.  
ANGUS, William, Eccles Old Road, Eccles.  
ARDILL, Leonard D., 45, Hyde Grove, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.  
ARMSTRONG, Thomas, F.R.M.S., Highfield Bank, Urmston.  
ASHTON, John, Windsor Road, Oldham.  
AXON, William E. A., F.R.S.L., F.S.S., Bank Cottage, Patricroft.
- BACKHOUSE, Henry, solicitor, Blackburn.  
BACKHOUSE, Thomas J., York Cliff, Langho, near Blackburn.  
BAGOT, Richard, Ward's Buildings, Deansgate, Manchester.  
BAILEY, John Eglington, F.S.A., Egerton Villa, Stretford.  
BAILEY, William Henry, Summerfield House, Eccles New Road, Eccles.  
BALDWIN, William, 42, Spring Gardens, Manchester.  
BARLOW, Thomas, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.  
BEHRENS, Gustav, Greenwood-street, Manchester.  
BENTLEY, B. W., Buxton.  
BLACKLOCK, Christopher, Jackson-street, Hulme.  
BRADLEY, S. M., F.R.C.S., Oxford-street, Manchester.  
BRIERLEY, Benjamin, St. Oswald's Grove, Harpurhey, Manchester.  
BRIERLEY, James, Droylsden.  
BRYAN, Charles Taylor, 40, Robert-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
BUCKLEY, Charles, solicitor, Clegg-street, Oldham.  
BUCKLEY, Samuel, Manchester Road, Denton.  
BURTON, John Henry, Trafalgar Square, Ashton-under-Lyne.  
BUXTON, J. H., *Guardian* Office, Manchester.
- CARLISLE, John, Primrose House, Clitheroe.  
CHADWICK, David, M.P., F.S.S., The Poplars, Herne Hill, London, S.E.  
CHATWOOD, Samuel, Lock and Safe Works, Bolton.  
CHRISTIE, Richard Copley, M.A., Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester,  
2, St. James's Square, Manchester.  
COCKS, John, Stockport Road, Bredbury.  
COLLINS, James, King-street, Manchester.  
COOPER, Joseph, Eaves Knowle, New Mills, Derbyshire.  
CRANKSHAW, Samuel, Petworth-street, Cheetham, Manchester.  
CROFTON, Henry T., 24, Dover-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
CROMPTON, James, 30, Vernon-street, Cheetham.

CROSLAND, J. F. L., 21, Petworth-street, Cheetham.  
CROSSLEY, James, F.S.A., Stocks-street, Cheetham.

DALE, Cornelius, 77, Reather-street, Oldham Road, Manchester.  
DAVIES, James H., 2, Essex-street, Manchester.  
DARLING, William, jun., F.C.S., Oxford Road, Manchester.  
DAWES, William, architect, 2, Cooper-street, Manchester.  
DAWSON, James, West Gorton, Manchester.  
DAWSON, James Samuel, 4, Hill-street, Cheetham, Manchester.  
DUTTON, T. B. M., The Athenæum, Manchester.

EARNSHAW, Allen, Davenport, near Stockport.  
EASTWOOD, John Adam, 114, Everton Road, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
ELCE, John, Oak House, Stalybridge.  
ESTCOURT, Charles, F.C.S., 8, St. James's Square, Manchester.  
EVANS, John, 45, Yarburgh-street, Alexandra Park, Manchester.  
EVANS, William, Cross-street, Manchester.  
EVANS, George, F.R.S.L., 57, Hyde Grove, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

FALKNER, George, Deansgate, Manchester.  
FIELDEN, David, 7, Winfield Terrace, Old Trafford.  
FORBES, John Edward, F.G.S., Shrubland View, Hoole, Chester.  
FRANKS, Henry, Strutt-street, Manchester.

GANNON, Henry, Barlow Moor Lane, Didsbury.  
GARNETT, William, Quernmore Park, Lancaster.  
GERARD, E., 57, Shakspeare-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
GILL, Richard, *Examiner* Office, 7, Pall Mall, Manchester.  
GILLOW, Joseph, York-street, Manchester.  
GLOSSOP, James, Winton.  
GOODIER, John, Town Hall, Manchester.  
GOULDTHORP, William, Alderley, Cheshire.  
GRADWELL, Samuel, Shudehill, Manchester, and Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.  
GRAVES, A. Perceval, Bowdon, Cheshire.  
GREENHALGH, James, solicitor, Acres Field, Bolton.  
GREGORY, William, 21, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton.

HADFIELD, Charles, Providence Place, Stretford.  
HAGUE, John Houghton, 2, Harold-street, Westwood, Oldham.  
HALL, John, Chorley Road, Bolton.  
HARDWICK, Charles, 72, Talbot-street, Moss Side.  
HARDY, James Richard, Oldham Road, Manchester.  
HAYES, George, Deganwy, Conway.  
HEALEY, George, J.P., Matsons, near Bowness, Windermere.  
HEYWOOD, Abel, jun., Oldham-street, Manchester.  
HEYWOOD, George F., 3, Withington Road, Brooks's Bar, Manchester.  
HEYS, Ward, Blencathra, Stretford.  
HILDEBRANDT, Albert, M.I.M.E., Bow Chambers, Cross-street, Manchester.  
HINDSHAW, William, Egerton Cottage, Tatton-street, Salford.  
HOLLINS, Frank R., Valentine House, Blackley, near Manchester.  
HORSFALL, T. C., Bollin Tower, Alderley Edge.  
HOWARTH, John, solicitor, Quay-street, Manchester.  
HOWORTH, Henry H., F.S.A., St. James's Square, Manchester.  
HUGHES, Walter, B.A., Cheetwood House, Cheetwood, Manchester.  
HUNTER, Joseph Weir, 46, Oxford-street, Brooks's Bar.

JOHNSON, George B., 17, Walnut-street, Waterloo Road, Manchester.  
JONES, Joseph F., Corporation-street, Manchester.  
JONES, William, Consolidated Bank, 28, Regent Road, Salford.

- KINGSLEY, F. J., 48, Brown-street, Manchester.  
 KINGSLEY, John, B.A., 48, Brown-street, Manchester.  
 KIRK, Edward, 38, Buxton-street, Pendleton.  
 KNIGHT, Joseph, Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.
- LANGTON, Robert, Patricroft.  
 LAW, Edwin, Town Hall, Salford.  
 LAWSON, William, Limefield Terrace, Rushford Park, Levenshulme.  
 LAYCOCK, Samuel, Blackpool.  
 LEGGE, Alfred Owen, Eccles.  
 LOCKHART, Joseph C., 59A, Mosley-street, Manchester.  
 LYONS, M. J., Broughton College, Bury New Road, Manchester.
- MAIDEN, Sampson, Stockport.  
 MELLOR, Allen, Peter-street, Oldham.  
 MELLOR, Zachary, Town Clerk, Rochdale.  
 MEREDITH, William, 11, Wilberforce Terrace, Hulme.  
 MILNER, George, Moston House, Moston, Harpurhey.  
 MITCHELL, John, J.P., York House, Clitheroe.  
 MORTIMER, John, 73, Burlington-street, Greenheys.  
 MURRAY, Solomon, Levenshulme.
- NESBITT, George, F.M.I.A., 100, Burlington-street, Greenheys.  
 NEWBIGGING, Thomas, Bedford House, Eccles.  
 NEWTON, Richard, Dantzic-street, Manchester, and Church Lane, Moston.  
 NICHOLSON, Albert, 62, Fountain-street, Manchester.  
 NODAL, John H., The Grange, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.  
 NUTTER, Henry, Burnley.
- OATES, William, Windsor Villa, Withington.  
 O'CONOR, the Rev. W. A., B.A., Upper Brook-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
 O'NEILL, Arthur, *Examiner and Times* Office, Manchester.
- PAGE, John, Markets Office, Town Hall, Manchester.  
 PARKINSON, Richard, White House, Barr Hill, 154, Bolton Road, Pendleton.  
 PARKINSON, W. W., St. Ann's Square, Manchester.  
 PARTINGTON, J. H. E., Davenport, near Stockport.  
 PEATSON, J. C., M.D., Mount-street, Manchester.  
 PERCY, William, Monton-street, Greenheys.  
 PHILLIPS, J. S. R., F.S.S., *Mercury* Office, Kendal.  
 PICTON, J. A., F.S.A., Sandyknowe, Wavertree, Liverpool.  
 PLANT, John, F.G.S., Peel Park, Salford.  
 POLLITT, Robert, Urmston.  
 POTTER, Charles, Coppice-street, Werneth, Oldham.
- RAMSBOTTOM, Joseph, Moston, Manchester.  
 RAMSDEN, William F., M.D., Dobcross, Saddleworth.  
 REDFERN, B. A., Victoria Buildings, Piccadilly, Manchester.  
 RICHARDSON, George, 18, Claremont Road, Alexandra Road, Manchester.  
 ROBBERS, Henry T., Newton Avenue, Longsight, Manchester.  
 ROBERTS, Lloyd, M.D., St. John-street, Manchester.  
 ROBERTSON, William, The Orchard, Rochdale.  
 ROSS, R. M., 143, Radnor-street, Hulme.  
 ROWLEY, Charles, jun., The Glen, Church Lane, Moston.
- SAMELSON, Adolphus, M.D., St. John-street, Deansgate, Manchester.  
 SANDERSON, W. Walbank, John-street, Deansgate, Manchester.  
 SCOTT, William, *Evening Mail* Office, Manchester.  
 SHEFFIELD, George, Chapel Lane, Wilmslow.

SHIELDS, Frederick J., A.S.P.W., 7, Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, London.  
SOMERSET, Richard Gay, 8, Vine Grove, Chapman-street, Hulme.  
SOUTHERN, James W., Burnage Lodge, Burnage Lane, by Levenshulme.  
SOWERBUTTS, Eli, Market Place, Manchester.  
STELFOX, Joseph, The King's Arms, Brown-street.  
SUTTON, Charles W., Free Library, Manchester.  
SWINNERTON, J. W., Rome, and Barton Arcade, Manchester.

TAYLOR, John, Chesham Place, Bowdon.  
TAYLOR, John Ellor, F.L.S., F.G.S., Museum, Ipswich.  
TILLE, J. G., Fern Cliff, Heaton Mersey.  
TOMLINSON, Walter, Brown-street, Manchester.  
TRAICE, William H. J., Steven-street, Stretford.  
TURNER, J. Fox, 46, Cannon-street, London, E.C.  
TURNER, William A., The Laurels, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton.

UDALL, R. J., Market-street, Manchester.

VEEVERS, Harrison, 168, St. George's Road, Bolton.

WADE, Richard, 5, York Place, Oxford Road,  
WALKER, William, The Owens College, and Farlands, Hayfield.  
WARBURTON, Samuel, Sunny Hill, Crumpsall.  
WARD, J. Pilkington, F.R.H.S., Marlborough Terrace, Whalley Range.  
WARNER, Edward B., Spring Gardens, Manchester.  
WATKINSON, Henry, 2, Essex-street, Manchester.  
WAUGH, Edwin, Kersal Hotel, Higher Broughton, Manchester.  
WILLIAMS, Edward, Abbey Cottage, North Road, Droylsden.  
WILSON, Robert, Vermont House, Beswick.  
WILKINSON, T. R., The Manchester and Salford Bank, Mosley-street,  
Manchester.  
WORTHINGTON, Thomas, The Mount, Wythenshawe, Northenden.





## LIST OF MEMBERS,

SHOWING THE YEAR OF ELECTION.

- |                                     |                                            |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 1862—Charles Hardwick, Moss Side.   | 1873—E. Gerard, Chorlton-on-Medlock.       |
| „ Edwin Waugh, Manchester.          | „ William Lawson, Levenshulme.             |
| „ John Page, Old Trafford.          | „ James S. Dawson, Cheetham Hill.          |
| „ Benjamin Brierley, Harpurhey.     | „ Joseph C. Lockhart, Manchester.          |
| 1863—B. W. Bentley, Buxton.         | „ George B. Johnson, Manchester.           |
| „ T. J. Backhouse, Blackburn.       | 1874—James W. Southern, Levenshulme.       |
| „ Henry Backhouse, Blackburn.       | „ Joseph W. Hunter, Manchester.            |
| „ Charles Potter, Werneth.          | „ Richard Parkinson, Manchester.           |
| „ George Hayes, Llandudno.          | „ W. Walbank Sanderson, Manchester.        |
| „ John Mitchell, J.P., Clitheroe.   | „ W. E. A. Axon, Patricroft.               |
| „ George Healey, J.P., Windermere.  | „ Arthur O'Neill, Manchester.              |
| „ Samuel Chatwood, Bolton.          | „ J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., Stretford.         |
| „ William Percy, Manchester.        | „ Walter Tomlinson, Manchester.            |
| 1866—Sampson Maiden, Stockport.     | „ James Brierley, Droylsden.               |
| „ Zachary Mellor, Rochdale.         | „ John Adam Eastwood, Chorlton-on-Medlock. |
| 1867—Samuel Buckley, Denton.        | „ Richard M. Newton, Moston.               |
| „ W. F. Ramsden, M.D., Saddleworth. | „ Charles Estcourt, F.O.S., M'chester.     |
| „ William Evans, Manchester.        | „ Eli Sowerbutts, Manchester.              |
| 1868—James Greenhalgh, Bolton.      | „ John Howarth, Manchester.                |
| „ Harrison Veevers, Bolton.         | „ John Goodier, Manchester.                |
| „ Robert Pollitt, Manchester.       | „ Edward B. Warner, Manchester.            |
| „ T. Newbigging, Eccles.            | „ Edward Kirk, Eccles.                     |
| 1869—J. H. Nodal, Heaton Moor.      | „ James Collins, Manchester.               |
| 1870—Charles Hadfield, Stretford.   | „ Samuel Warburton, Crumpsall.             |
| 1871—T. Worthington, Northenden.    | 1875—Albert Nicholson, Manchester.         |
| 1872—Samuel Crankshawe, Manchester. | „ William H. J. Traice, Stretford.         |
| „ John Mortimer, Manchester.        | „ John Edward Forbes, F.G.S., Chester.     |
| „ George Falkner, Manchester.       | „ M. J. Lyons, Higher Broughton.           |
| „ Charles Rowley, Moston.           | „ A. Samelson, M.D., Manchester.           |
| „ George Milner, Moston.            | „ Albert Hildebrandt, Manchester.          |
| „ Robert Wilson, Beswick.           | „ Charles W. Sutton, Manchester.           |
| „ F. R. Hollins, Blackley.          | „ John Evans, Manchester.                  |
| „ James Dawson, West Gorton.        | „ Rev. W. A. O'Connor, B.A., M'chester.    |
| „ John Ashton, Oldham.              | „ Alfred Allen, Manchester.                |
| 1873—John Carlisle, Clitheroe.      | „ Thomas Barlow, Heaton Moor.              |
| „ William Hindshaw, Salford.        | „ Benjamin A. Redfern, Manchester.         |
| „ Samuel Gradwell, Manchester.      | „ Charles Buckley, Oldham.                 |
| „ Edward Williams, Clayton.         | „ William Gregory, Pendleton.              |
| „ Joseph Cooper, New Mills.         | „ John Elce, Stalybridge.                  |
| „ John Plant, F.G.S., Salford.      |                                            |

- 1875—Abel Heywood, jun., Manchester.  
 „ James Richard Hardy, Manchester.  
 „ Henry Watkinson, Manchester.  
 „ David Chadwick, M.P., Manchester and London.  
 „ Henry Thomas Crofton, Manchester.  
 „ John Taylor, Bowdon.  
 „ Lloyd Roberts, M.D., Manchester.  
 „ Gustav Behrens, Manchester.  
 1876—W. W. Parkinson, Manchester.  
 „ R. G. Somerset, Manchester.  
 „ William Henry Bailey, Salford.  
 „ Henry T. Robberds, Longsight.  
 „ Henry H. Howorth, F.S.A., Eccles.  
 „ John H. Burton, Ashton.  
 „ R. J. Udall, Manchester.  
 „ George Nesbitt, Manchester.  
 „ Allen Mellor, Oldham.  
 „ Wm. Gouldthorp, Alderley.  
 „ J. S. R. Phillips, F.S.S., Sale.  
 „ John Houghton Hague, Oldham.  
 „ Allen Earnshaw, Davenport.  
 „ Charles Taylor Bryan, Chorlton-on-Medlock.  
 „ John H. E. Partington, Manchester.  
 „ Richard Gill, Manchester.  
 „ William Robertson, Rochdale.  
 „ Cornelius Dale, Manchester.  
 „ J. H. Davies, Manchester.  
 „ J. Pilkington Ward, F.R.H.S., Whalley Range.  
 „ William Jones, Salford.  
 „ William Garnett, Lancaster.  
 „ Henry Franks, Manchester.  
 „ George Thomas, Manchester.  
 „ Richard Wade, Manchester.  
 „ Alfred Owen Legge, Manchester.  
 „ J. W. Swinnerton, Rome.  
 1877—R. Challenger Alcock, Manchester.  
 „ William A. Turner, Pendleton.  
 „ Henry Nutter, Burnley.  
 „ G. Frederick Heywood, Manchester.  
 „ William F. Appleby, Manchester.  
 „ Joseph F. Jones, Manchester.  
 „ John Kingsley, B.A., Manchester.  
 1877—John Hall, Bolton.  
 „ William Meredith, Manchester.  
 „ John Angell, Manchester.  
 „ Frederick J. Kingsley, Manchester.  
 „ James Crompton, Manchester.  
 „ John Cocks, Bredbury.  
 „ William Oates, Withington.  
 „ William Dawes, Manchester.  
 „ David Fielden, Manchester.  
 „ R. M. Ross, Hulme.  
 „ Leonard D. Ardill, C-on-Medlock.  
 „ William Baldwin, Timperley.  
 „ T. B. M. Dutton, Manchester.  
 „ James Glossop, Winton.  
 „ Robert Langton, Manchester.  
 „ J. C. Peatson, M.D., Manchester.  
 „ John G. Tiller, Heaton Mersey.  
 „ J. Fox Turner, London.  
 „ T. Read Wilkinson, Manchester.  
 „ Wm. Abercrombie, Manchester.  
 „ Solomon Murray, Levenshulme.  
 „ Henry Gannon, Didsbury.  
 „ Thomas C. Horsfall, Altrincham.  
 „ F. T. L. Crosland, Cheetham.  
 „ George Evans, Manchester.  
 „ Thomas Armstrong, Manchester.  
 1878—Christopher Blacklock.  
 „ Joseph Knight, Llanwrst.  
 „ William Angus, Eccles.  
 „ Ward Heys, Stretford.  
 „ William Darling, jun., Manchester.  
 „ F. Howard Allen, Timperley.  
 „ S. M. Bradley, Manchester.  
 „ Joseph Gillow, Bowdon.  
 „ R. Copley Christie, M.A., Manchester.  
 „ Walter Hughes, B.A., Manchester.  
 „ Alfred Ingham, Altrincham.  
 „ Edwin Law, Salford.  
 „ William Scott, Manchester.  
 „ J. H. Buxton, Manchester.  
 „ Richard Bagot, Manchester.  
 1879—Alfred Perceval Graves, Bowdon.  
 „ George Sheffield, Wilmslow.  
 „ William Walker, Hayfield.  
 „ Joseph Ramsbottom, Moston.

### Honorary Members.

- 1866—John E. Taylor, F.L.S., Ipswich.  
 „ Samuel Laycock, Blackpool.  
 1869—Joseph Stelfox, Manchester.  
 „ George Richardson, Manchester.  
 1873—J. A. Picton, F.S.A., Liverpool.  
 1875—Frederick J. Shields, A.S.P.W.  
 „ James Crossley, F.S.A.



## Rules.

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The objects of the Manchester Literary Club are:—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
  2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the art, literature, and history of the county.
  3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.
- 

### I.

#### MEMBERSHIP.

The Club to consist of ordinary and honorary members. The nomination of a candidate for ordinary membership must be signed by two members, and sent to the Honorary Secretary, who will bring the same before the Council. If the nominee is resident within ten miles of Manchester he must have attended at least one of the ordinary meetings of the Club before the ballot is taken. The nomination, if approved by the Council (acting as a Ballot Committee, five of whom shall form a quorum), will be announced to the members, and a ballot will be taken at the next succeeding meeting. A majority of two-thirds to be requisite to secure election.

Each new member shall have his election notified to him by the Honorary Secretary, and shall, at the same time, be furnished with a copy of the Rules of the Club, and be required to remit to the Treasurer, within one month, his entrance fee and subscription; and if the same be unpaid one month after his election,



his name shall be struck off the list of members, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council. No new member shall participate in any of the advantages of the Club until he has paid his entrance fee and subscription.

Nominations for honorary membership to be made by three subscribing members, the letter to the Honorary Secretary stating the services of the nominee, and the grounds of the nomination. The voting to take place in the same manner as for ordinary members.

## 2.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The subscription for ordinary members shall be one guinea per annum, payable in advance, on the 29th of September in each year, and shall be paid to the Treasurer. New members shall also pay an entrance fee of one guinea. No member whose subscription is unpaid on the 1st of November shall be entitled to vote at any meeting.

Any member may resign on giving one month's notice to the Honorary Secretary before the first Monday in October, otherwise he shall pay his subscription for the following session. The name of every member in arrear shall be placed conspicuously in the room in which the last meeting of the session is held, and if the subscription be not paid within one month after such meeting he shall cease to be a member, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council.

All arrears may be sued for in the name of the President, Treasurer, or Honorary Secretary for the time being, in the Manchester County Court. See 17 and 18 Vic., cap. 112, sec. 25.

## 3.

## MEETINGS.

The ordinary session shall commence on the first Monday in October, and terminate on the last Monday in March, unless the Council deem it desirable to hold further meetings in April. Special meetings may be held during the vacation, at the discretion of the Council, or on the requisition of any six members duly presented to the Honorary Secretary. The Club, during the ordinary session, to meet on each Monday, and begin its proceedings not later than a quarter to seven o'clock in the evening, by the Secretary reading the minutes of the previous weekly or other meeting; after which the President shall announce, or, if necessary, introduce the subject for reading or discussion. The subjects under discussion may be adjourned from time to time, but the business of the Club shall not continue later than ten o'clock. Each member shall have the privilege of introducing a friend to the meetings; but no person so introduced shall take

part in the proceedings unless invited to do so by the President, to whom the stranger's name shall be communicated on his entrance into the room.

4-

OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

The business affairs of the Club shall be conducted by a Council, to consist of a President, four Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Librarian, a Secretary, and seven members, who shall be elected, by ballot, at the last meeting of the session in March, and hold office until the election of the Council in the next ensuing March. A vacancy may be filled up at any ordinary meeting. The Council to sit, each regular meeting night, half an hour before the assembling of the Club. The Council shall have power to erase the name of any member from the books of the Club on due cause being shown.

Two Auditors shall be appointed by the members at the ordinary meeting next preceding the final meeting of the session, to audit the Treasurer's accounts. A nomination paper for the selection of officers shall be placed on the table of the Club on each of the last four meetings of the session prior to the annual business meeting. No nominations shall be taken after the last meeting but one of the session.

5-

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duty of the President shall be to preside at the meetings of the Club, and to maintain order. His decision in all questions of precedence among speakers, and on all disputes which may arise during the meeting, to be absolute. In the absence of the President or Vice-Presidents at a quarter to seven o'clock, it shall be competent for the members present to elect a chairman.

The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, pay all accounts signed by the President, and submit his accounts and books for audit at the last meeting of the session in April. The Auditors shall, at the last meeting of the session, attend at the Clubroom and audit the accounts of the year, and, if correct, sign the same.

The Honorary Librarian shall have charge of all the books, MSS., and scrap-books belonging to the Club. He shall keep a register of all purchases and donations, shall acknowledge the gifts to the Club, and shall present a report on the condition of the library to the yearly business meeting at the end of each session.

The duties of the Honorary Secretary shall be to attend all meetings of the Council and Club; enter in detail, as far as practicable, the proceedings, and names of persons present, at each

meeting ; to conduct the correspondence, file all letters received, and convene all meetings, by circular, if requisite. He shall also prepare and present to the Council at the last meeting of the session in each year, a report of the year's work, and, after confirmation by the Council, shall read the same to the members.

## 6.

## SECTIONS.

Sections for the pursuit of special branches of literary work may at any time be formed by resolution of the Club, in conformity with Rule 8 ; and the Council shall be empowered to frame by-laws necessary for the government of any such section.

## 7.

## SYLLABUS AND ANNUAL VOLUME.

The syllabus of the session shall be prepared in two sections—one to be issued, if possible, a week before the commencement of the session, viz., in the last week in September, and the other at Christmas. A copy of each shall be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. The report of the year, together with the Papers and Proceedings of the Club, shall be bound up at the end of each session, and a copy forwarded to every member. A list of the officers and members, with their full addresses, and the Treasurer's balance sheet, shall be appended to the report.

## 8.

## ALTERATION OF RULES.

No new rule, or alteration in these rules, or of the place of meeting, shall be made without a special meeting of the Club being convened for the purpose, of which seven days' notice must be given.





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